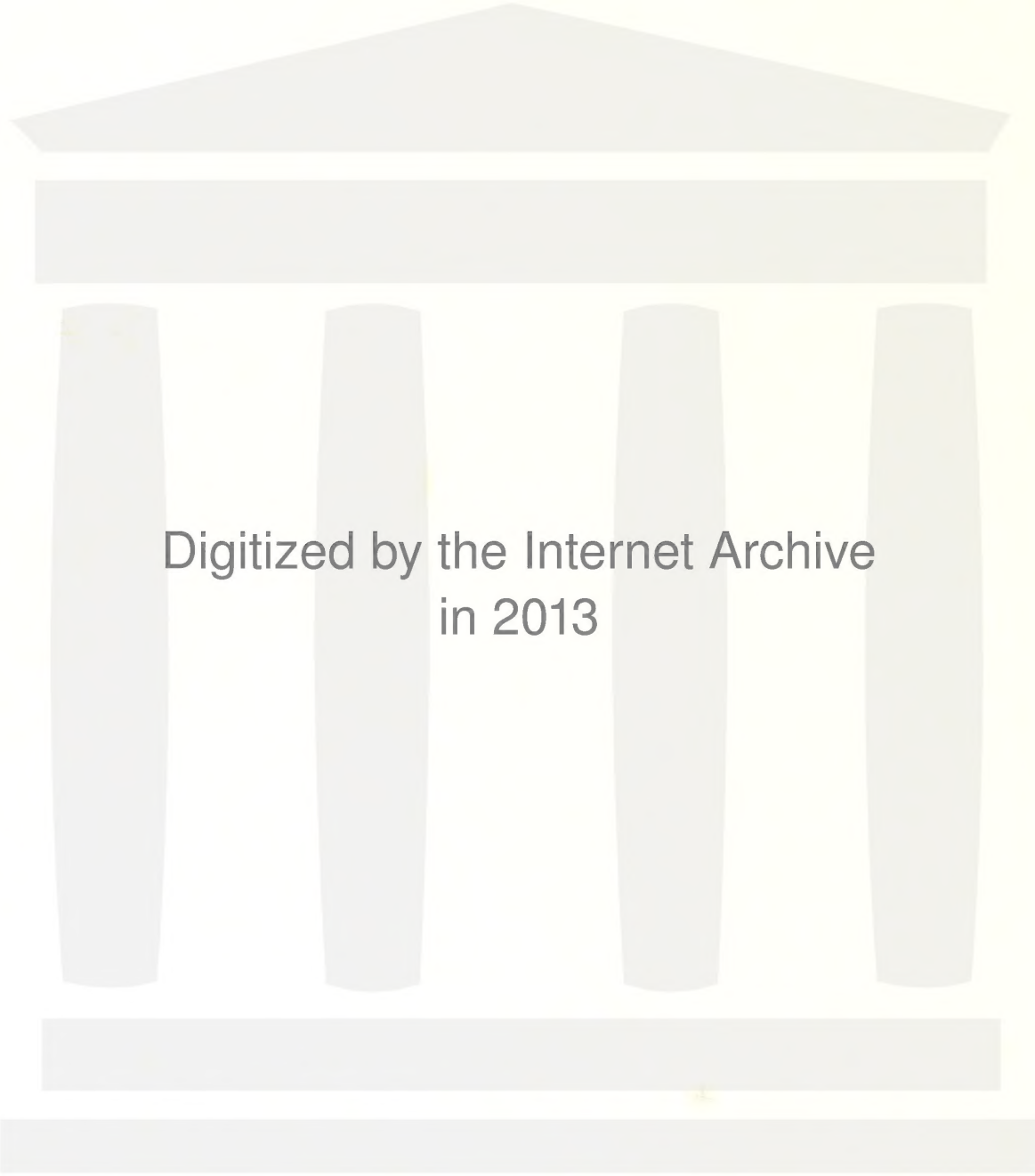




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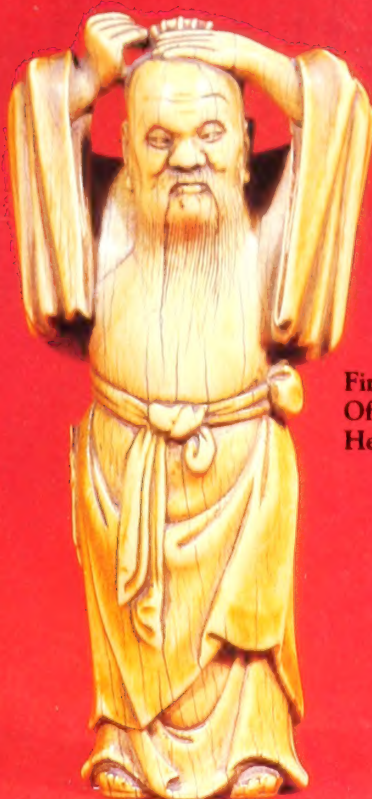
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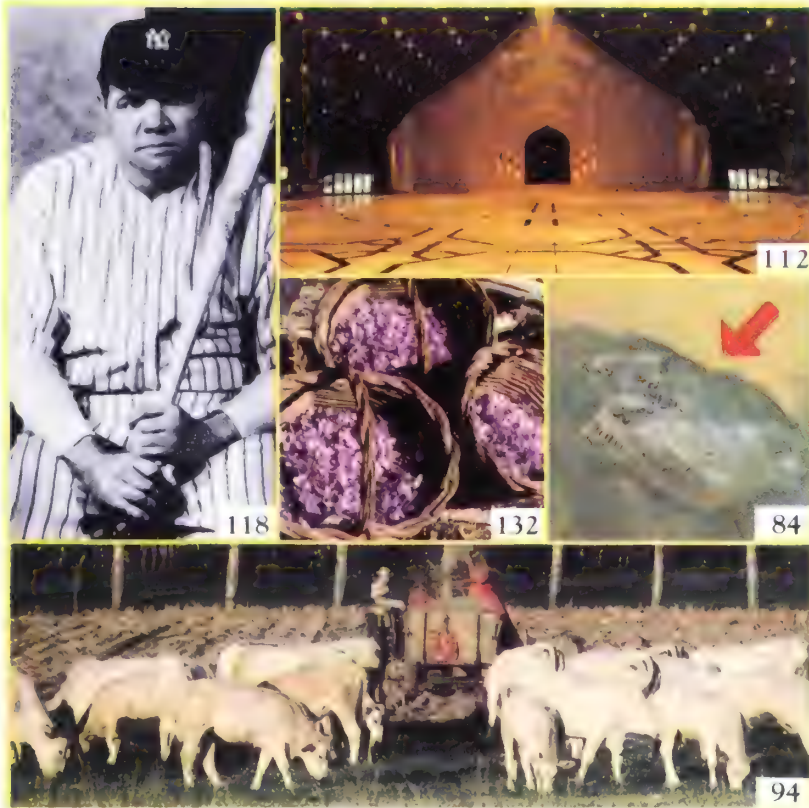
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CONNOISSEUR

SEPTEMBER 1984



COVER Photograph of the creative clutter of Francis Bacon's studio, by Hans Namuth © 1984

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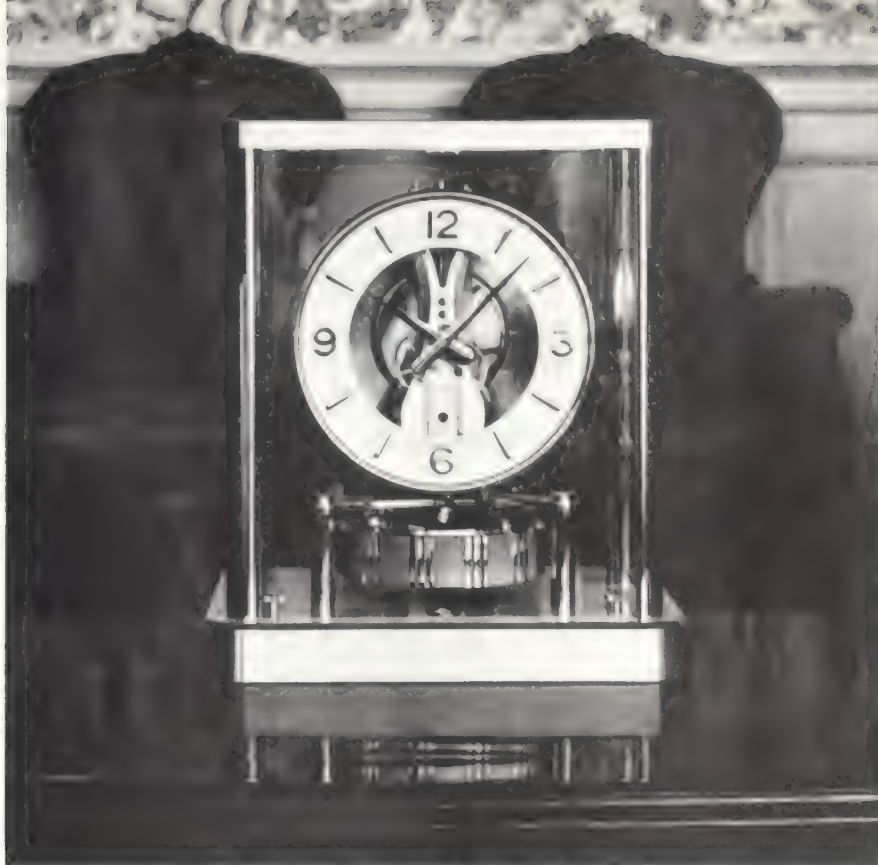
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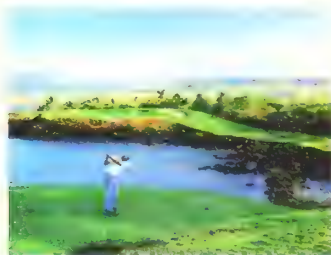
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GALANOS



Ah, vacations. They're one of life's most precious rewards. Something those who achieve a certain level of comfort take for granted. Yet, vacationing well is something else altogether. It requires knowledge, taste and, of course, a bit more expense. And it requires the right vacation resort. While it would be presumptuous to imply that The Mauna Kea Beach hotel is the only choice worth considering, it would be almost unconscionable not to extoll its virtues. Here, then, are some obviously biased opinions on the subject.

Vacationing well begins with a perfect location. Say, on the Big Island of Hawaii. On a perfect white crescent beach. In the midst of a black lava moonscape.

The climate, too, must be perfect. Average temperature: 82 degrees. Average rainfall: 7 inches per year.

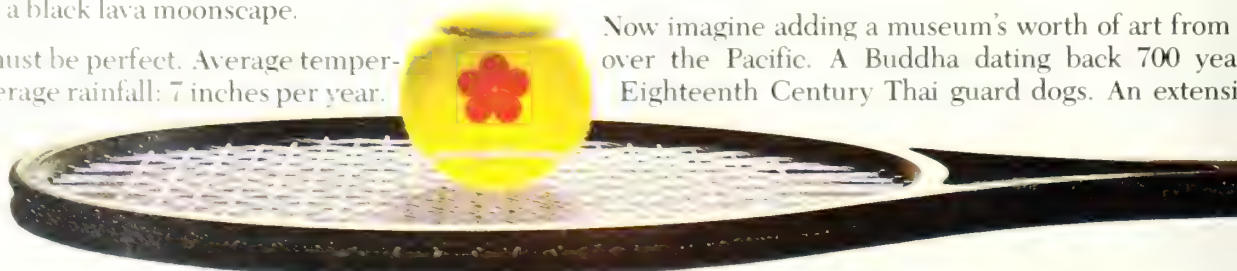
Of course, there must be all the expected activities and amenities. A world-famous championship golf course. Nine immaculately maintained tennis courts. Sailing, snorkeling and swimming in an azure blue sea.



But, something more is needed. A vacation philosophy.

Ideally, it is a commitment to excellence in every detail. To creating an environment of beauty and art where rebirth and recreation can flourish. Open, airy architecture. Prolific flora and fauna. Rooms luxurious, yet simple. With no television or radio to remind one of the outside world.

Now imagine adding a museum's worth of art from over the Pacific. A Buddha dating back 700 years. Eighteenth Century Thai guard dogs. An extensive



WESTIN HOTELS

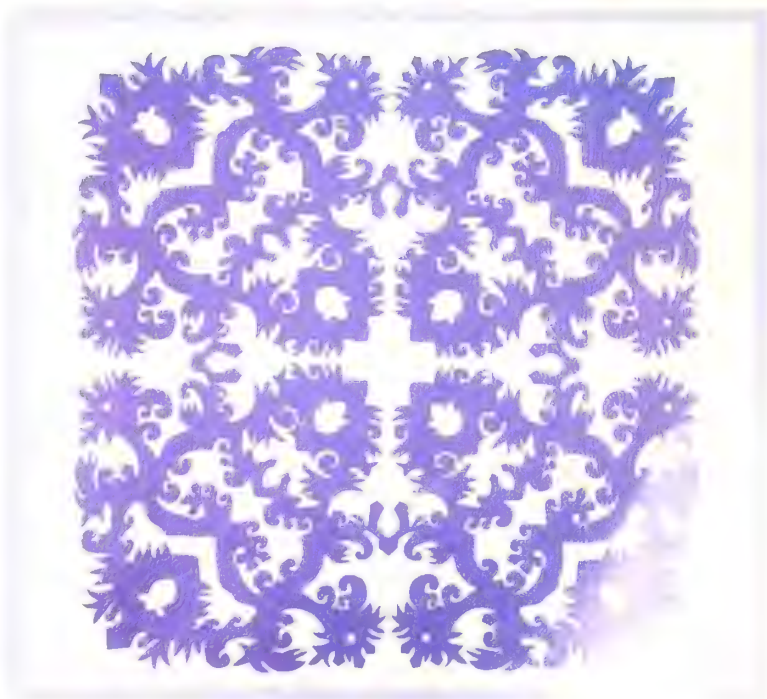


ray of authentic Hawaiian quilts. A total collection of over 1,000 pieces. But, unlike a museum, this art is unobtrusive, placed carefully about the hotel grounds, so as not to disturb the natural environment.

And because works of art come in culinary form as well, an internationally-acclaimed restaurant or two (or three) is a must. After all, traditional art may satisfy the soul, but well-prepared cuisine goes a long way toward total peace and harmony.

Service? It should be constant, yet invisible. Always there when needed and never in the way.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, all these many elements must piece together smoothly and quietly. The resort should never call attention to itself, but rather serve as a vehicle for each guest's complete relaxation. After all, the true genius of art is to make it all look easy.



Find out more about the art of vacationing well and The Mauna Kea Beach hotel. See your travel agent or call 800-228-3000.


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But the case for the 733i was perhaps

best made by Autosport magazine, which, describing a test drive, wrote of "the pure s of an in-line six than which there is nothing nicer."

There are simply some songs one should experience for oneself.



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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

THE MAN AT THE DOOR

Not long ago, I stopped in at Bergdorf Goodman in New York and was transported back to the early fifties—the last golden age of the American department store. During those years I worked two summers at Bonwit Teller, as an assistant to an interior decorator who was creating a splendid new store in Cleveland, and as a floor-walker attending customers in the Fifth Avenue headquarters. What a feeling of esprit and elegance there was in the air! Everyone was charged up, from the bosses (who dealt personally with the clientele) to the doorman, Pat Salvaggione, who greeted everyone as if they had just dropped in from the House of Lords.

Back then, there was a lively competition among retailers, not just to sell merchandise but also to create elegant, perfectly appointed stores that were more gracious and more comfortable, and provided better goods and service, than those across the avenue. The premier establishments were celebrations of taste, designed by the most skillful decorators and architects.

Details were studied meticulously—the presentation of gift carts, the shape of the mannequins, even the soup du jour had to be approved by top management. Employees were indoctrinated to be alert, informative, and eager, never indifferent, pushy, or arrogant. In those places, customers felt a sense of undiluted quality.

In the sixties and most of the seventies,

with rare exceptions, that urgent desire for quality in the world of retailing dwindled. Some department stores simply wilted. Others plunged into the jingle-jingle of flashy, noisy designer boutiques. Every floor became a narrow, confusing labyrinth of counters, squeezing big profits from tiny spaces. The customer was squashed.

Today I sense a swing back to the earlier, gentler, more generous goals. Not

truly welcome. The colors are clear, clean, and pure; the spaces and their lighting are pleasingly varied. As you go through the store, a host of beautiful details reach out and gently entice you. Among the most notable: the gracious interior of Van Cleef & Arpels; the mannequins, which are patterned after English dressmakers' forms; the interior vitrines, which catch your attention without being obtrusive; the delicate rococo decorative elements on the

main floor. Particularly attractive, too, is the way the designers' alcoves possess their own, distinct personalities without being brash and self-centered.

Throughout the store, there's a feeling of orderliness, graciousness, and practicality. For what may be the first time in recorded history, men's furnishings and clothing are together in one place—*mirabile dictu!*—on the second floor, with the sports clothing on the main floor. At Bergdorf, at least, no longer will

one have to race from place to place to match shirts, ties, and suits.

I asked Bergdorf's chairman, Ira Neimark, to sum up his philosophy. "To create a store which is in a class by itself—the best!—for people who demand the very best in everything they do in life," Neimark answered reflectively. As I was leaving, he picked up a large doorknob from his desk and asked if I recognized it. It looked vaguely familiar and in fact turned out to come from the old Bonwit Teller, where Neimark had worked early in his career as a doorman. After him came Pat Salvaggione, who had, for me, symbolized the spirit of a truly fine store. And where is Pat now? At Bergdorf, of course, greeting everyone as if they were dropping in from the House of Lords. □



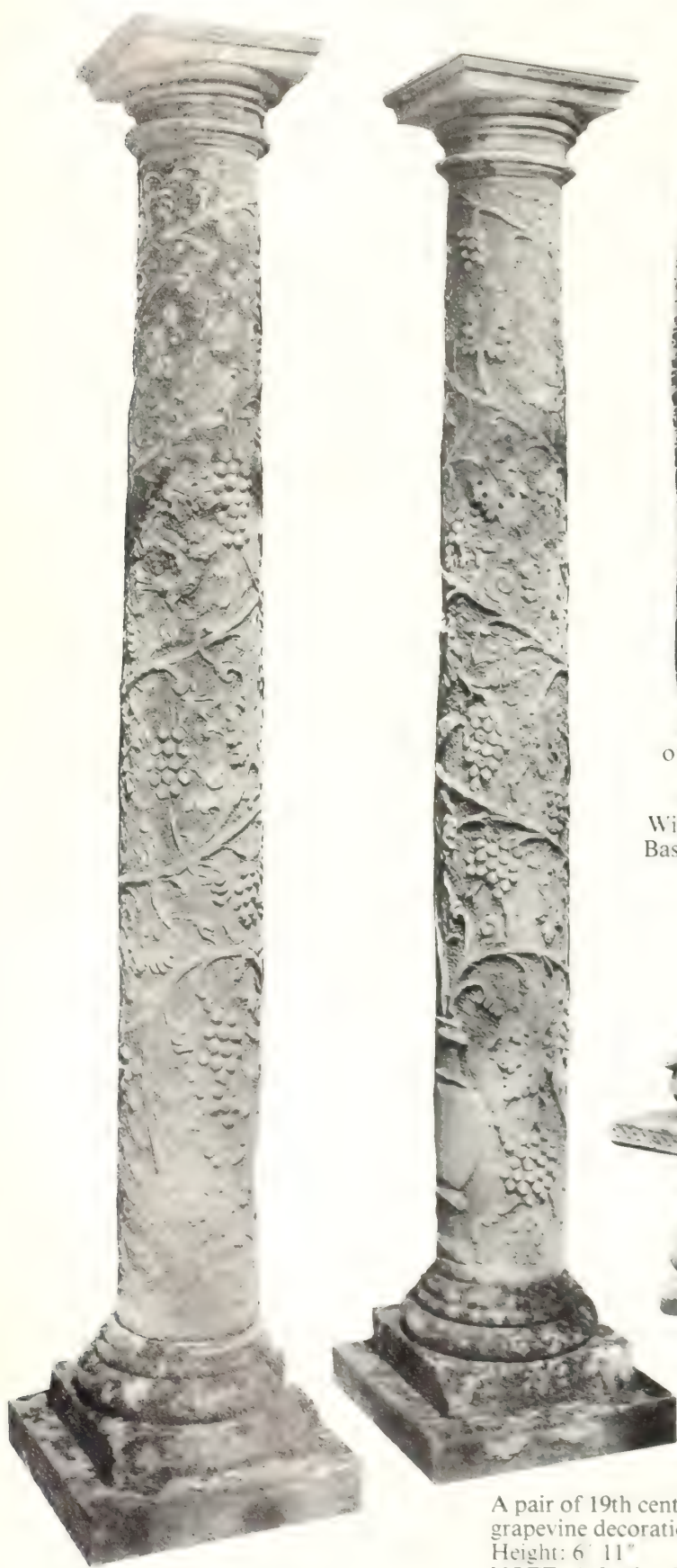
Illustration by [illegible]

everywhere, mind you, for jumbled malls and crowded boutique galleries are still coming at us. But a few special retailers have recognized that a growing number of people want excellence—a timeless commodity—and will do business only where they can find it. This is happening in places like Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, Chicago, and New York.

Bergdorf Goodman is one of the best of this new wave. A year and a half ago the store revealed the first of a series of stunning renovations that will be completed by the beginning of 1985. A walk through the completed parts of the renovation makes you aware instantly that you are in a very special, intimate place, not unlike a private residence where you are made to feel

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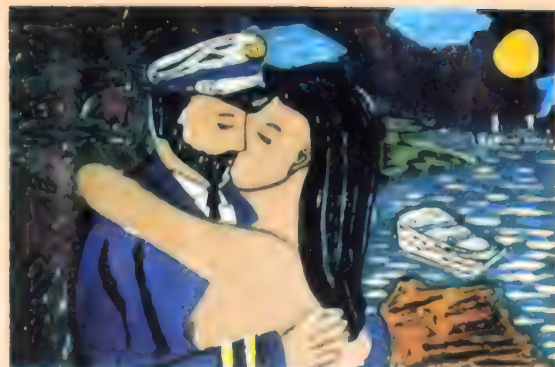
SOAPSUDS, GOLDFISH, AND AEROPONICS

There is an open-air greenhouse at the Environmental Research Laboratory in Tucson, Arizona, where a canopy of soapsuds and an array of fogging machines give an Alice in Wonderland look to the cabbages and beans. The techniques used by the ERL are imaginative and unconventional, their aims very serious.

Land so harsh that only the strongest and cleverest species can survive on it is the special concern of the ERL's director, Carl Hodges, and his scientific team. In projects all over the world they have improved and invented food production with arid land and seawater. Not long ago in Abu Dhabi, for instance, the laboratory first proved that vegetables can be grown on a large scale in 99 percent calcium sand irrigated with desalinated water.

"Only ten percent of the earth's surface is arable," explains the research horticulturist Merle Jensen, one of Hodges's associates. "To meet the rapidly increasing food needs of the world's population, technology must be brought effectively to less-desirable land." In this happy meeting of technology, agriculture, and Yankee ingenuity at the University of Arizona, it was also Merle Jensen who designed the space drum (a revolving cylinder in which lettuce grows without benefit of soil) and who discovered the merits of soapsuds insulation. Contained between layers of plastic, soapsuds are an excellent protective medium, preventing heat loss in cold climates and sun damage in hot ones.

The ERL greenhouses also house enormous vats teeming with thousands of the African fish *tilapia*. Ideal for commercial farming, this member of the carp family multiplies rapidly in both salt and fresh water, and furthermore enriches its environment with nitrogen-heavy waste that



THOSE CUTTING EDGES

Minneapolis—"Images and Impressions: Painters Who Print," at the Walker Art Center, September 23–November 25, 1984. One hundred and fifty recent lithographs, etchings, and other types of print by nine leading young painters from around the world. A colorful sampling (clockwise from top left): *Caverne Minacciose* (1982), by Mimmo Paladino; *South Sea Kiss* (1981), by Richard Bosman; *Dawn* (1982), by Louisa Chase; *Three Sailors* (1982), by T. L. Solien; and *I* (1982), by Francesco Clemente.

The ERL's space drum will bring lettuce to the most remote deserts.



then serves as an excellent fertilizer for plants. In addition, *tilapia* tastes good, though one of its drawbacks is its often-golden color, which reminds people of goldfish—but that aesthetic wrinkle is being ironed out with

selective breeding to produce fish of a more appetizing neutral brown. The laboratory's first triumphs in aquaculture, in Puerto Peñasco, Mexico, in 1972, were with shrimp. Using optimum control of light, water chemistry, and feed vari-

eties, the experiments increased shrimp yields from two to fifty tons per acre. Aquaculture—particularly the cultivation of *tilapia*—is being encouraged in developing countries, but Jensen speaks of such projects cautiously, owing to the ERL's concern for political and economic factors: "It's much more than providing fish. You have to teach people how to breed fish as well, not just give them fish."

In what may be the most important of the laboratory's projects, Director Hodges and his think tank are looking for a new food source: ideally, a plant that will tolerate irrigation with saltwater. In one current experiment on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, they are growing halophytes, salt-tolerant plants that are also a protein-rich source of cooking oil and of livestock



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grain. The ERL now plans to test them in a major project in the Middle East; they expect to grow 100,000 acres of plants in the desert Arab emirate of Sharjah, on the Persian Gulf, pending final agreement with the mir.

While American industry and American foundations fund the research efforts here in Arizona, foreign governments frequently lend support for ERL projects in their own countries. In their negotiations for such projects, Hodges and Jensen are eminently pragmatic. They recently won approval for one greenhouse scheme in a distant land by promising its ruler to help him in his quest for hiring a top-notch basketball coach. They have the where-withal.

—Diane Rumes Ward

WHAT A SEASON

The big performing-arts events premiering this new season tend to start or finish in New York, but plenty of them will be touring as well. Here is a selection of the more promising attractions, gleaned from the thousands.

Broadway, as ever, is looking to London, and the bigger and glitzier the show is, the better the producers seem to like it. So, this season's hits may well be the newest Andrew Lloyd Webber extravaganza, *Starlight Express*, a comedy about musical trains that features a huge cast on roller skates (see page 108), and *Y*, a supercabaret with sixty performers, 300 costumes, and dinner served through the show. On the classical side, New Yorkers can expect the Royal Shakespeare Company, with Derek Jacobi, in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and with an American cast for another London hit, *Masterclass*, which is about Stalin's vicious treatment of Soviet composers in 1948 and requires three classical-piano-playing leads.

As for the more serious musical stage, the New York City Opera is leaning toward the modern, with Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* (September 13), long overdue for a major New York production, and Philip Glass's *Akhmat* (November 4), which promises to appeal to crowds of the faithful and the curious. The Met, more loyal to the past, is bringing in Renzo Scali to do to *Tosca*'s Rome (March 11) what he did at the Met to *La Traviata*'s Paris: make it huge and gorgeous, but unintentionally lose the opera in the process. The Met is to be commended, though, for finally acknowledging Gershwin and putting on its first *Porgy and Bess* (February

6)—but can the soprano Grace Bumbry and the tenor Simon Estes act? We'll see. Also on the operatic front is Linda Ronstadt's plan to star in *La Bohème* at Joseph Papp's Public Theater in early November. Papp is said to hate opera, so this may be yet another manifestation of the urges that brought him to stage Wilford Leach's *Non Pasquale* in Central Park last summer. Purists were horrified, but the quirky parody ended up being good fun.

Bach and Handel have three-hundredth birthdays in 1985, and the calendar

famous roles. No original instruments, but you can't win them all.

The Beethoven-symphony count for the coming months is not dangerously high, although the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra has felt compelled to play all nine of them during its Carnegie Hall engagement (October 21, 22; November 15, 18, 19). Between its New York dates, the Gewandhaus will serve up its Beethoven menu in various other eastern cities, including Washington, D.C. (October 19), and Chicago (November 7). American

orchestras are showing a bit more imagination. In Boston, for example, the symphony is staging Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher* (December 7 and 8), with Meryl Streep as Jeanne—a clever bit of casting that should overcome some prejudices about twentieth-century music. Carnegie Hall will stage repeat performances on the twelfth and the thirteenth. Meanwhile, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the Next Wave Festival will offer the American premiere of Steve Reich's *The Desert Music* (October 25–27) and will bring back *Einstein on the Beach* (December 11–23), which



is already crowded with appropriate celebrations. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center is staging a Bach festival with the Academy of Ancient Music, led by Christopher Hogwood, in the academy's New York debut at Alice Tully Hall (September 9–15). What better salute to Bach than to hear his music played on the kind of instruments for which it was written? To dramatize their sonic qualities, one joint concert will feature pieces played alternately on modern instruments and on early ones. Over the season, the English group will travel to Dallas, Toronto, and Boston, among other cities in the United States and Canada. Astor Handel, Carnegie Hall will offer four of his operas in concert form, starting with Marilyn Horne in *Orlando* (November 25), one of her most

may or may not tour the country, depending on its initial success. Whoever called Philip Glass a contemporary Puccini may or may not be vindicated.

Finally, on the dance roster, Merce Cunningham will be doing nine of his "Events" at the Joyce, in New York (September 21–30). "Events" are snippets of other Cunningham works and improvised, humorous material developed spontaneously into one-time evenings; they were big hits last year with Cunningham fans at City Center and should elicit just as much laughter when they go on to Cleveland, Washington, D.C., and Berkeley, in the spring. The Joffrey Ballet, by the way, has reportedly deserted City Center and will be appearing at the New York State Theatre in March after as-yet-unpro-

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grammed stints in Los Angeles, its West Coast headquarters, and at the Kennedy Center during the late fall.

The big dancing event of the season must surely be the Dance Theatre of Harlem's brand-new *Giselle* at City Center (September 25), set on a pre-Civil War plantation in Louisiana. *Giselle* is a free black, her "Albert" is a Creole landowner, and interclass/interracial marriages are taboo. Staged by Frederick Franklin and with costumes designed by Carl Michell, who has compiled "A Brief History of the Free Black People of Louisiana" to back up his work, *Giselle* seems to be intended to shake up the audience. DTH promises that "all the stops will be pulled out on this one." Whether the familiar story line arouses strong emotions or not, the dancing—as always—will no doubt be sublime.

—Heidi Waleson

MATERA ENTERS A NEW TURN

The rose window of the cathedral of Matera was carved as a Wheel of Fortune; at the top, Michael the Archangel rides in triumph, but on the sides three men in medieval dress are hanging on for dear life, tumbling as the wheel turns. It's a fitting image for the capital of the Basilicata, the poorest province of southern Italy, down in the instep of the peninsula, for Matera has had its ups and downs for over seven thousand years. It is a city as old as Jericho (but has been continuously inhabited, now by 45,000 people), and through those long centuries it has known most of the cruelties Fortune can devise—earthquake, invasion, drought, poverty, and plague.

The thirteenth-century cathedral stands atop the highest hill of Matera overlooking the entire "old" city and its extraordinary Sassi ("stones"), an alveolar agglomeration of caves that honeycombs two cliff faces and plunges down to the



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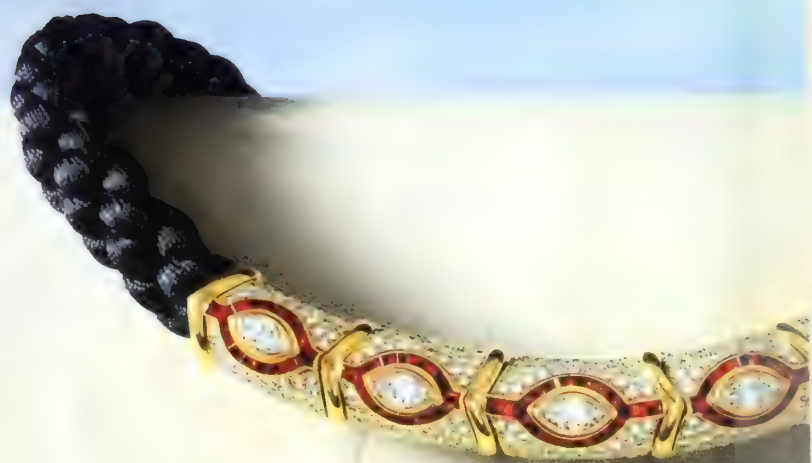
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Matera: on the world traveler's map again.



sphere uncannily, and a new film, *King David*, directed by Bruce Beresford (*Tender Mercies*) with Richard Gere in the leading role, is being shot in Matera this year.

Fortune's wheel is turning again, and the Materani now take a new pride in their unique city, while the gradual revival of the Mezzo-

ry. The blond stone, the elemental out of which the Sassi are made, gives ra's alleys and courtyards the feel of a Brancusi studio; the spontaneous ac-ns that have added a chamber here, a ase there, create the effect of a coral growing organically out of the rock. e are over a hundred churches and es, and excavations today are discov- still more. Some date back to the i and tenth centuries, when first the ards and then the Byzantines ruled part of Italy. They are richly painted. zantine fresco of a Virgin was found as itly as 1963. But many of the frescoes ow in a sad state of disrepair, and the for restoration is urgent.

ie primitive starkness of Matera's an- v has attracted a series of filmmakers: *apa*, with Anna Magnani, was made : in 1953, and Pasolini used it expres- y as the Holy Land in his *Gospel ding to Saint Matthew* (1964). The scape reproduces the biblical atmo-

giorno has given their political representa- tives more power in Rome. Matera's ruling *comune* has campaigned for over twenty years to preserve the town's heritage and restore the Sassi to life, and finally has wrung from the grinding machinery of Ital- ian bureaucracy the funds to renovate about 800 dwellings, as homes, hostels, and cultural centers.

Only about 15 percent of the land is pri- vately owned, as the *comune* took over most of it during the evacuation, and offi- cials also plan to set aside about forty resi- dences for artists of all kinds in return for gifts of their work, which will become the basis for a local museum. Thus, the inhabi- tants of Matera can now hope with increasing confidence that the Sassi will once more hum with life and attract visi- tors to a place unlike any other in the world—that this time, Fortune, who has so often treated southern Italy as a toy to trifle with, will be on their side.

—Marina Warner





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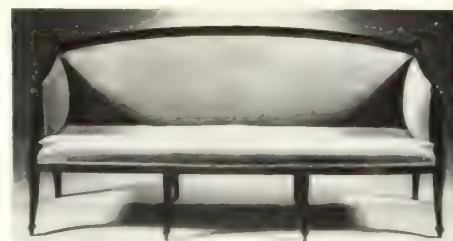


WAIKIKI BEACH TOWER

Herbert K. Horita
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tional schooling at Eton and Oxford. He came down to London in the thirties following a brief fling at journalism (including a stint with this magazine), he had worked at Sotheby's as a trainee in the furniture department. Two years later, in 1938, Peter Wilson was sitting on the board of directors, and he ascended to the chairmanship in 1958. A quiet, almost shy (despite his towering, imposing figure), Peter Wilson was an expert, auctioneer, administrator, negotiator *par excellence*, a true connoisseur. He will be remembered.

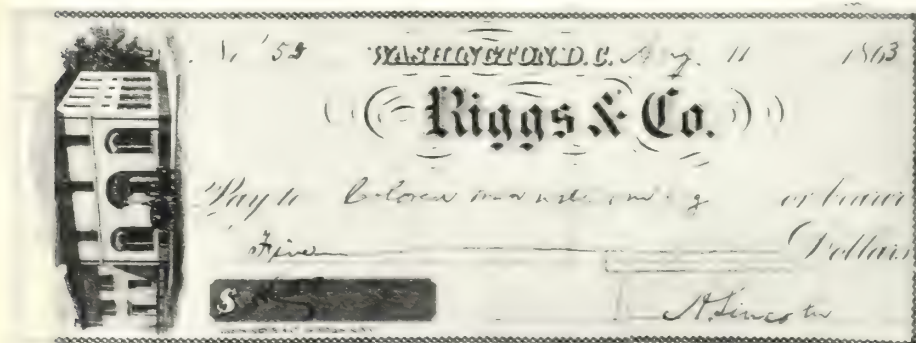
Looking forward to what the new season has in store, we can expect good action in most fields. Christie's U.S.A. has been running an Americana roll of late, with the worthy dispersals of Benjamin Ginsburg's New York shop and of the distinguished furniture collection of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Cox, in June. Different in kind but no less distinguished in degree are the Americana sales scheduled for October 12 and 13: the contents of "Thornhill," a picture-perfect eighteenth-century saltbox in Mendham, New Jersey; over 400 lots of important American jewelry from the collection of the late



... stars of the season's Americana sales.

an auction scene in London and especially in the U.S.A. Some sales no self-respecting enophile should miss: September 27, London, the first auction of New World wines; October 20, Chicago, fine and rare wines; and December 6, London again, a two-session festival: finest and rare wines, and collector's pieces, corkscrews, and decanters. Collector's corkscrews, by the way, are practical, blessedly inexpensive (on average \$50 to \$500), and, best of all, fun. Predictably, there is even an International Correspondence of Corkscrew Addicts, an aptly self-descriptive body whose august membership is rigorously limited to fifty (see, you missed another fad).

In a more seriously hedonistic vein, the Sotheby's sale in New York of the Crahan



Lincoln received this check from the president on his lucky day in 1863.

Joseph Kler; and highly important furniture from the collection of Dr. C. Franklin, a sixth-generation descendant of Benjamin Franklin. The former are remarkable for folk material, the latter an elegant tribute to the best Federal netmakers—the Seymours, Phyte, Townsend, Goddard. The two settees pictured on these pages show how curiously French influences that overshadowed furniture making at the end of the eighteenth century were filtered through the strong regional sensibilities of Massachusetts and New York.

Christie's continues to dominate the wine-

collection of gastronomy, on October 9 and 10, is a must: over 1,500 cookbooks and other related volumes from the fourteenth century to the present, covering the entire history of modern cookery. The volumes are of historic and aesthetic as well as gustatory interest (many are lavishly illustrated).

Last but not least, in the Sotheby's New York sale of American books and manuscripts, on October 31, you will find the check illustrated above, a startling window onto the Kafkaesque disorientations that permeated American sensibilities during the Civil War. The ultimate horror facing the unfortunate soul who received Lincoln's five-dollar beneficence—equivalent to about \$250 today—was that legal-

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What I want is a place where a 10-year-old boy can eat an ice cream cone without my getting uppity about his making a mess on the sofa."
—Ali MacGraw

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ly he really was no more than the "colored man, with one leg" to whom the check is made out.

—James K. Lusk

BLESS YOU, DR. JOHNSON

Jog'ger: One who moves heavily and dully.
—Dr. Johnson's English Dictionary

Samuel Johnson, one of the great prose stylists of the English language, died 200 years ago this year. The last spoken words of the seventy-five-year-old author and lexicographer, addressed to a young girl who came to visit him during his final moments, were "God bless you, my dear."

His magisterial *English Dictionary* appeared in 1755, and for almost a century afterwards, young people who wanted to



Samuel Johnson was a "gitch" for words.

look up a word would turn to Johnson—and they still can. Johnson's definitions are so quirky that, although long since superseded, they're much treasured, and the *Dictionary* is still available, either as a soft-cover abridgement, put out by Paper-mac, or in a hardback of the whole work, published by Rupert Murdoch's *London Times*. This reprint costs fifty pounds, but one of the many old editions of the *Dictionary* could cost that much in a second-hand bookshop and isn't easy to find.

While many ironists today would not argue with his definition of a jogger, anybody found running in Johnson's day would have been thought mad or bad or both. The meaning Johnson intended was that of the line, by the English poet John Dryden, "They, with their fellow joggers of the plough."

There is another Johnsonian definition that is perhaps as resonant now as it was in
(continued on page 44)

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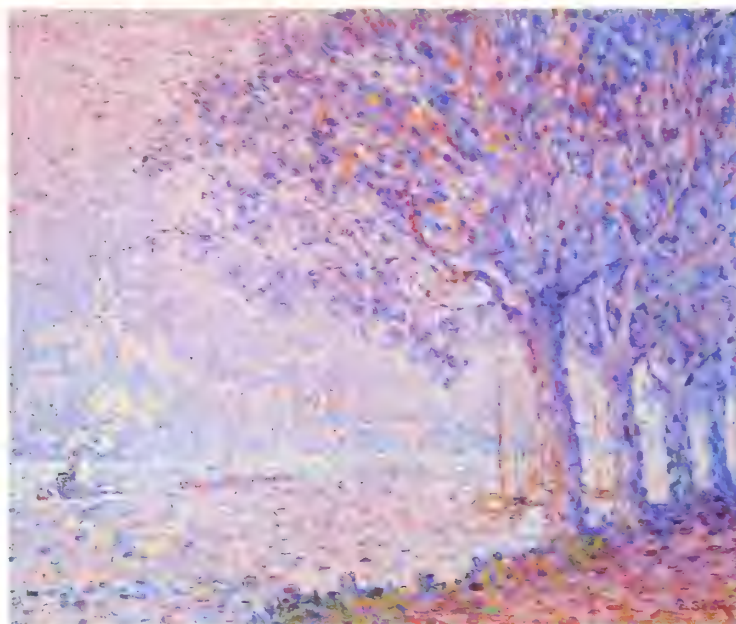
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(continued from page 36)

1755, minutes of the time of the Boston Tea Party—that of excise, which Johnson took from the Puritan poet Andrew Marvell: "Excise, / With hundred rows of teeth, / The truth exceeds." Johnson's definition?

A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

Were it not for the fact that there are so many unemployed these days, wage slaves everywhere might go along with Johnson's job: 1) "A low, mean lucrative busy affair"; 2) "Petty, piddling work, a piece of chance work." He defined his own job sardonically as that of "Lexicographer: A writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge," although later in life he said of the *Dictionary* that "I knew very well what I was undertaking, — and very well how to do it, — and have done it very well."

In the course of 229 years it would be surprising, of course, if some words had not been lost. *Grum* ("surly") has gone the way of *gry* ("anything of little value") and *gulch*, which today suggests Western movies but in Johnson's time meant "a little glutton."

Johnson himself had to stomach a lot of belly laughs from the critics of his contribution to English when George III came to the throne and in 1762 offered him a princely pension of £300 a year. In the *Dictionary* (and in his most idiosyncratic form), Johnson had defined *pension* thus: "In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a State hiring for treason to his country." But Johnson the lexicographer was also a royalist and a realist: he pocketed the doubloons and, for once dropping his professional disdain of foreign words, announced himself "*pénétre* with His Majesty's goodness." —*Ross Davies*

SILO AS SYMBOL

This century's most influential philosophy of design, the maxim that form follows function, is incorporated in glass and concrete boxes from Tokyo to Turin, Buenos Aires to Buffalo. It is this last, of all places, that turns out to be one of its seedbeds. Walter Gropius, the German architect who founded the renowned Bauhaus school of design, in Weimar in 1919, arrived in Buffalo on a field trip six years earlier and was smitten by the gigantic grain silos along the city's Lake Erie waterfront.

Drawing a comparison between the "unacknowledged majesty of the American silos" and the monuments of ancient Egypt,

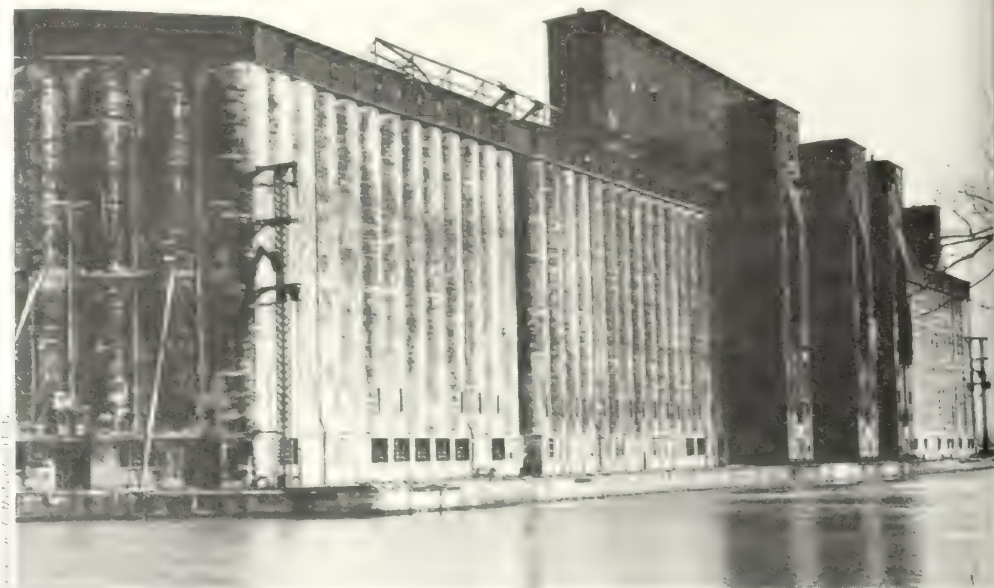
Gropius afterwards published an illustrated booklet to make his point. Other pioneer modernists followed. Le Corbusier called the elevators "magnificent First Fruits of the new age." Then came Eric Mendelssohn. "Mountainous silos, incredibly space conscious, but creating space," he wrote. "I took photographs like mad. Everything else so far now seemed to have been shaped interim to my silo dreams. Everything else was merely beginning."

"You can get from Buffalo to the Bauhaus in one easy move," declares the architectural historian Reyner Banham. He is finishing a book about the elevators and other industrial buildings, tentatively entitled *Concrete Atlantis*. He believes that the best grain elevators are still to be found

and now the city must decide what to do with them. Enclosing interior spaces the equivalent of twelve-story cathedrals, the elevators are big, powerful, and tough to tear down. Converting them for use as housing, hotels, shopping centers, or offices (as has been done successfully in Minneapolis) is feasible, though the most discussed possibility so far has been the creating of museums devoted to the maritime history of the Great Lakes, the Erie Canal, and Buffalo's heavy industry.

Meantime, they are what Banham calls an "industrial Stonehenge"—at once colossal monuments to the golden age of the Industrial Revolution and silent witnesses to the genius of native American architecture. —*Anthony Bannon*

The harmony of form and function in Buffalo's silos set Gropius on the road to Bauhaus.



in Buffalo, though Montreal and Minneapolis, among other cities, have many fine examples.

Concrete grain elevators made their first appearance in Minneapolis in 1899 and quickly spread through the Midwest and Northeast. To the European architects who came to marvel at them, the elevators seemed peculiarly American in their functional intensity—austere, true, unaffected. Their no-frills communion of form and function represented a clean break with the ornamental excesses of earlier decades, prefiguring the clean-lined integrity of the best of twentieth-century architecture.

The silos' perfect curved verticals stand against the horizontal expanse of Lake Erie in isolated grandeur and recede in clusters down the Niagara River. But only four of the remaining fourteen are still functional,

ROME'S TOP THREE DEALERS

The Roman art world is more low-key than the fast-track markets in New York, Paris, and London, but that is not to say that the Eternal City's resources are second-rate. Far from it. Some of Rome's homegrown dealers, such as the three listed below, compete successfully with their top-echelon colleagues abroad, drawing collectors from around the world.

The uncontested dean of Roman dealers is Plinio Nardecchia, whose little gallery at Piazza Navona 25, facing Bernini's Fountain of the Four Rivers, is a place of pilgrimage for print lovers, as much a salon as a store. Here cognoscenti meet regularly to debate the merits of this engraving or

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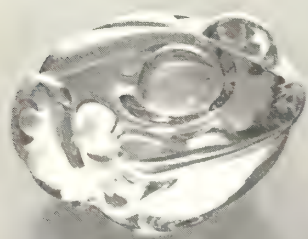
that lithograph while savoring chocolate *tartufo*. Nardecchia has been in the business for over thirty-five years, having learned the trade from his father, a famous publisher of scholarly texts. He stocks thousands of fine pieces, including brilliant first-state Tiepolos, rare Piranesis and Canalettos, and master prints by Dürer and Cranach, ranging from about \$3, for a souvenir print, to \$7,000, for a fine Dürer. "My clients generally want a



Aklego—a favorite of young collectors.

quality print, something that is significant from an art-historical point of view, as well as a sound investment." Nardecchia is generally available in late morning and late afternoon, as is his son Attilio, a specialist in cartography, who is being groomed to carry on the family tradition.

Antonio Venturi and Silvano Spada (whose premises are at Via Giulia 14) form an ambitious young twosome; in little over a decade, they have succeeded in putting nineteenth-century furniture firmly back on the map (and in the best Italian *salotti*). "Antiques dealers in this country tend to be rather sectarian and provincial in their tastes," Silvano Spada explains. "We wanted some international resonance." Venturi and Spada are particularly renowned for their selections of fine "blond" furniture—Directoire, Empire, Charles X, and Biedermeier. When the gallery first



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opened, it attracted mainly museum curators and other specialists such as Lord Acton and Mario Praz; now, according to Spada, the shop attracts a fifty-fifty mix of foreign and local collectors (including the designer Valentino). The elegant, uncluttered showrooms display a wide variety of superb objects, ranging from Russian birchwood salons to French academic paintings. A much-admired recent acquisition was a pair of late eighteenth-century bronze statues, inspired by finds from Pompeii, which once graced the palace of the viceroy of Naples.

Another top dealer is Marcello Aldega; his store, near the Pantheon (Via del Seminario 177), stocks several thousand Ital-

Rome's dealers have achieved international resonance.

ian old-master drawings. Aldega began collecting while a student and went into the business ten years ago; his gallery has already established a worldwide reputation for scholarly shows (the latest dedicated to Giacomo Zoboli, 1681-1767); and Aldega's institutional clients include the British Museum and the J. Pierpont Morgan Library. The gallery does cater to more modest budgets, though: "I specialize in very important works, but I also carry so-called ordinary old-master drawings for clients of lesser means." A young man himself, Aldega is particularly sympathetic to the requirements of young collectors, many of whom have developed with the growth of the gallery. He also sees a historic significance in his work: "I have not missed a single international auction of old-master drawings since 1971. While in years past collectors took drawings out of Italy—to England, Germany, and the States—today I am doing my best to bring them back." —Patricia Corbett

WHOSE TREASURES ARE THEY, ANYWAY?

When Melina Mercouri launched her passionate campaign to have the Elgin Marbles returned to Greece from London, it was predictable that others would start thinking along the same lines. Lately, Barbara Lyssarides, the feisty American-born wife of a Greek Cypriot socialist politician, has been trying to get the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, to disgorge its extensive collection of Cypriot



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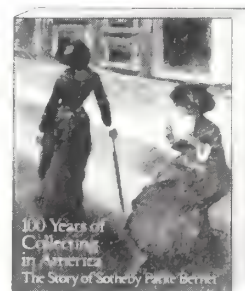
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

antiquities and return them to whence they came.

They were among the first treasures acquired by the Metropolitan, having been sold to the fledgling museum in 1874 by Gen. Louis P. di Cesnola, the buccaneering American consul in Cyprus who subsequently became the first director (if not the most buccaneering one) of the institution. The hoard included an enormous number of sculptures—mostly undistinguished but featuring a few of importance, including four notable sarcophagi—twenty fine bronzes, a quantity of gold and silver vessels, many terra-cottas, and some glass, ranging in date from the Bronze Age to the late Roman period.

Mrs. Lyssarides is conducting her campaign in the pages of her husband's party newspaper, *Nea*. She makes the point that many of the Cypriot antiquities stand out of sight in the Metropolitan's storeroom and that those that are on show, chiefly in the long gallery leading to the restaurant,

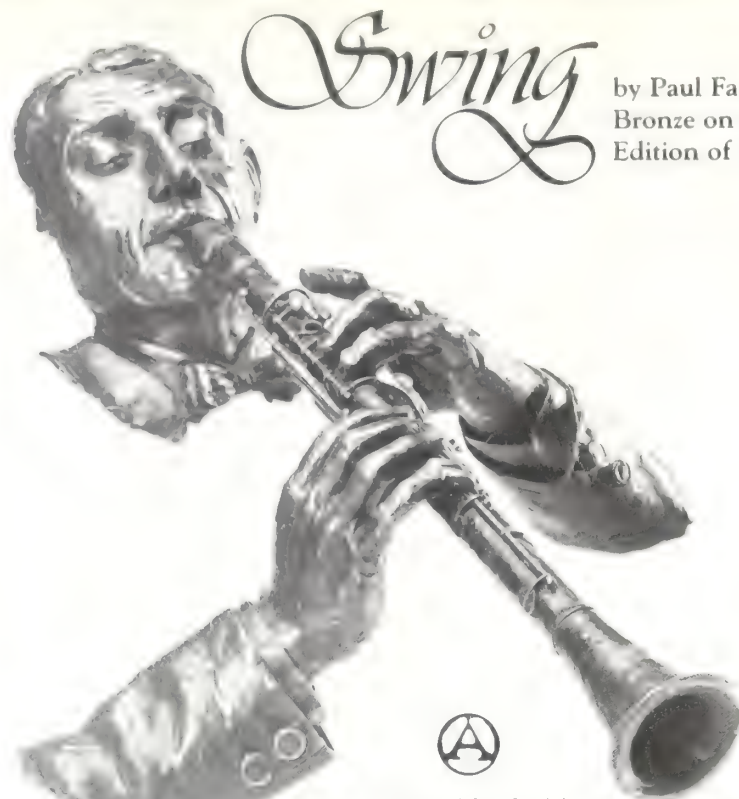


Definitely not the Elgin Marbles: the Triple Geryon, from the Met's Cesnola collection.

are not the museum's prime attractions.

"She has been on the phone to me constantly," complains a harassed Dietrich von Bothmer, chairman of the Met's department of Greek and Roman antiquities. "But I am not very sanguine about her prospects and I told her so. If you start reshuffling everything, the furniture from Versailles would have to go back there, or the horses of San Marco to Constantinople. You can whip up press campaigns about almost anything." He also notes that the idea is not officially supported by the Cyprus government. "I feel like a man who has paid his rent all his life and is now threatened with eviction not by the landlord but by a tenants' group."

In any case, it is unclear who would have first claim to the hoard in the unlikely event that the Metropolitan decided to give it up. Cyprus was controlled by Tur-



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key in the 1870s, as a Turkish journalist in New York has been quick to point out to von Bothmer. So, the collection is yet another issue for the Greek and Turkish Cypriots to battle over.—*Michael Leapman*

THE MAN WHO SPRAYED ZÜRICH

Scarcely a city of unbridled passions, Zurich has not seen an art furor like this since the dear, dead days of Dada and the Cabaret Voltaire, circa 1916. The question is—and not long ago the thorough Zurichers held a symposium on the issue in a local theater—where should one draw the fine line between art and vandalism? Can something be art and also a crime?

The question first arose seven years ago when the walls of Zurich suddenly began blossoming forth with nocturnal paintings—or, if you prefer, graffiti—applied with a spray can by a person or persons unknown. They were Miróesque abstractions of men and women, fishes, snakes, hobgoblins, water spirits, dwarfs, and whatnot, sprayed on walls, culverts, bridges, apartment-house entrances, churches, schools, Zurich's university, and the ETH (Federal Institute of Technology). Before long the whole town was arguing the pros and cons of the phantom artist who became known as Der Sprayer von Zürich. Der Sprayer worked under cover of darkness: the good burghers of Zurich would awaken the next morning to find that he/she had struck again, having sprayed a lissome schematic nude on the pillars of a parking lot, or a dancer down the steps of an underpass. Some citizens were delighted by these impromptu decorations; not so the cursing householders who tried to scrape the paint off their walls. Equally unamused were the public-works maintenance crews charged with scrubbing Der Sprayer's convoluted snakes from the backsides of the city's Maillol-like monuments to civic virtue.

Neither the Argus-eyed Zurich police, ever on the lookout for his depredations, nor the miserable Zurich weather was able to stay Der Sprayer from the swift completion of his nocturnal raids. Before he was finally apprehended, in June 1979, some 1,500 of his "works of art" were catalogued by experts on both sides of the issue: that is, the police, who were keeping a record of his offenses, and the counterculture art critics, who decided that Der Sprayer had "beautified the cityscape"

with paintings of "a political, social-critical, and missionary character."

Der Sprayer was finally caught because, like a Hitchcock character, he left his glasses behind at the scene of one of his murals and went back to get them. He turned out to be an otherwise innocuous artist in his early forties, Harald Nägeli, who claimed to have been inspired by Till Eulenspiegel, the merry prankster of medieval Germany. Till "whispered in my ears, pressed a spray can in my hand, gave me a friendly tap on the shoulder, and vanished. I understood the divinity, understood for two years running, and though in the end I became fed up with the delirium of endless successes and indescribable joys and was caught, I have nothing to regret."

The presiding judge of the Zurich district court thought otherwise. He found Der Sprayer guilty on 181 counts of willful destruction of property, sentencing him to nine months in prison and a fine of

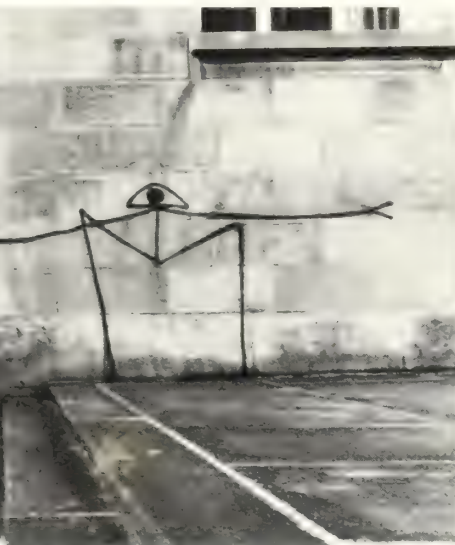


206,000 francs (about \$92,000) in compensation. The severity of the sentence reflected the fact that the defendant had skipped bail and fled to West Germany, where he proceeded to make contumacious noises as a "political exile." His case was appealed all the way to the Swiss Supreme Court, which duly upheld the conviction. When the Swiss applied for his extradition, Nägeli fought a delaying action in the German courts and also filed an appeal with the European Commission on Human Rights.

Meanwhile, a small Cologne museum gave Nägeli his first one-man show—of nearly 600 wall paintings. Several museum directors came out in support of his cause, declaring Harald Nägeli to be "an artist who, with his limited materials, has expressed himself in a wonderful way."

Joseph Beuys, the Andy Warhol of Germany, suggested that if the Zurich Museum were to buy sixty of Nägeli's drawings and collages for 200,000 francs—to cover the fine—he, Beuys, would give them one of his own early works, worth 100,000 francs. Petitions by more than 120 leading artists and intellectuals urged the canton of Zurich to pardon Der Sprayer, and enterprising publishers brought out two (not quite coffee-table) books of Der Sprayer's work: in one of them, *Mein Revoltieren Mein Sprayen* (My Revolt My Spraying), he bid defiant farewell to the "cleanliness men and women" of his native land. "Without wanting to, I have become a famous artist," he conceded. "I was a bit pleased, but inwardly it left me cold."

The West German courts were left equally cold. On April 24 he was extradited, received a hero's welcome from his supporters in Zurich, and was promptly



Art or graffiti? A typical Nägeli work.

hustled off to jail. A professor in Bern has suggested that Nägeli ought to be given, instead of nine months in prison, the task of decorating the "unlovely walls" along the new Davos-Tiefencastel highway. Most of the Swiss art world is still agitating for an amnesty—which could be forthcoming by the time you read this only if Nägeli behaves himself exemplarily in prison. In a recent turnabout, a Zurich architect, Werner Muller, announced that he would bring suit against the city for "destruction of works of art" because municipal cleanup teams were removing Der Sprayer's paintings from public places "in total disregard of creative artistic values." He is asking for damages of 250,000 francs.

—A. M. O'Sullivan



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In "The Ones That Got Away" (*Connoisseur*, August 1984), we related numerous incidents in which museums and other collectors missed opportunities to acquire great works of art. One sad tale that got away from us concerns John Walker, long the director of the National Gallery, in Washington, D.C. His most memorable loss was an entire collection, one that he described in his book *Self-Portrait with Donors: Confessions of an Art Collector* (Boston, Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1974) as the "greatest in breadth and standard of quality assembled by one person in our time."

Walker last saw Gulbenkian in Deauville, on the coast of Normandy. "We motored from the hotel each day to his estate nearby. It was a vast park, its only architectural feature a balustrade, as in a painting by Hubert Robert. Flowering meadows planted with fruit trees reached to the distant low hills. He had never built a house because no architect was able to suggest anything beautiful enough to be worthy of this enchanting garden."

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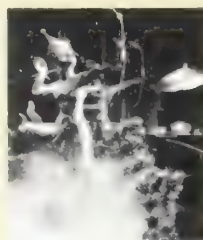
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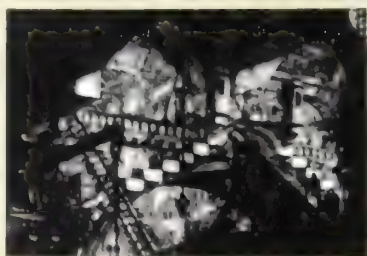
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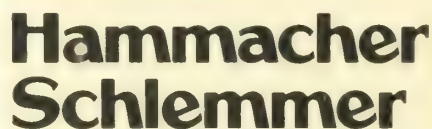
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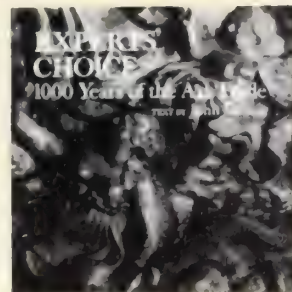
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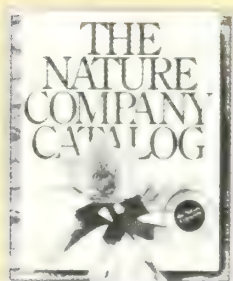
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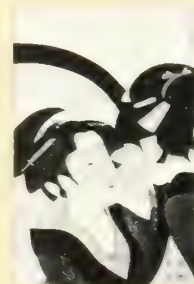
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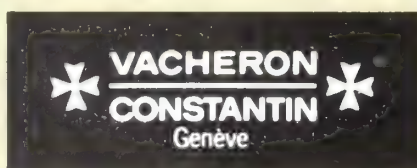
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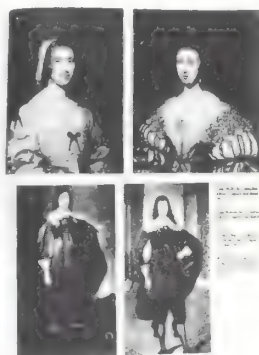
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THE PERFECTIONIST

Mandy Patinkin tackles roles the hard way.

By Sheryl Flatow



The actor on a Manhattan rooftop: by evening, he is the soul of Georges Seurat.

The theme of the struggling artist has long been a favorite on Broadway and in Hollywood. All too often, the act of creation is overdramatized, romanticized, or trivialized for the sake of entertainment. Not so in the current Broadway musical *Sunday in the Park with George*. Pondering the evolution of Georges Seurat's pointillist masterpiece *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, the writer-director James Lapine and the composer-lyricist Stephen Sondheim explore "the art of making art" seriously, painfully, eloquently.

The first act depicts Seurat (known here simply as George) in all his single-minded obsessiveness. The second leaps to 1984 and focuses on another artist, also named George, a young man, who may or may not be Seurat's great-grandson, in search of emotional and artistic fulfillment. Many feel certain that the double George is Sondheim's psychic twin. At the same time, he displays the hallmarks of the actor who portrays him, Mandy Patinkin.

Sheryl Flatow, a free-lance author, writes frequently about theater and dance.

"I identify with George in more ways than I wish I did," Patinkin admits. "Sometimes I can't separate between who I am and who he is. It's all very close to me: wanting the work to be different, wanting it to be new. I'm trying to get through to something of my own." Echoing George, he demands, "Why should I paint like you or anybody else? Why should I be like you or act like you or anybody else? I'm just trying to be myself, trying to be alive, trying to make my life shimmer, make the work shimmer." In the end, when George is struggling and he's questioning who the hell he is, what he's doing—every day is like this with me."

Whether onstage or onscreen, Patinkin conveys the tight, wound-up concentration of a prowling tiger. In *Sunday in the Park*, says his costar, Bernadette Peters, "he burns you with his eyes." The intensity, the passion, the driving intelligence are all part of what makes Patinkin one of the most mesmerizing actors of his generation. Those qualities have come out again and again in a wide range of roles: on Broadway as the rebellious Che Guevara

in *Evita* (which brought him his first measure of fame and a Tony award), and on film as the immigrant Tateh in *Ragtime*, the idealistic Paul Isaacson in *Daniel*, and Avigdor, the gentle scholar with a secret, in *Yentl*. For each of these performances, he earned glowing notices. "Mandy Patinkin sizzles with scholarly and sexual energy as Avigdor," read a review in *Newsweek*; "Mandy Patinkin is a crucible of intellectual fire," wrote Frank Rich in the *New York Times*, of his portrayal of George. "Every minor detail is a major decision," Patinkin sings as George, and it's clear he knows the feeling. Every role becomes a journey to the innermost soul of his character. He does not so much act a part as inhabit it and give it life.

His commitment is so enveloping that it even seems to transform his appearance. Everyone swore that in *Evita*, he looked just like Che Guevara. Put shots of him from *Sunday in the Park with George* next to a photograph of Seurat, and you'll agree that the resemblance is uncanny. Nor are these likenesses merely physical. In the number "The Day Off," he manages to conjure up, completely credibly, the scrappy courtship between a stray mutt and a pampered lapdog. The feat is accomplished by quick breaks in vocal register and changes of facial expression. It's a marvel of technique.

Patinkin goes to great length to prepare for a role. He investigates, experiments, absorbs, discards, until he can even "smell" his character. For *Sunday in the Park*, which he has helped shape since it was first tried out, in a workshop production off-Broadway last summer, he made two trips to the Art Institute, in his native Chicago, to study *La Grande Jatte*. "I talked to it and listened to the people talking about it," says Patinkin. "I got up on a chair and looked to see the red and the blue and the hat and tried to see where the yellow flecks were, so that I could 'paint' it exactly. I also did the whole first act of the play in front of it, talking to the different people in the painting."



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For *Sunday in the Park*, Patinkin studied drawing at the Art Students League of New York.

George spends a lot of stage time sketching, so Patinkin signed up for classes at the Art Students League of New York, where he found he had a knack for drawing. Now he takes it all very seriously. In performances, he works with a Conté crayon, using the side of the crayon as Seurat did. "I draw exactly what I see," he says, evincing almost as much satisfaction in the art he makes on paper as in the work he does creating characters onstage. ("Work is what you do for other people," observes a pair of domestics strolling on their day off in *Sunday*. "Art is what you do for yourself.") Patinkin saves all his drawings, but at the suggestion that he might one day want to exhibit them, he balks.

Of Russian and Polish descent, Mandel Patinkin (who has gone by the nickname Mandy all his life) was born thirty-one years ago in Chicago, where his father worked in the scrap-metal and dry-cleaning business. After a combined four and a half years at the University of Kansas and the Juilliard Theatre Center, he went to work in the midseventies for Joseph Papp at the New York Shakespeare Festival. A

string of small parts—including the walk-on Fortinbras, prince of Norway, opposite Sam Waterston's Hamlet—led to his Broadway debut, in 1977, with Michael Cristofer's Pulitzer Prize-winning play *The Shadow Box*. *Ragtime*, which he filmed under the direction of Miloš Forman, was not his first movie, but he looks back on his role in it as the real beginning of his film career.

As an eccentric Russian émigré silhouette artist in *Ragtime* (for which he studied with a professional "cutter"), he had to speak in the accent of someone who had been in this country for only six weeks. Patinkin found a Russian physicist turned taxi driver who had arrived in America about five months earlier. Together with an interpreter, actor and cabbie went through the entire script, accumulating on tape six hours of very broken English. "I took the tape on my honeymoon and spent hours listening to it—until my ear clicked," he says. "Then I got the part."

He worked even harder on *Yentl*, long before committing himself to the picture. He disliked the original script and resisted



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Preparing a part, Patinkin says, he investigates and experiments until he can "smell" his character.

meeting with Barbra Streisand to discuss the project. She didn't take no for an answer. When he at last gave in, he stated his views frankly and wound up helping her research and explore material, so that the story would be represented the best way possible. "I loved that part of the experience." Whether he would play Avigdor was up in the air.

Once he had accepted the role, he visited a yeshiva in Israel for several weeks, at his own expense. There he studied the Talmud, taping both his classes and his debates with his study partner. Much of the material found its way into the disputations and yeshiva scenes in the movie. "I went just to soak it in, just to be in that world," he says, but he assimilated the experience so deeply that Avigdor took on a life of his own. Though in the end the character fails his great test of moral courage, Patinkin's radiant performance lent depth, substance, and truth to a film that otherwise lacked them almost entirely.

Having played three Jewish characters in three successive films, Patinkin will not play another one until after he has tackled some roles where ethnicity is not an issue. It doesn't matter that he presented three entirely dissimilar and distinct personalities: he understands the Hollywood mentality and the danger of being typecast. "If it means I may not do a movie for a long time as a result," he shrugs, "then I'll just have to wait."

Patinkin gets so engrossed in his work that it's often impossible for him to disengage. (Despite his towering self-involvement he does find time to devote to his wife, the actress Kathryn Grody, and their two-year-old son, Isaac.) "I want to make things that count," cries George (and Patinkin). Like Seurat, Patinkin brings to his art integrity, a keen mind, and a rage for perfection. He is, like Seurat, making his canvases shimmer. And yet, if you ask him what he wants for the future, his answer is the same as any graduating drama student's: "I just want to work." And he will, he will. □

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Signed, lower right:
Renoir.*

IT WAS FOUND BY RON PARKER.

A rare opportunity for a limited number of private collectors to acquire Pierre Auguste Renoir's last and, heretofore, lost sculpture—"Woman with Tambourine III"



Dr. Parker with original terra-cotta at "The Last Renoir"

sculpture has just been cast in a
ed edition by special arrangement
the artist's heirs.

"Woman with Tambourine III" by
Renoir is a high bas-relief executed in
terra-cotta taken from the master's garden
at Boulogne-Billancourt, France. Height: 31 inches.
Width: 18 1/4 inches. Signed, lower right:

P. A. Renoir
Renoir created this sculpture, his last, in
1919, one year before his death.
It was never cast.

It remained lost for many years, it surfaced
in a catalogue entry in 1958 under the pro-
tection of the estate of Renoir's inspira-
tional friend, dealer and biographer, the
great and influential art connoisseur,
Ambroise Vollard.

"Woman with Tambourine. Three times
he created her. Twice she was nude.

The last time he draped her.

Working with his assistant, Louis Morel,
Renoir executed his first two sculptural
presentations of "Woman with Tam-
bourine" as a nude figure. In version one,
the woman's arms were outstretched and
though flowers appeared, they do not
crown the piece with the
richness and beauty of earthly celebration.



Pierre Auguste Renoir

Ambroise Vollard.

In version two, the flowers were omit-
ted. Both earlier efforts are one-third
smaller and the figure is somewhat less
voluptuous and far less caught in
motion with her music.

"Woman with Tambourine III" seems the
realization of Renoir's vision. A zincotype
of this sculpture is in the permanent col-
lection of The Metropolitan Museum
of Art in New York City. The woman
is now consummately voluptuous,
vivacious and vital. She is fuller
of figure and draped in the skirt of a
peasant. The transparent, flowing skirt
evokes far more excitement and sensu-
ality than the nudity in the two previous
attempts.

**"Woman with Tambourine III"
has been called Renoir's love song
to woman loved.**

Claude Renoir describes it as...
"one of my grandfather's favorite
sculptures. It is a lasting record of his
celebration of life."

*Renoir's woman is a woman loved. Her
fullness of flesh is representative of the
richness of love she has received, and her
abundant generosity and capacity for
giving love.*

**How Ron Parker found Woman with
Tambourine III.**

Upon the death of Ambroise Vollard in
1939, "Woman with Tambourine III" was
sold by his estate to Edward Jonas. Years
later it was sold to another private collector,
who wishes to remain anonymous.

In February 1984, on a routine inspec-
tion of New York auction houses, Ron
Parker stumbled upon a beautiful
impressionistic bas-relief at Christie's.

Dr. Parker had found the lost Renoir.

Ninety-nine are available.

"Woman with Tambourine III," signed
lower right: *Renoir*, has been published by
Parker & Parker, in collaboration with the
Renoir family, in a numbered limited

edition of three hundred nineteen. It is
an original bronze sculpture, cast from the
original terra-cotta by the lost wax process
which captures all the subtleties and details
of the terra-cotta. It is not a reproduction.
After the edition is cast, the mold will be
destroyed. The Certificate of Authenticity
accompanying each piece is signed by the
publisher and Claude Renoir.

"Woman with Tambourine III" is availa-
ble to museums, art dealers and private
collectors for fifteen thousand dollars. One
hundred are already reserved for museums.
One hundred twenty are reserved for per-
sonal friends and clients of the publisher.
And ninety-nine are offered for sale to
private collectors. The price is subject to
change without notice.

**Please direct all inquiries and
requisitions to Ron Parker personally.**

A brochure with more complete informa-
tion on "The Last Renoir" is available on
request. To reserve your Renoir, a fully
refundable five thousand dollar deposit is



"Woman with Tambourine III"

Version I.

Version II.

required. Complete satisfaction is guaran-
teed. Since the entire edition will be com-
mitted quickly, we urge you to respond
immediately. Reservations for pieces will
be made strictly in the order in which
deposits are received. This is the only
edition that will ever be published of this
Renoir sculpture. It is your first chance—
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THE FIND OF A MILLENNIUM!



INITIAL DISAPPOINTMENT OF ARCHAEOLOGISTS SHATTERED BY AMAZING TREASURE DISCOVERED INTACT!

BY THOMAS HOVING ★ PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENRO IZU

Special to Connoisseur

OLD NEW YORK CITY, 11984. Who, by now, does not know of the incredible tale? How the workers dug through hundreds of feet of the debris of this once-great city, finding truncated columns here and fragments of portals of once-proud sanctuaries there in the wreckage. And how, fully eleven years after the start of the great archaeological project, following the dangerous descent through millions of tons of rubble, they found a door in perfect condition—Steel Door I, as it is now called. The awe of the excavators knew no bounds: behind the door, perhaps, there would be a treasure chamber of the ancient world—intact. But the archaeologists maintained their reserve, so many times had their diggings revealed a chamber stripped by robbers of the past.

We have reported already that after a sleepless night, the team of diggers had patiently worked their way down a corri-

dor lined with fragments of shattered crystal. The going became slower, for beneath their feet, lying amid the rubble, they discovered hundreds of shards of the most exceptional glass, unlike any that the archaeologists had ever before encountered. Each piece had to be painstakingly catalogued. The elation was growing; what they held in their hands seemed to be precious bits of the finest handmade crystal—each so valuable that any single shard was ten times more important than anything found before in the desolation of the ancient city.

We all know of the frustrations that followed: the collapse of the tunnel, the discovery that the second steel door—Steel Door II—had been twisted off its hinges, undoubtedly by ancient looters in the sanctuary. And we have all read, with a growing sense of disappointment, of the trials of the next eight days: how the tunnel of the thieves had been

filled in, only to have been penetrated again—by other thieves?

And now it is time to report what was found. This chronicler must be forgiven for the dramatic tone of what follows; there are times when emotions transcend archaeological objectivity.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day of the removal of the impacted detritus, we came across a third steel door—Steel Door III—intact but for a series of hammer blows around a protruding circular device on the right center, bearing the intriguing inscription “Yale.” Agonizingly slowly, so as to preserve as much of the precious portal as we could, we toiled on. I can report that it was difficult to be restrained and not simply blast through at once.

Finally, “Steel III” was off its hinges, and we encountered another door! This one was completely different from any we had ever seen, being thick-

er, painted dark green, with one stunning ancient inscription, “Mosler.” To our collective relief, this strange door was slightly open—and undamaged. I approached it with a feeling of fear that there might be nothing inside.

I opened the portal, inserted the torch, and peered in, my colleagues standing anxiously by my side to hear the verdict. At first I could see nothing, hot air escaping from the chamber causing the flame of the torch to sputter; but presently, details of what rested in triumphant majesty on the various shelves emerged slowly from the gloom—everywhere, the glint of sparkling crystal! For the moment I was struck dumb with amazement—an eternity, it must have seemed to the others standing by. When, unable to bear the suspense any longer, someone inquired, “Can you see anything?” it was all I could do to get out the words “Yes, wonderful things!”

For, there before me, neatly arranged, partly surrounded by sacred wrappings, was an incomparable treasure of the most perfect, lustrous, startlingly vivid and imaginative handmade crystal the world of our century had ever seen—resplendent pieces of what we know, after more than a century, is some of the best of the great, ancient crystal workshop known under the famous name Steuben.

Conceivably, such an account (written with an obvious debt to Howard Carter, of King Tut fame) might accompany an astounding discovery thousands of years from now, an excavation that just happened to pinpoint the headquarters of Steuben Glass, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, in the heart of that ancient city of New York. Whatever happens, we are positive the “discoverers” will be as impressed as we are with the shining crystal of Steuben, a company that is now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary on Fifth Avenue.

What the directors, artists, designers, and artisans associated with Steuben have created and produced in their lambent history is—with few exceptions—of outstanding aesthetic character, possessing a pleasingly identifiable, almost national, style. In sheer output—nearly 2,000 individual designs, including unique presentation pieces and glass jewelry—in diversity of design, in the continuing courageousness of artistic conception, Steuben is singular, not only in the history of American glassmaking but in the history of glassmaking around the globe.

To honor the birthday of the remarkable Steuben, *Connoisseur* has chosen a few precious favorites. We have long felt that anyone who considers himself to be a person of taste probably already has at least one example. All of our selections here, incidentally, are available to those wanting to titillate archaeologists of the year 11984.







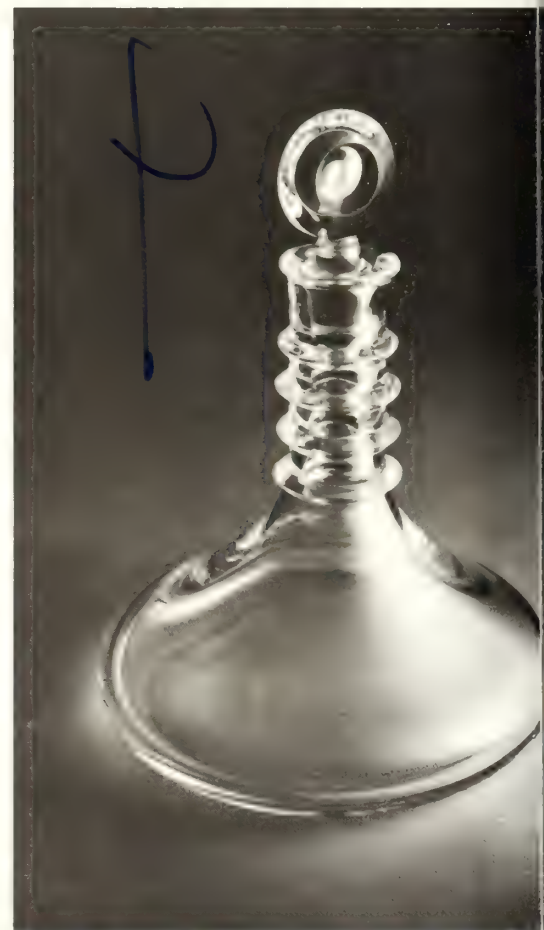
Of all the many designs for Steuben by James Houston, none, to us, is more energetic and anecdotal in the best sense than this crystal trout bursting out of the depths of a stream, lunging for that eighteen-karat-gold Royal Coachman fly. It captures the very essence of movement.

If a single work can epitomize the "new" design hopes at Steuben, it is the undulating "Tulip Bowl," created by Luciana Roselli. The blown- and cut-crystal bowl has a copper-wheel engraving of what we think is of virtually universal excellence. It is most certainly one of the five most beautiful pieces ever produced by Steuben. To add to its appeal, only five bowls will ever be made. According to the artist, the bowl is also a declaration of love: "Tulips are the floral offering made by a young man to his beloved. With them, he says, 'As the redness of this flower, I am on fire with love; as the blackness of its center, my heart is burned to a coal.'" Price? A cool \$32,000.



The tall, gleamingly smooth crystal sculpture "New York, New York," by Paul Schulze, might well turn out to be the most significant item in the treasure trove for our mythical archaeologists. It is an apotheosis of the twentieth-century skyscraper, a sort of Rosetta Stone presenting in dramatic and classic ways the most striking of the buildings of "prehistoric" Manhattan: the Empire State, the Chrysler, the Woolworth, and the World Trade Center. When you see it in the flesh, do not fail to look straight down!

Designed in 1942 from a classic motif, this large decanter manages to combine several qualities. It looks at once traditional and highly contemporary; it has a satisfying, take-it-in-hand feeling. Originally designed to stand steady on a table in the officers' mess of a ship heaving in the waves, it has been greatly copied over the years. But, like most truly fine original designs, it still has a freshness of appearance to match its utility. (Yes, even in our turbulent times, this decanter will not tip over.)







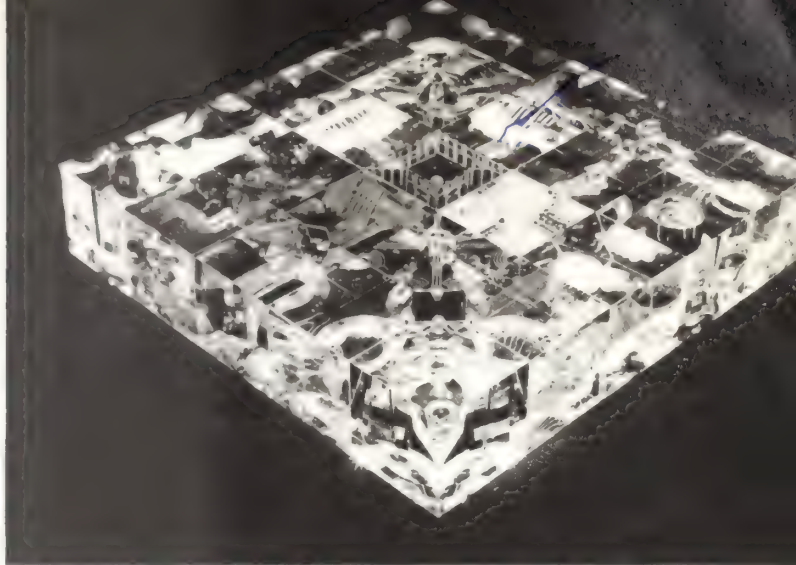


This dish, which is about six inches in diameter and can be used to hold olives, nuts, or candies, is a quintessential Steuben design, one executed by John Dreves in 1939. Its aesthetic wallop sums up those distinctive, softly rounded, "streamlined" forms so beloved in the thirties. But, today, we once again are beginning to appreciate such opulence; and the olive dish looks as modern as it did when it arrived on the scene.

There is only one "Innerland" in the world, and it is on view at Steuben, costing a mere \$275,000. Made out of dozens of pieces of the finest crystal and engraved with a myriad of phantasmagorical designs, "Innerland" is designed by Eric Hilton, with limitless interreflections. The colors are those of the rainbow and beyond, into outer and inner space. The piece, in short, is addictive.

One of the distinguishing features of Steuben is the delightful—and magical—frivolity of a certain number of its pieces, things that very deliberately have no use at all. Consider this "Crown of Oberon": the glass was designed by Donald Pollard and the engravings designed by Beni Montresor. The crown is of blown crystal, topped by a crystal and gold butterfly. The piece is engraved with scenes from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In our hypothetical, future "archaeological discovery," the diggers will, no doubt, be especially impressed by this heavy bowl of clear crystal, engraved with a spectacular frieze of twelve leaping gazelles, designed by the inventive American sculptor Sidney Waugh. Like the figures on Keats's Grecian urn, these are frozen in grace, "for ever panting, and for ever young"—in a word, immortalized. □



"I'M ALWAYS TRYING TO DISRUPT WHAT I CAN DO WITH EASE."

FRANCIS BACON: THE STUDIO AS SYMBOL

BY MICHAEL PEPPIATT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS NAMUTH

From the stylistic upheaval that has fragmented every certitude about art in this century, what images will remain? Which visions will survive the test of time to haunt future generations? The question underlies any meaningful judgment on contemporary art. Only after deciding what is best can one have any notion of quality: that is the basis of criticism, as it is of connoisseurship. One may well be wrong, of course—especially in art. For evaluating new wine or furniture, established criteria are at hand. No longer so in painting. When Matisse dreamt of an art that would be like a “good armchair,” he was evoking values left behind in the nineteenth century. Seen from the perspective of today, the best art of our time seems to be in no way soothing or comfortable, but abrasive, alarming, even terrifying.

Even his detractors would agree that there is nothing of the easy chair about the work of Francis Bacon. Far from ease, it offers extreme disquiet. Its vision of man is of an animal trapped and tortured in the awareness of his mortality. Human appearance is

attacked accordingly—violated and brutalized with what might seem a sadistic fluency of invention. But out of that unremitting onslaught have come images of a potency rarely equaled since the early and most disturbing transformations of Picasso. That potency is by its mysterious, quicksilver nature impossible to define. If it could be explained, it would not exist. It is the core of Bacon's achievement, however, the heart of his ability to obsess the eye. To write seriously about his art means getting as close to that uncanny essence as words allow.

The artist himself has talked brilliantly and at length about his own creative processes—on which he is, naturally, the only authority. But artists' comments on their own work are rarely quite objective: they tend to draw attention to what they want others to see and to deflect interest from aspects that seem, to them at least, of lesser importance. David Hockney made the point when he prefaced his perceptive autobiography with Sickert's remark that one should never believe what an artist says,

Opposite: Francis Bacon at the center of his studio's controlled chaos. How can he have painted those large triptychs in so small a space?



"I'M GREEDY FOR LIFE, AND I'M GREEDY AS AN ARTIST."

only what he does. Artists also frequently cover their traces: they avoid saying what has really influenced them or why certain new elements have cropped up in their work. That, plus a dash of mischief, no doubt prompted Picasso's famous remark "*L'art nègre, connais pas . . .*," when earnest efforts were afoot to establish the iconography of *Les Femmes d'Alger*.

Bacon, on the other hand, has been prodigal with information about what has marked him as an artist. His many brilliant interviews have been compared for their insight and sense of commitment to those classics of art literature van Gogh's *Letters* and Delacroix's *Journal*. He has opened the enigmatic area of an artist's day-to-day creativity even wider by allowing his studio to be photographed repeatedly, in every state, with all the materials and the multitude of documents he keeps around him as he works—for Bacon's studio is a complete and accurate archive of the way his imagination is fertilized. Paint-spattered and ankle-deep in books and images, it forms a mirror of the artist's mind.

Bacon's London studio, inauspicious enough on the outside, is set in a quiet, cobblestoned mews in South Kensington. Having negotiated a staircase to the upper floor as steep as a ship's ladder, the rare visitor finds himself in an ordinary rectangular room in no way predisposed for use as an artist's working space. It is just big enough to allow the painter to concentrate on one large canvas at a time; for this inveterate painter of triptychs, one might reasonably have expected a space three times as large, in which several paintings could be kept going simultaneously. Similarly, the light coming through the smallish opening overhead and one side wall hardly seems sufficient to gauge his acid suavity of color. Many grander studios have been offered to him, but Bacon has not moved. He works best in that modest, familiar, cluttered room.

Sheer omnipresence of paint is what impresses most as one enters this highly fraught space. Colored marks—accidental splats, brush wipes, trial runs of one hue against another—rainbow or cascade over the walls, turning them into giant palettes. Another pattern of chance blobs and trickles extends in an intricately colored net over the book- and photo-strewn floor. Sticky masses of half-spent tubes, thickets of coagulated brushes rear up on all sides, amid old plates and pans used to mix color,

rollers, rags, tins, and jars of every description. An old passport or a single, shining shoe occasionally heaves into sight like a drowning man, and is lost. Pinned to the wall are reproductions of Bacon's own, immaculate paintings, sprung out of this daunting mess. But the intense confusion also has something hilarious, even cheering, about it because it conveys utter disrespect for the ordinary rules of living and breathes a rare sense of freedom.

Then what catches the eye is the chaos carpeting the studio floor, which can be read as a kind of sourcebook for Baconian imagery. In it, paint-smear and trampled, are newspaper items, books ranging from pre-Socratic philosophy to manuals on ape behavior, an old T-square and garbage-can lid, as well as several sweaters soaked in paint once pressed on canvas to produce a special ribbed, chromatic effect. Above all,

there are photographs of spectacular diversity: snaps of friends; illustrations of Michelangelo, Velázquez, and Rembrandt; scenes of disaster, car crashes, and war reportage; studies of animals or athletes in motion; pictures of the Third Reich; Polaroid portraits of himself. This image-jumble becomes most riveting when the artist moves from one end of the littered studio to the other, kicking up half-buried images that stay for a moment at the top to give new evidence—and perhaps fresh inspiration.



Bacon's bedroom: "Relaxation . . . is something I've never experienced."

Yet, to know that photographs of Goebbels lie cheek by jowl with the tragedies of Aeschylus, or that boxers stare into a page of T. S. Eliot, tells something only about the raw ingredients that may at some time have gone into Bacon's imagery. The essential, and most difficult, problem is determining how they are transformed. Bacon has, after all, had the opportunity and the voracious visual appetite to look at virtually everything in existence; and his imagination has to the highest degree the power to blend the consciously remembered with chance recall of the kind that stalks our sleeping or daydreaming minds. "I'm like a grinding machine," he once remarked to me. "Everything I've seen has gone in and been ground up very fine." Indeed, the artist himself often cannot disentangle which disparate elements have mingled in his mind to suggest this or that enigmatic image. "I was doing a picture once and looking at the same time at a photograph of birds diving into the sea," he recalls. "And this very curious double image came up in the painting. I mean, I think of it as two people moving, and it reminds me of certain Greek images too. But I

Opposite: *Statue and Figures in a Street* (1983) "I have this peculiar kind of sensibility . . . things are handed to me and I just use them."







Triptych (Inspired by T. S. Eliot's Poem "Sweeney Agonistes") (1967).





Francis Bacon at seventy-five: "We are born and we die, but in between we give this purposeless existence a meaning by our drives." Opposite: Study for a Bullfight No. 1 (1969). "The violence of paint . . . [is] an attempt to remake the violence of reality itself."

couldn't explain it." On another occasion, he pointed out that he had looked so often at Michelangelo's drawings of the male nude and Muybridge's photographs that they had merged into one.

The more finely "ground up" these various strands become, the more difficult it is to "explain" the paintings. It would be possible to write an entire thesis on the effects that Picasso's biomorphic forms—the tubular-limbed creatures of the late 1920s—have had on Bacon's disruptive forays into human anatomy; or on the artist's deep admiration for Degas's pastels, particularly of nudes, and the way the artist himself has incorporated some pastel into his oil painting. But Bacon's ability to reorder received information—to paint a pope beside some butcher's meat, or a figure turning the key in the door with his foot—remains largely impenetrable.

If that is true for the artist's visual sources, it is even more so for the poetry in which he constantly immerses himself. Being a "deep" rather than a wide reader, Bacon returns to a small number of masterpieces time after time—the Greek tragedies, Shakespeare, Nietzsche, Proust, Joyce, Yeats, and Eliot. Very occasionally, reference to their hold over his imagination is made in a title, but nothing can be reliably deduced from this beyond a general parallel between the poetry's tragic pessimism and the cry of despair echoing from one end of Bacon's work to the other.

The artist has always appeared to be surprised when told how "horrific" or "violent" people feel his vision to be, replying that life itself is violent and that he is concerned, in his painting, to re-create reality as intensely, as rawly, as he can. "We nearly always live through screens—a screened existence," he once said. "And I sometimes think, when people say my work looks violent, that perhaps I have from time to time been able to clear away one or two of the veils or screens."

Bacon speaks of his "exhilarated despair," a consciousness of life that is both unusually robust and keenly, constantly attuned to its tragic implications. An acute awareness of violence and mortality has been with him since his childhood in Ireland. Born

there to English parents in 1909, he remembers listening in the dark to a British cavalry regiment on maneuvers on the eve of World War I, and, later, the climate of fear spread by Sinn Féin road ambushes and snipers. Bacon often refers to the shock he experienced on witnessing in prewar Berlin the extreme degrees of luxury and poverty, as well as a flamboyantly displayed variety of sexual practice. And he recalls the years thereafter when he led a drifting street life, far from such conventions as art school, and so came to know human nature at close quarters.

Although much remains to be said about the artist's life that is fascinating, it is so only because his images fascinate us. Looking over the forty-year span of development that leads from the very early works, such as *Painting* (1946), in the Museum of Modern Art's collection, to the most recent, bleak compositions (which can be seen at the Marlborough galleries in London and New York), one is struck by the continuity of an obsessive view of life translated through a restlessly changing pictorial language. Beyond all the innovative transformations of space and the bravura handling of oil paint, Bacon deals with essentials only. The human fact is caught between pitilessly bright pigment and the shadow of its own mortality. With its vulnerability underlined by every device, from tubular cages to mirrors or even umbrellas, this central figure returns from picture to picture in varying battered states, but with a resilience that takes on irreducible grandeur.

What counts in the end is not so much the terrible extremities to which Bacon's figures have been brought, as their resistance to such odds. Hung beside a carcass of beef, nailed by a syringe to a lumpy bed, in a swirl of despairing rage or chattering fear, Bacon's figures survive. Having incorporated the disasters of a disaster-ridden century, they live on to tell their tale with an authority that cannot be forgotten. □

Michael Peppiatt has known Francis Bacon for twenty years. The quotations outside his text come from Bacon's published interviews with the British art critic David Sylvester.

"I HAVE FAR MORE IMAGES THAN I SHALL EVER BE ABLE TO DO."





Three Studies for Self-Portrait (1979): snapshots and mirrors.



"I LOATHE MY OWN FACE, BUT I GO ON PAINTING IT ..."







THE IDEAL ITALY

IT IS PIEMONTE, AT ITS SUMPTUOUS BEST RIGHT NOW

BY NANCY JENKINS

In the northwest corner of Italy, almost surrounded by Alpine ranges, Piemonte is like a foreign country—a bit of France that got tacked onto Italy by mistake. It is true that the Piemontese speak Italian with a French accent and French with Italian; true, too, that they are punctual, precise, industrious, and rational, just like Frenchmen. Yet the fact is, the Piemontese are not so much *un-Italian* as *ideally* Italian, representing an Italy that other Italians aspire to. Energetic producers of typewriters and automobiles, of fine wines and a robust cuisine, the Piemontese are admired, envied, and emulated by the rest of the country, and they know it. “Piemonte,” they say, with some justification, “is where Italy was born.”

Piemonte: the name means the foot of the mountains, and it is the mountains that have defined the region since the sea floor began to rise millions of years ago in a series of giant folds, becoming a majestic

upheaval that is now the western Alps. The highest and most dramatically beautiful mountains in Europe rim Piemonte on three sides. Below the peaks, green foothills, steeply canted at times, at others rolling like ocean swells, form a giant amphitheater for the lowland basin of the river Po, beginning here its stately progress eastward across Italy to the Adriatic.

These are the landscapes of Piemonte, from the river valley where misty fields, flooded and serene, their broad perspectives defined by low dikes and gracefully swaying poplars, produce three-fourths of the country's rice crop, to peaks and plunging valleys where the crystalline air is pure and cold even in midsummer, when village cows and goats, their presence marked by the distant clink-clunk of bells, roam the high pastures, feeding on alpine grasses that will sweeten their milk and flavor the pungent Piemontese cheese. Between lies the wine country, whose noble reds and fragrant whites have made Piemonte synonymous with fine Italian wine; it stretches from the northeastern lake district through the downs and steep ridges of the Monferrato and Langhe hills, around

Asti and Alba, to the long chalk slopes leading down to Gavi, in the south.

Piemonte is a region of balanced contrasts, not all of them geological, for while Turin, the capital, is the heart of modern Italian industry, fast-paced, tense, chic, and exciting, just half an hour from the Fiat plant is a bucolic countryside of pastures, wheat fields, and vineyards little changed, to all appearances, since the nineteenth century. Much of the work in the vineyards remains hand labor, its ancient gestures of pruning, tilling, and harvesting like illustrations in a Book of Hours.

Wine has been the lifeblood of the Piemonte at least since Julius Caesar stopped to praise the local wine at La Morra, in the heart of the Langhe. Today, the cretaceous limestone soils of the alpine foothills produce wines that stand up brilliantly to the best of France and California. Vineyards abound, not just in the low foothills but even high on the terraced, rocky escarpments lining the alpine water-

Opposite: In Piemonte, the plum of the Polies in its Alpine amphitheater. Above: At the Trattoria del Castello di Grinzane, in the Cavour castle, the best of food and wine.

Nancy Jenkins, a longtime resident of Italy, is a food editor at the New York Times.



Superb cheeses: golden Bra, pungent Castelmagno, creamy robiola and paglierina, the indispensable fontina.

courses. It is said that the heat, reflected off the rocks, gives these mountain wines their distinctive, resinous perfume.

The annual yield of Piedmontese wine is not great, but growers make an astonishing total of thirty-eight different DOC wines (DOC stands for *Denominazione di Origine Controllata*, the Italian equivalent of *Appellation Contrôlée*). The variety is enormous: Nebbiolos and Dolcettos, Gattinaras from the north, sweet sparkling Asti Spumante, Carema from the Valle d'Aosta. Many of the best wines are difficult, if not impossible, to find outside the region, wines like the lovely Grignolino, once a royal favorite, a light, clear, refreshingly astringent red from the Monferrato east of Asti; or Gavi, often called Cortese di Gavi, a white wine that at its best is as flinty and austere as a first-class Chablis; or the abundant Barberas, generous reds, much appreciated as everyday drinking wines throughout the Piemonte but also capable of maturing into long-lived quality wines.

The Piedmontese are deeply proud of

their wine, and more than a little chauvinistic about it. "Chianti," they will muse when offered a glass from a fine Tuscan vineyard, "not bad, but there's something a little *thin* about Chianti, don't you think?" Throughout the region, the simplest country restaurants have exceptional cellars, and there are a number of well-stocked regional *enoteche* where travelers can sample local products. This is one area of Italy where the unwitting foreigner will not have rotgut foisted on him, for the hospitable Piedmontese take pride in sharing their wine with strangers.

The most prestigious wines come from the Langhe, a district of vine-covered hills south of the bustling little market town of Alba, famous for its autumn market in *tartufi bianchi*, the exquisite white truffles unique to the region. The Langhe hills are part of the ancient alpine fold plain: verdant, scoured limestone ridges rise sharply, like waves on a choppy green sea, from the valley of the Tanaro River. Villages crowd along the

ridgelines, the mottled pink tiles of their rooftops crested with towers and battlements. Below each village, steep hillsides fall away, a tapestry of vineyards, lush green in summer, in autumn flushed orange-red, in winter bare, wrapped in mist, often crusted with a light mantle of snow. These are the Nebbiolo vines, which make Barolo and Barbaresco—big, full-bodied wines that mature to great richness and complexity, and are among the finest wines produced in Italy today. Like Burgundy, which it resembles, this is precious land, blessed by its climate, where every inch of soil is cultivated.

"But in Burgundy," explains Bruno Ceretto, with his brother Marcello one of the premier growers of the area, "they can plant up to a third more vines per hectare than we can here." Even so, Langhe growers are not interested in increasing production, "because you risk depersonalizing the wine, destroying its character."

That character, the Cerettos insist, is a natural outcome of the Langhe terrain and the Nebbiolo vine. "Ninety percent na-

GOOD EATING IN PIEMONTE

The following restaurants are among the region's best. It is wise to call for reservations and to check on the weekly closing day, which tends to vary.

'L Muscatel, Santa Vittoria d'Alba. Phone: (0172) 47-039. Closed Sunday evenings and Mondays. Located about thirty-seven miles southeast of Turin, near Alba, this nineteenth-century posthouse is owned by the Cinzano company, which makes vermouth in the spotless factory opposite. The restaurant makes serious efforts to maintain old Piedmontese traditions and has a first-rate cellar.

Trattoria del Castello, Grinzane Cavour. Phone: (0173) 62-159. Closed Tuesdays; open by reservation. Located about six miles southwest of Alba, in the ancient family castle of Count Benso di Cavour, Italy's first prime minister, the trattoria is a great favorite of Langhe winegrowers, whose vintages are for sale in the Enoteca Regionale, on the ground floor of the castle. Excellent regional cooking including *bagna caôda* and truffles in season from nearby Alba.

Il Belvedere, La Morra. Phone: (0173) 50-190. Closed Mondays. About forty miles southwest of Turin. In the heart of the Barolo growing area, this spacious, comfortable restaurant has a reliable menu

based on local produce and recipes. Good solid cooking and an admirable cellar.

Contea di Neive, Neive. Phone: (0173) 67-126. Closed Sunday evenings and Mondays; open by reservation. Eighteen miles south of Asti. The young owner-chefs, Claudia and Tonino Verro, are committed to reviving historic regional ways of cooking. *Agnolotti* and game are very good here. The copious cellar includes *riserve* of Barolo and Barbaresco.

Da Guido, Costigliole d'Asti. Phone: (0141) 966-012. Open evenings except Sundays and only by reservation. This is said by most experts to be one of the finest restaurants in Italy, with a truly great cellar. Traditional food is served with enormous style by the owner-chef, Guido Alciati, and his wife, Lidia.

Il Rododendro, San Giacomo di Boves. Phone: (0171) 88-0372. Closed Sunday evenings, Mondays, and Tuesday lunch. Open by reservation only. Near Cuneo. A young chef, Mary del Marco, combines the best of traditional food with a light, nouvelle cuisine touch. This up-and-coming restaurant is worth a detour to the little mountain village of San Giacomo. Three charming bedrooms are available to guests who want to spend the night.

Da Beppe, Cioccaro di Penango. Phone:

(0141) 91-271. Closed Tuesdays. Twelve miles north of Asti. A large country restaurant with a big garden and a pleasant, welcoming staff, in the country of Grignolino and Barbera d'Asti, two wines to try here. Food is traditional (try the *fritto misto*, in its Piedmontese version an unusual mixture of sweet and savory). In an old convent attached to the owner's vineyard, twenty small but enchanting suites of rooms are available.

Cantine del Gavi, Gavi. Phone: (0143) 642-458. Closed Mondays; reservation needed. About eighty miles southwest of Turin. I have not eaten here, but the restaurant is recommended as an excellent place to try the wonderful bone-dry white wines of the Gavi district. Try the nutty, astringent Gavi La Giustiniana Lugarara.

La Maison de Filippo, Valle d'Aosta, Courmayeur (Località Entrèves). Phone: (0165) 89-968. Closed Tuesdays. Close to the entrance to the Mont Blanc tunnel and at the bottom of the *téléphérique*, which carries adventurous travelers over the mountain to France. Long a favorite with climbers and skiers. The antipasto is a meal in itself, the *bagna caôda* is first-rate, and the view from the dining terrace is stunning. This is also a good place to try the local mountain wines.

ture and ten percent human intervention," as Marcello, an enologist, describes it, but it seems likely that human ingenuity plays a larger part than he admits in the Ceretto vineyards, where fat grape clusters, compact and low to the ground, swell to maturity, and in the pristine cantinas, where fresh, sour grape juice is transformed into one of the world's great wines. The Ceretto holdings are spread out among the intricate patchwork of Langhe vineyards, where one small hillside may be divided among three or four different owners. Like most local growers, they make Barolo and Barbaresco, as well as lesser but still distinguished wines, among them Nebbiolo d'Alba and Dolcetto d'Alba.

Even to a sophisticated palate, the differences between Barolo and Barbaresco are subtle. Made exclusively from the Nebbiolo grape, grown in adjacent areas of the Langhe, the two wines are produced in almost identical circumstances. Barolo is aged a minimum of three years and must attain an alcohol content of 13°, while Barbaresco is aged two years and has an alcohol content of 12.5°. In their prime, they are both big, powerful wines of the

sort that wine lovers call noble or aristocratic—but Barolo has an added, indefinable something.

When I asked Bruno Ceretto to describe the difference between the two wines, he laughed. "We divide the world between the partisans of Barolo and Barbaresco. Me, I'm a Barolista. But you don't drink either one every day," he warned. "Here's how I explain it: if you're having a really

special family dinner, a celebration, say, with your wife and children, then you serve the finest Barbaresco in your cellar. But if the Padre Eterno calls on you to tell you tomorrow is your last day—then, then you order up a Barolo!"

Padre Eterno or not, I recently had the privilege of sampling a 1978 Barolo from the Cerettos' prize Brunate vineyard. Nineteen seventy-eight was an extraordi-

The Nebbiolo vines of Langhe produce the great Barolo and Barbaresco wines.



early good year (so was 1979) and this was an extraordinary wine, dark and clear, a deep garnet in color, with amber highlights and the full, aromatic nose of a big yet still developing wine. Highly tannic when young, the Barolos soften to a velvety finish with age. The 1978s are still undergoing this process. "Ancor' un po' duro," was Marcello Ceretto's judgment, "still a little hard. It needs another five or ten years to reach its maximum finish. But the wonderful thing about these Barolos is that, once the finish is achieved, they last a long, long time." Most Barolistas agree: between five and seven years, they say, is the best age for Barolo, and the best will hold up for at least fifteen years.



The Piemontese are not afraid to use their finest wine in the kitchen. Many of the region's great dishes are based on a sauce of Barolo, sometimes an entire bottle of the best the cook can afford. Long, slow simmering of the wine gives an intense flavor and a rich, dark, caramel finish to a *risotto al Barolo*, or a fine piece of oven-braised beef, or the small, firm pears called Martin Sech, which are stewed all day in Barolo lightly flavored with sugar and cinnamon bark until nothing is left but a dark, jammy sauce that naps the pears deliciously.

Noble vintages from the Langhe or stout quaffing wines from farther north—the big, hearty reds that the Piemontese like

best—demand the complement of a robust cuisine. The land produces a great variety of raw materials, and a hearty, country style of cooking has evolved that is admirably direct. Like the wines of the region, it often rises to heights of elegance. It is a cuisine that is at its most delectable in the autumn months, at the time of the *vendemmia*, when the snow line begins to descend from the high mountains and the air grows heady with the fragrance of the newly made wine.

In September the flocks return to the villages before snow descends on the high pastures. The herdsmen of the Piemonte are famous for their cheeses, sharp and mellow alike: big golden rounds of aged

Bra and pungent Castelmagno; soft, creamy discs of *robiola* and *paglierina*; the all-purpose *fontina*, which is to the cooking of Piemonte what *parmigiano* is to the rest of Italy—indispensable.

A curious product of Piemontese dairies that is made in the early fall is a concoction called *brôs*, a mixture of cheeses (the best, say the *contadini*, is made from the milk of young goats in heat), blended with grappa, the eau de vie distilled from grape musts and flavored with black peppercorns or hot dried peppers. This mixture is fermented for at least a month in an earthenware jug until it has become a dense, creamy paste. Sharp and pungent, at

times quite fiery, it is spread thickly on slices of coarse country bread toasted on the hearth. Wonderfully rich and satisfying, *brôs* creates a thirst that can be assuaged only by copious glasses of robust red wine.

This is the season for wild woodland mushrooms and game, most of all for the white truffles from Alba, those dirty-gray, sand-encrusted fungi as different from black French truffles as day from night. Found only rarely in other parts of Italy, *tartufi bianchi* proliferate in the oak and beech groves around Alba, whence they are shipped to markets all over the country. The intense aroma, as soft and

ripe as fine old cheese, that greets the nose whenever you push open the door of a food shop at this time of year is the penetrating fragrance of Alba truffles.

White truffles are seldom cooked, though they can be heated gently in oil or butter or cream without damage to their surprisingly delicate flavor. In country restaurants they are most commonly served raw, shaved thin and sprinkled thickly over a fine *risotto al spumante*, made with Po Valley rice and the sparkling white wine from Asti, or a plate of *agnolotti*, little pockets of pasta stuffed with meat or cheese and dressed with melted butter, fresh green sage leaves, and grated *grana* cheese—very typically Piemontese. Indeed, during the truffle season, Piemontese cooks treat almost any savory dish as an excuse to crown it with *tartufi*: they are delicious sliced over *carne cruda*, a salad of finely chopped, tender raw beef tossed in olive oil and lemon juice; or resting on the bubbling surface of an aromatic *fonduta*, close cousin of Swiss fondue, a rich sauce of melted *fontina* mixed with beaten eggs. Often, chefs coat little rounds of *robiola* with thin shavings of truffle to flavor the soft, creamy cheese.

White truffles are also a part of the famous *bagna caôda*, the rustic but festive "hot bath" of olive oil and butter, anchovy fillets and garlic—lots of garlic—that is an all-round favorite throughout Piemonte. *Tartufi bianchi* are sliced on top of the sauce, and then the *bagna caôda* is set over a spirit lamp in the middle of the table so that guests can dip into it all manner of crisp raw vegetables—sweet peppers, celery, chunks of cabbage, cauliflower, and, above all, cardoons, a crunchy winter vegetable with a flavor between that of artichokes and celery. The Piemontese are close-mouthed, other Italians say, because they eat so much garlic-laden *bagna caôda*.

Like many peasant traditions, *bagna caôda* has become vogueish in other parts of Italy, and often the most outlandish combinations are served up in its name. Fortunately, in its pure and original form, still offered in the country restaurants of the Piemonte, it is typical of the food of this lovely region—traditional in origin, deliciously simple in conception, with an intricate overlay of flavors, a robust complement to the region's heartiest red wines and, accompanied by a coarse and crusty chunk of country bread to sop up the sauce, a soul-satisfying meal in itself. □

Opposite: Every September a great regional livestock market is held at Mondovì.



From September 20, to the twelfth Internationale of anti-decorators, and jewelers will take place in Paris at the Grand Palais des Champs-Élysées. It is the greatest antiques show in the world.

Says who? To live up to such a billing, the Paris affair would have to be better than London's famous Burlington House Fair, and better than New York's immense Winter Antiques Show, held at the Seventh Regiment Armory.

For obvious reasons, most dealers and private collectors demand absolute anonymity before giving an opinion, but few deny that the Paris show is unequaled—in size, in quality, in beauty. Besides, a few confess, no comparable event is as much *fun*. "Success breeds success," a famous New York dealer explains, not for attribution, "and so I can be certain that I will see many more of my friends from all over the world at the Paris show because that's where they consistently find more that they want to buy."

Many of the class-act antiques bazaars are limited to antiques dealers and limit jewelry to antique lots. In Paris, La Haute Joaillerie de France is an integral part of the show, and the Biennale always offers splendid displays from such contemporary worthies as Boucheron, Chaumet, Mauboussin, Mellerio, Van Cleef & Arpels—and even such outlanders as Buccellati and Bulgari.

The participation of dealer-decorators on the level of Didier Aaron and Aveline helps make this show especially beautiful—it adds cachet—but what really puts the Biennale in a class by itself is the amount of money shelled out by the Syndicat National des Antiquaires itself. The one hundred or so individual stands of the exhibitors (not only from Paris and the French provinces but also from Belgium, Italy, and England) occupy only four thousand square meters of the total exhibition space—less than a third. Seventy-seven hundred square meters is given over to five mirrored gardens, comfortably wide aisles, and two eateries. A whopping 13 million francs (\$1,500,000) will be spent this year on these amenities. They give the Biennale an uncrowded, unhurried atmosphere at the farthest possible remove from the frenetic hustle and bustle of the Winter Antiques Show.

There's another difference, too, and this one is even more important. Every

Leon Harris is a free lance writer, mostly at home in the United States, England, France, and Texas.



THE

BY LEON HARRIS

**AT PARIS'S
BIENNALE,
EVERYTHING
HAS TO
BE ABSOLUTELY
AUTHENTIC**

SHOW OF SHOWS



From left: Jacques Barrère's elegant second- or third-century Buddha from Gandhara shows a Hellenistic influence (\$150,000); one of two glorious eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain ewers from Didier Aaron (\$150,000); a contemporary pin by Buccellati made of gold, diamonds, and clustered rubies (\$6,000).

100 FENBLATT



object offered for sale at the show—every coin or cup or credenza or clock, every book or bibelot or bidet or Buddha—must have been vetted by a committee of five independent experts in each of sixteen fields. A single blackball, and the disputed piece is out. Furthermore, every object sold must be accompanied by a written guarantee of authenticity. No matter what excuses the people behind the New York show offer for not vetting their wares, the Biennale's requirement gives it more class and more clout. Some of New York's best dealers—men such as Peter L. Schaffer, of A La Vieille Russie, and Alastair Stair, of Stair & Company—even say so publicly. "Similar vetting at the Armory show would result in a higher level of offerings," insists Hervé Aaron, who regularly exhibits at the New York show. (His father, Didier Aaron, is one of the pillars of the Biennale).

"The Biennale cannot be democratic," declares Philippe Brame, the soft-spoken president of the Syndicat National des Antiquaires, "nor can it be an old-boys club. Before every Biennale, there are and there must always be two kinds of careful scrutiny—of the objects exhibited and of the exhibitors themselves. Six years ago, after the Biennale, we received complaints about works offered by a well-known paintings dealer, all of which I forwarded to him. He did not apply for the next show [each exhibitor must reapply for each Biennale], and will not, I suspect, ever apply again."

That an object fails the test of the vetting committee does not imply that the exhibitor is a criminal. Brame explains, "It may simply mean that the piece has been restored more than the percentage allowed by our rules [18 percent for paintings, 15 percent for anything else]. Or a piece of gilded bronze from another object may have been substituted for the original piece and the exhibitor failed to notice it. Our exhibitors are an elite, only a small fraction of the total membership of the Syndicat [about 100 out of 750], but—like brain surgeons—we are not infallible."

The Biennale's vernissage, like the opening night of the Armory show, is a charity affair, with gross receipts from ticket sales earmarked for the Fondation pour

The striking turn-of-the-century Syrian tapestry (\$23,500) shown at top is a rarity in the stock of Lucienne Cella, whose usual line is Caucasian rugs. The Louis XVI folding bidet, in acajou polished mahogany, is Etienne Levy's star attraction (\$22,500).



BIBELOTS, BIJOUX, BUDDHAS, BIDETS— A GALAXY OF TREASURES.

From top: Boucheron's stunning contemporary rock-crystal and gemstone necklace (\$150,000); a dazzling new tureen from Pui-forcat after their classic of 1925 (\$30,000); the life and Passion of Christ, in Limoges polychrome enamel, sixteenth century, from Armand Chamouveau (\$29,500).



**PAY EXTRA,
COME
EARLY,
AND GET
FIRST SHOT
AT PARIS'S
VERY
BEST.**



...es, from top: A sixteenth-century hunting treatise, royally bound, from G. Fleury (\$75,000); a silver wall sconce, ca. 1695, by a famous Parisian artist; a gold coin of ancient Gaul, two centuries across, from Emile Bonages (\$8,000).

la Recherche Médicale. But the ticket price in Paris is only 300 francs (\$55), as compared to New York's \$150 (the early bird special, for patrons who can come in at 5:00 P.M.) and \$90 (for those who can't make it before 6:30). The early birds in Paris are collectors and dealers who want first crack at the merchandise, whereas New York's first-nighters include much more than a smattering of folk with no other wish than to see their names in the society columns. They wouldn't know an Assyrian tablet from a Zurlutan.

Given that such firms as Jean Paul Fabre, Claude Lévy, and Maurice Segoura are among the Biennale's stalwarts, it is scarcely surprising that the show offers a nonpareil selection of French eighteenth-century furniture, paintings, and objects. What is surprising is the way you can suddenly be hypnotized by an object in the booth of a great specialist whose specialty has never before interested you in the least. Such is the power of beauty. You may have been a dedicated pacifist since your college days but lose your mind *chez* Charles Bouché over a prehistoric Gallic warrior's bronze helmet or a pistol that can be converted into a carbine, made by Nicolas Noel Boutet, "arquebusier" of Emperor Napoleon I. Coins (except those in your piggy bank) may always have left you cold, but at the sight of a glorious fourteenth-century *pavillon d'or* of Edward, the Black Prince, on view at the Emile Bourgey stand, you may be enchanted back to a time when you really believed in white knights and damsels in distress. You may be seduced by a musical instrument you cannot play, perhaps a dancing master's miniature fiddle; or by an antique doll you might have longed for at age four; an ivory jewel box; a model ship to send you sailing in imagination with Drake through the Straits of Magellan; or a thirteenth-century map to guide you on a cold winter night to a rendezvous with the three Polos at the court of the great Khan. Doors are open from 11:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. six days a week, and from 10:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. on Sundays. Admission is 35 francs (\$4). Unless you have great willpower, you may drop thousands of times that before you leave. □

Above: Brame and Lorenceau is proud to display an unusual 1920s impression of Cannes, by Cornelius Kees Van Dongen (\$200,000). This saber, from the First Republic (1792–1804), presented by the French people to their esteemed "Citoyen Sieyes," is up for grabs at the Galerie Pyramides (\$50,000).



Garden for Heroes

*An American
outpost
in Liverpool*

By C. Z. Guest

Photographs by Nathan Benn



View from the United States garden, with the Chinese garden at left and the new festival hall across the water.

On May 2, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II opened the International Garden Festival Liverpool 1984, and thousands of people poured through the gates, the first of an estimated three to four million who will attend. I was honored to be there as the official representative of my country.

Do you know what the International Garden Festival Liverpool 1984 is all about? I knew very little myself when I was asked, last November, by Mr. Charles Z.

Wick, of the United States Information Agency, to represent our country at the festival as commissioner general. Let me tell you how it all began.

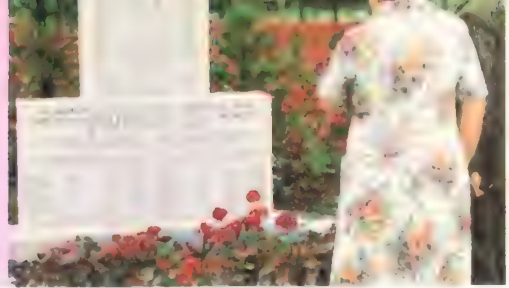
Less than three years ago, there was on this spot a massive plot, 250 acres, of decayed docks and barren land along the Mersey River. Leslie Young, chairman of the Merseyside Development Corporation, had the brainstorm of turning it into the site of a much-needed middle-income housing project and a grand new sports complex. They would give Liverpool an

economic shot in the arm. And on the way, he would transform an intolerable dump into a virtual Garden of Eden.

Together with the Development Corporation, Young planned on creating an international garden festival that would continue without break for six months (May through October 1984), a festival that would represent gardens and ideas from many different countries of the world. They gave themselves a deadline of May 1984, just three years off. Most people thought they were crazy and that it



Children romp through the grass, as their elders bow their heads in tribute to the fallen heroes of the Mighty Eighth.



could not be done, but in October of 1981, with the approval of Her Majesty's government, the enormous job began.

The first task was to change the slimy turf into a suitable foundation for the new land shape. Six hundred thousand tons of silt were pumped out of the area, and one million five hundred thousand tons of sand pumped in. In addition, for proper drainage and perfect planting conditions, three million two hundred fifty thousand cubic feet of soil were moved from one part of the site to another. From March to May 1983, a quarter of a million plants were put in. A new festival hall, later to be converted into a sports stadium, arose for the festival's special indoor exhibitions.

While the land development was taking shape, many countries of the world were contacted and asked to participate in the festival, each by creating its own garden to represent its particular culture, climates, and ideas. In December 1983, the festival commission had received only eleven acceptances. However, by opening day, twenty-one nations (including both Great Britain and Scotland), the state of Florida, and the West German city of Cologne (participating independently of their respective countries, which had gardens, too) were on the festival's honor roll.

As the nations began to work together and the festival began to take shape, it became apparent that this enormous task was a wonderful opportunity for people from all over Great Britain and from all over the world to come together in harmony and mutual interest. Nations worked hand in hand in friendship. In fact, two Chinese gardeners working nonstop on their garden, adjacent to ours, came over and helped me water our drought-stricken, droopy pines. And to the astonishment of many disbelievers, the gardens, exhibits, festival hall, and all were completed by the deadline: May 1, 1984.

The garden of the United States, a plot of just under one acre, was planned as a permanent living memorial to the U.S. Army's Eighth Air Force, which was based in England during World War II. A bronze plaque and a graceful wooden sculpture in the form of a broad spiral dedicate this site to the more than 26,000 members of the

"Mighty Eighth" who were killed in action. The overall theme is that of a natural forest, featuring trees that grow in both the United States and Great Britain: box elders, sugar maples, red alder, eastern red cedars, flowering dogwoods, varieties of spruce, pine, and other evergreens, and even three young giant sequoias, all grown in England especially for us. (For now, the sitka spruce, white pines, and Douglas fir stand tallest, at fifteen to eighteen feet.) Broad bands of hardy perennials and orna-

ored guests were Air Force Gen. Curtis LeMay (retired); Lt. Gen. William Campbell, commander of the Eighth Air Force; Air Vice-Marshal Norman Perrin, RAF, president of the Ministry of Defence Ordnance Board; Air Force Col. Francis Gabreski (retired), the leading Eighth Air Force U.S. fighter ace of World War II and the Korean War; and Mr. Forest Vosler, a recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Following the unveiling of the plaque

The most wonderful thing about the United States garden may be this: it will grow even more beautiful in the years to come, as the saplings reach their full maturity.



mental grasses were planted across the site in such a way as to provide dramatic yet naturalistic sweeps of color and texture. Red, white, and blue mixtures—asters, veronica, phlox, anemones, and close to two dozen other varieties—provide an ever-changing array of continuous blooms from May to October. The effect is beautiful and very patriotic.

Our stars and stripes flew high over the festival hall with the pennant of our Eighth Air Force just below. On Memorial Day, May 28, our garden was dedicated, and the flags were lowered to half staff, returning to full staff at noon. The hon-

the Eighth Air Force Band played the air-force song. A benediction was delivered by the chaplain Col. James Thurman, followed by the playing of "The Last Post" (taps). It was very moving to hear as a lone bugler, standing on top of a rock, played to the absolutely silent, solemn audience. A minute or so after taps concluded, two RF4 Phantom jets flew directly overhead, adding a final farewell. □

C. Z. Guest writes a gardening column that appears in the New York Post, the Chicago Sun-Times, the Washington Times, and many other newspapers.



WOW! SINGING ON SKATES



**LONDON'S
STARLIGHT EXPRESS:
BEFORE IT COMES
TO NEW YORK
IT SURE NEEDS WORK**



Zowie! Stars as trams! Electra is a flashy bisexual electric train; and that's Greaseball (inset), an Elvis Presley diesel.

BY SALLY BEAUMAN



The look is punk chic; the mood is frenetic; the result, a little hollow.

Oh, the razzmatazz of it! Flashback: It is March 1984, and Andrew Lloyd Webber's new musical, *Starlight Express*, is ready to premiere at the Apollo Victoria Theatre, in London. It is Webber's first major show since the internationally successful *Cats*; it was capitalized at £2 million, and the backing money was raised over a weekend; it is about trains, and it is performed entirely on roller skates. Everyone fighting for fifteen minutes in the microscopic lobby of the Apollo could tell you this much. For weeks prior to this opening, journalists from New York and journalists from Rome, photographers from Sydney and photographers from West Berlin have been exchanging steely stares as they queued up for a series of anodyne and secretive interviews and photo sessions. This show is not opening underpromoted; oh, no.

There have been interviews with Lloyd Webber, carefully modest. There have been interviews with the director, Trevor Nunn (who also directed *Cats*)—as always, cautious. There have been interviews with Richard Stilgoe, the spry lyricist, who on prime-time television has been amiably demonstrating his knack for improvising lyrics to any given tune in two minutes flat. There have been interviews with Arlene Phillips, choreographer of the show's flash-dance routines on skates, and these have been a little wan; but then, on Phillips's shoulders has fallen the heaviest burden—how do you teach skaters who cannot remember a two-bar sequence to dance? There have been interviews with John Napier, that fine designer, who, for the Broadway production of *Cats*, constructed a pyrotechnical trash pile that cost a cool million. There have been interviews with Stephanie Lawrence, who plays one of the leading female roles, and interviews with the rest of the cast, most of whom are unknown.

There have been interviews with everyone—except the show's indisputable star. That is less strange than it seems, because the star is the staging, and that—being composed of wood and metal, of Plexiglas and video screens—is necessarily mute. Until the audience enters the theater, that is; then it speaks volumes.

Starlight Express will hit America some time in 1985. No one here (at our July press time) will commit himself to exactly when, or exactly where, or exactly how. It will be seen in New York; it may also tour. Already the advance hype is falling like snow, and the spokesmen for Lloyd Webber's Really Useful Theatre Company are thickening the blizzard with hints. The main hint goes something like this. Well, yes, we all know that *Starlight* is an extraordinary spectacle. So much so that you can book a seat nine months ahead. However (and here there comes a weighty pause) . . . however, it must be understood that limitations were, unfortunately, built into the production because of the size and shape of the auditorium in which it had to be performed. Everyone is very anxious that when the show goes to America, the spectacle should be given free rein. Or, in vulgar parlance: *You ain't seen nothing yet.* . . .

This is interesting because *limitations* and *constrictions* are certainly not words that would spring to the lips of anyone who has seen *Starlight* in London. *Starlight* is an unashamed, roller-coaster spectacle. Although some of the sterner critics in London were not exactly stopped in their tracks by it, the show lights up the Apollo with all the razzle-dazzle of a circus hitting town.

In London, the theater itself was transformed. The stage was reduced to a small playing area, crescented by curving ramps. Three great skating tracks looped through the audience, two at ground level, one jutting out from the front of the circle. When the races that are the heart of the show took place and the skaters,

AN UNASHAMED ROLLER-COASTER SPECTACLE —AND YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET!

as trains, set off on these tracks, Plexiglas barriers slid silently and pneumatically into place, to protect the (insured) performers from the (uninsured) spectators. All three tracks intersected at center stage by means of a huge gantry bridge, which could be raised and lowered, so that now the top circuit, now the lower ones, joined up, and the chains of skaters could whiz before you and behind you and above you; and if, as often happened, you lost sight of them, well, they could be picked up again on the video screens: Rusty, the sad little steam-engine hero; AC/DC, the flamboyantly bisexual electric train; Greaseball, the Elvis Presleyish diesel.

Every little boy's fantasy train set was there before your eyes. It was great, dazzling fun; and, together with the brilliantly inventive costumes and the thrill of the skating routine, it ought to have made certain that a trip to the show was like a night on the town at the biggest electric palace of them all, a night on the Big Dipper. Not theater, precisely, but the thrills and sugar candy of Disneyland, when you had no time for analysis, because your heart was in your mouth and your head was in a spin; and, that night, not just the performers but also the audience were spinning on the ultimate theatrical big wheel.

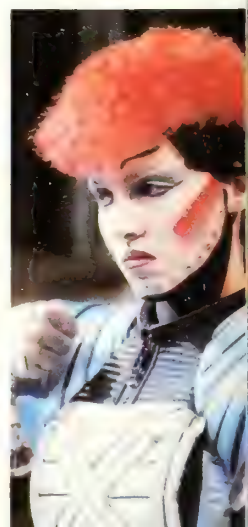
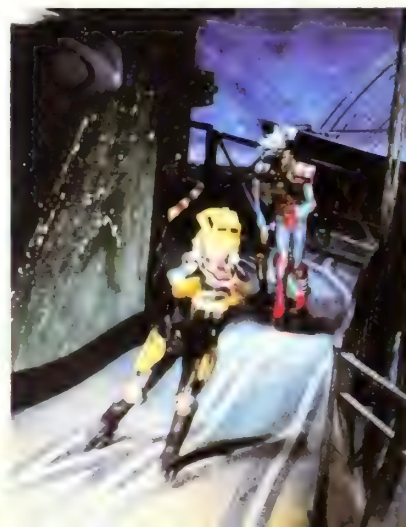
Sally Beauman, who wrote a history of the Royal Shakespeare Company, covers the London theater scene.



Ball-bearing dancers skate in a shallow bowl, left, some in the hollow, others along the rim; right, gantry bridge above stage.



You may never see them exactly like this, but here are Volta (above), Wrench (below right), and trains galore.



Put another way, it is no good going to *Starlight* expecting an adult musical. Anyone doing so would be severely disappointed. Two Cambridge graduates (Nunn and Stilgoe) and one Oxford dropout (Lloyd Webber) have created a show that would not tax the intellect of the most subliterate teenager. There are no subtleties here, except in terms of musical pastiche; there is no drama, no interaction between characters—indeed, characters have been replaced deliberately with caricatures. *Starlight* makes no tiresome demands on the mind. Interestingly, in the process, it fails to touch the heart. There is no moment here that even approximates the power of, say, "Send In the Clowns," in *A Little Night Music*, or the final, sad defiance of "There's a Place for Us," at the end of *West Side Story*. This is a musical without emotional potency, created by middle-aged people enamored of the culture of teenagers. Assaulting the eye and the ear, it emulates the weird éclat of a rock video, but it hangs on at the same time to rather more middle-aged assumptions: decency, fair play, personal liberty, a good swab of sentiment. In fact, perhaps the best way to see *Starlight* would be in the company of a prepubescent who would enjoy the show for its novelty—"Wow! Singing on skates!"—and not even notice that what we have here is the acceptable face of rock, of jazz, of the blues; a musical that marries blue-rinse values to street-wise style.

Love interest of a kind exists—between women as coaches and men as trains—but romantic suspense remains extrinsic: one does not really care very much who ends up coupled with whom. Apart from that, the meager plot is mainly pinned to the five races that punctuate the show. These become repetitive, are oddly illogical, and lose impact precisely because, even with the aid of the videos, it is impossible to see them clearly. Finally, Richard Stilgoe is no Stephen Sondheim. The show contains three witty numbers, "Uncoupled" (a wicked parody of Tammy Wynette's "D-I-V-O-R-C-E"), "Pumping Iron," and "One Rock 'n' Roll Too Many" (both splendid send-ups of late-fifties rock). Apart from that, too often it reveals the exhausted imagination of a man who has had recourse to a rhyming dictionary. Lloyd Webber's music, inventive and occasionally thrilling, cannot altogether drown out lyrics that sink the heart with their banality—"I believe in you completely/Though I may be dreaming sweetly"—and which give to some of the show's big numbers, including the title song, a horrid and sugary hyperbole.

The question is whether these shortcomings can be corrected so that the show crosses the Atlantic with more than its great vitality in its favor. Part of the answer must come from the quartet at the heart of *Starlight*—Lloyd Webber, Nunn, Napier, and Stilgoe. In England, it proved to be a team that is poorly balanced.

SHOW BIZ'S FRANK APPEAL TO TEENAGE CULTURE.



Webber, Nunn, and Napier are all, in their different ways, supreme showmen. Stilgoe is a maverick and dilettante, whose gift is for the small-scale, Noel Cowardish revue. His nimble wit was swamped by *Starlight*'s massive proportions. So, the prospects for a radical revision by the foursome are not bright.

Still, Lloyd Webber has with his hits, from *Jesus Christ Superstar* through *Evita* and *Cats*, almost single-handedly rescued the British musical from oblivion. He is a persistent, self-critical, hard worker; so, of course, is Trevor Nunn. Yet, if either man is aware of the serious flaws in *Starlight*, he is—in public, at least—keeping silent. Their joint track record promises that for the American opening, the financial backing will be there; the performing talent—the cast will be American, as with *Cats*—is certainly there; the energy is there. But where will that energy be directed? If, as Lloyd

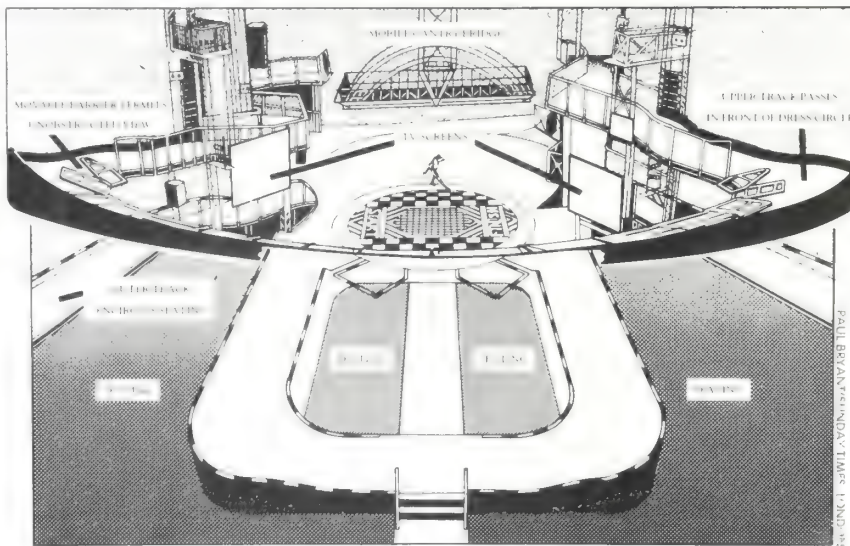
Webber and his courtiers now suggest, all the movement is aimed at even grander and more spectacular staging, they could be taking a dangerous course.

Will American critics be able to forgive a musical that exists virtually without a book? *Starlight* glitters, it's true. But all Nunn's ingenuity and Lloyd Webber's musical gifts cannot conceal its thin characterization and paucity of content. At its center is unctuous sentiment swirling around a black hole of narrative muddle. Placed alongside *West Side Story*, *A Little Night Music*, or *A Chorus Line*, surely *Starlight* will be found wanting.

One additional factor. Where will *Starlight* be put on? Suppose—and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility—suppose it is put on in the United States in a building other than a theater. What if it is in New York's Madison Square Garden, for instance?

Or in an indoor sports arena, or, if it is to tour, mounted in a mobile auditorium, a huge marquee, or a tent—so that the circus really will hit town?

Such ideas would appeal to Lloyd Webber, Napier, and Nunn, three men who are nothing if not adventurous. And, if that approach is taken, it will affect America's reception of *Starlight*. It would make a virtue of mindlessness, just as in the films *Flashdance*, *Breakin'*, and *Fame*, where sheer spectacle deflected (and replaced)



The set: tracks for the skaters loop through the audience.

thought. Indeed, the more novel and flamboyant the staging, the likelier it is to deflect criticism from the vacuum at the core of the show. Critics may discern it; some may even remark upon it; but by then the hype will be overpowering, the juggernaut will be rolling, the show will be booked solid a year ahead, and not even the worst of American theatrical fates—a thumbs-down from the *New York Times*—will be able to stop it. This may not be the radical re-engineering the musical needs, but it could be just what it takes to ensure that, when *Starlight Express* makes tracks for New York, it does not run out of steam. □



IN THE GRANDEST TRADITION



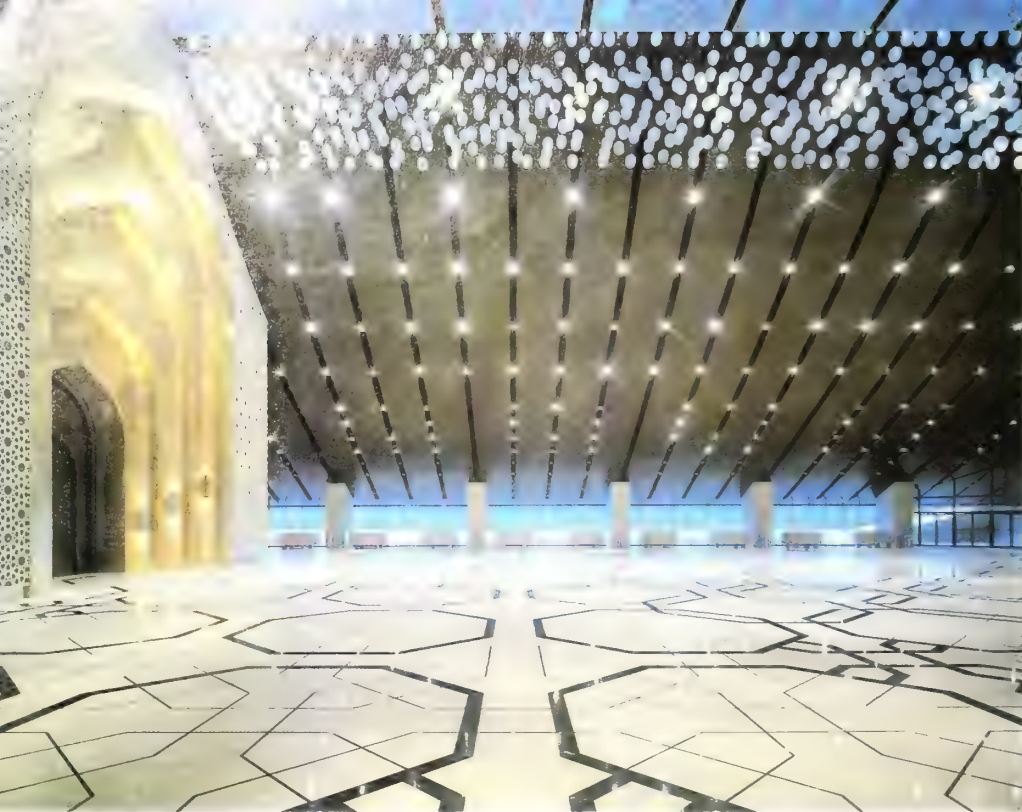
THE NEW ISTANA IS TODAY'S VERSAILLES

BY XAVIER MARSHALL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY AKIO KAWASUMI

The great, sweeping structure at left would seem spectacular anywhere in the world but is appropriate only in the place where it actually stands. Where is that? Architecture experts will have no trouble recognizing the basic form: it is the boat-shaped double roof developed in Malaysia to provide shelter from the torrential rains. But how does one explain the strip of stained blue glass just below the gable? It is clearly an Islamic design element. And where in that poverty-racked region could the money be found to pay for such an immense, flamboyant building?

The answer is Brunei, Southeast Asia's answer to the emirate-flecked Middle

Left: The palace of New Istana, with its many courtyards. Above: The sultan of Brunei, His Highness Sir Mula Hassanal Bolkiah, Sultan zaddin Waddaulah, age thirty-seven.



The Grand Reception Hall. The stained-glass skylight runs the length of the palace.

East. It is a tiny nation located on the northwest coast of Borneo; at 2,226 square miles, Brunei is only half the size of Qatar, but like Qatar, it is devoutly Muslim and wonderfully rich. Because of its vast oil fields, its foreign reserves top \$14 billion—more than Canada has—and on a per capita basis, every one of Brunei's 205,000 citizens enjoys an income of \$22,000 a year. (Even if most do not see the money, they pay no income tax and have free medical care, free education, and access to virtually interest-free loans.) It is true that the weather could be better—the mean temperature is a sticky eighty degrees Fahrenheit (at least a hundred inches of rain fall every year)—but it is also true that the sun shines every day, and Brunei has basked in peace as well as prosperity for decades.

It has the additional distinction of having been ruled by one dynasty ever since the fifteenth century, a longer unbroken succession than in any Asian nation except Japan. In the sixteenth century, the sultan of Brunei controlled all of Borneo plus parts of the Philippine Islands and Malaysia. Then the power shifted elsewhere, and in 1888, the sultan had to ask Great Britain to preserve his remaining, Delaware-size stronghold for him.

Brunei thus became a British protectorate. It fell to the present sultan, the thirty-seven-year-old Muda Hassanal Bolkiah Muiz-zaddin Waddaulah, to reestablish Brunei as an independent entity, the British concurring, of course. Officially, Independence Day was scheduled for January 1, 1984, but the celebration was arranged for a date seven weeks later, on February 23.

At least four years earlier, Sultan Muda began thinking of how to mark that day of

days. He finally decided to build a new palace in his capital city of Bandar Seri Begawan. The building was to be in the great tradition of the Escorial and Versailles (see page 146)—first and foremost the center of government and, second, a nice, comfy place for the monarch to live and worship in. The whole complex would stand on a prime, 288-acre site overlooking the broad, winding Brunei River, where it would serve as a monumental symbol of Brunei's world position in the twentieth century. His dream having been thus defined, the sultan began to realize it—fast.

For his architect, Sultan Muda turned to Leandro V. Locsin of Manila. A genial man who has earned an international reputation as a concert pianist, he is certainly the most renowned designer in the Philippines and probably in all of Southeast Asia. Allah smiled on the choice; Locsin not only knew the major design elements of the entire region—most notably the emphasis on the long, boat-shaped roof—but he also happened to have just completed an intensive study of Islamic architecture. "By December 1980, we had prepared a sketch and a model," the architect recalls. "We showed it to His Majesty. He inspected it intently for some while, then looked up and said, 'I like it. Approved.'"

An army of workers descended on Bandar Seri Begawan. Most were Filipinos, but Yugoslavs came too, and British, Austrians, and New Zealanders. Though Bruneians had long been used to the foreigners that oil attracted—Royal Dutch/Shell hit its first well in 1929—they had never seen an influx like this. The laborers sank thousands of piles into the boggy ground, and slowly, as the palace began to take shape, its gigantic size became evident. In total, the building contains 1,788 rooms—over 2,200,000 square feet of floor space, or 300,000 square feet more than at Versailles—divided by large, garden-filled courts and four huge reflecting pools. Hidden within the structure are mountains of materials: 118,600 cubic yards of concrete, for example; 12,000 metric tons of steel reinforcing rods; and 446 miles of electrical wiring and cables. As impressive as that sounds, what is visible is even more so; no expense was spared to create the aura of sumptuousness. Lustrous local hardwoods were used where appropriate; one wall is faced



with red onyx from Morocco; and the opulence of marble is everywhere—sixteen acres of the creamy material and travertine were imported from Italy to sheathe the building. By the time the entire project was finished, the \$250 million estimate for construction had been vastly exceeded, but no one, least of all the sultan, cared.

He had, after all, achieved what he wished. The palace, called "New Istana," or, officially, Istana Nurul Iman (the palace of religious light), was a symbol in which every Bruneian could take pride. It also was a functioning seat of government. If that government seems to repose to a considerable extent in the august personage of Sultan Muda—he is also his nation's prime minister, finance minister, and minister of the interior—well, then at least the decision-making process is streamlined. Moreover, there can be no question about the importance of religion

in the complex. It contains two mosques, each capped by a dome plated with twenty-two-karat gold, and allusions are made in all the buildings to the architectonics of Islam. Indeed, the pointed arches, lattice work, arabesque and pierced screens, and intricate geometric design motifs would

THE AIM WAS TO CREATE AN AURA OF SUMPTUOUSNESS.

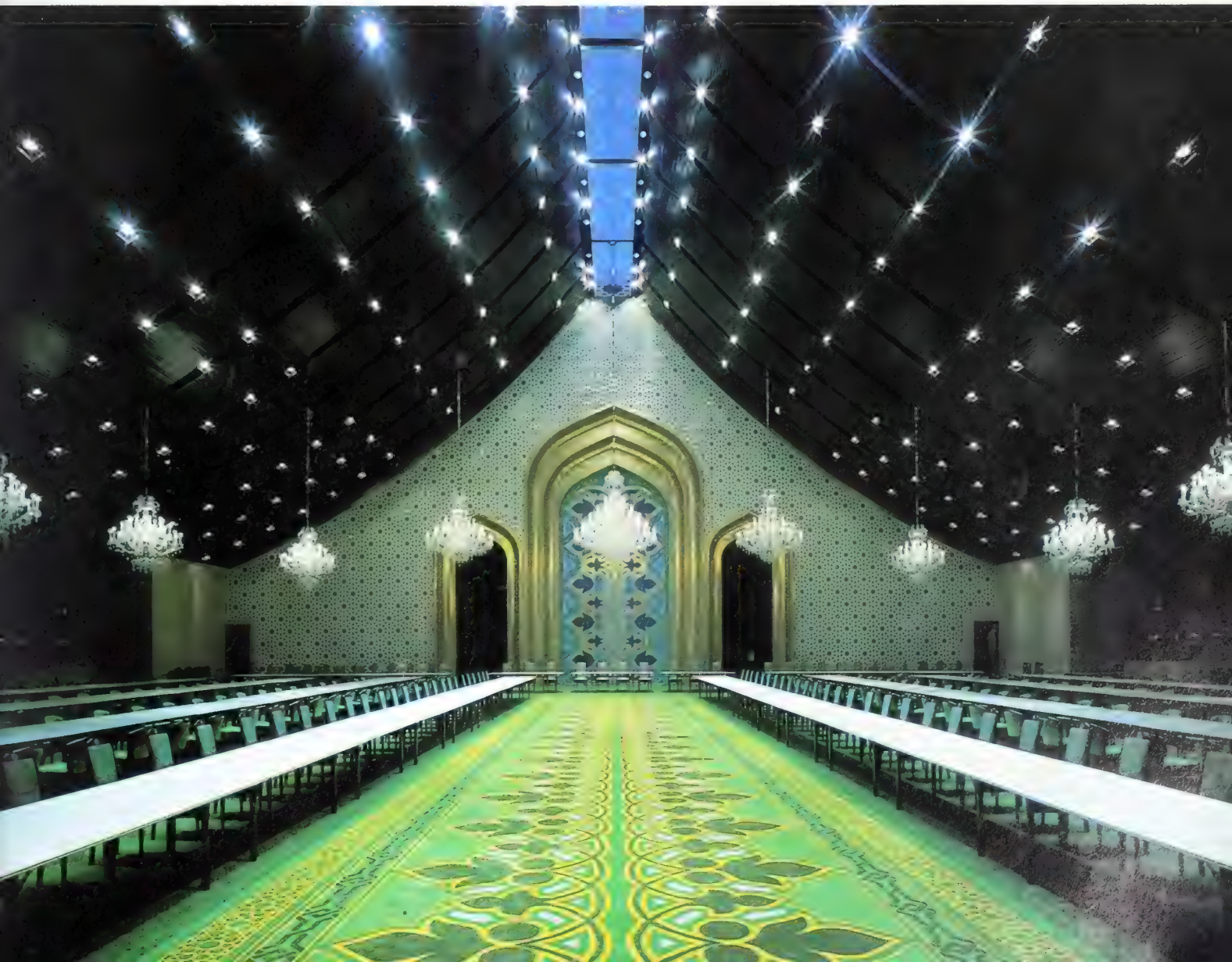
make any visiting sheik, pasha, or muezzin feel at home.

In terms of architectural composition, the central element is the great roof. The rest of the complex—the sultan's residence, his offices, and two lower structures containing reception rooms—acts as a calm, dignified foil to the grandiloquence of this mighty form. Under its 600-foot

length are sheltered the three most significant governmental spaces. At one end is the Throne Room, which seats 2,000 people; there all royal ceremonies occur. At the opposite end is the private Royal Banquet Hall, big enough for 300 people to eat in, at long tables. And in between lies the Grand Reception Hall, where 5,000 people can congregate comfortably. These rooms (and indeed every other one in the palace, too) are fully air conditioned—no great expense in energy-rich Brunei, and also a sure way to combat the omnipresent threat of mildew.

Such spaces are so vast that in the Western world they are usually encountered only in airports and convention centers. In the wrong hands, they could easily have turned out as coldly impersonal as airport lobbies and trade-show halls. Rather than risk that sort of result, the architect Locsin brought in an interiors firm he had worked

The Royal Banquet Hall, with 22-karat-gold arch, seats only 300 private guests. Another, larger hall seats as many as 5,000.





with before, Dale Keller Associates, which has offices in Hong Kong, Athens, and New York. Keller and his wife, Pat, were born and educated in the United States, and he had further training in Japan. They had designed interiors in many huge hotels around the globe, including the Manila Hyatt Regency and the I. M. Pei luxury hotel at Fragrant Hill, in China, but nothing in their experience matched the demands of the New Istana. On the one hand, they had to humanize the gigantic spaces. On the other, they had to maintain the necessary palatial grandeur. And to make the task even harder, they had only three years to accomplish the work—no time for revisions.

"We had plenty of ideas," says Dale Keller, "and fortunately, the National Museum of Brunei has a very fine collection of native material that allowed us to become acquainted with the indigenous culture. We found a stylized floral pattern there that we used for both the glass mosaic pattern and the carpet runner in the Royal Banquet Hall, just to mention one example." In deference to the Muslim love of carpets, the designers had acres of splendid wool carpets hand woven in the Philippines and New Zealand. These function to reduce sound levels in the cavernous rooms as well as to display Bruneian motifs for all visitors to see.

As important as the carpets underfoot are the lights overhead. The photographs on these pages show some of the solutions. The Kellers evoked the heavens, in the Throne Room, by using myriad small spotlights. In the small Surao mosque, which is reserved for the month of Ramadan—the month of fasting—the lighting is indirect, conducive to religious ceremony. In the Privy Council Chamber, where major decisions are taken, there is a series of crystal lanterns that enhance the indirect illumination; this

Left: The Throne Room, with chandeliers eighteen feet high, ten feet in diameter.



The Prayer Room: velvet walls, gold ceiling, room for a hundred of the faithful.

combination of effects, come to think of it, also makes a neat comment on the processes of government. "Every space was treated as a distinct, unique problem," explains Pat Keller, "and we tried to make the most of every solution." Gold tiles frame every major archway, emphasizing

THE DOME OF EACH MOSQUE IS PLATED IN 22-KARAT GOLD.

the sense of procession between spaces. These doorways are surrounded by lattice-work walls that lend an airy feeling and also act as a special acoustic element.

An outsider might guess that the designers' most interesting work would have been in the sultan's own quarters. If the four corners of the earth had been ransacked to provide the furnishings of the

public spaces, what greater treasures, what porphyry, alabaster, and precious porcelain might have been brought to the private areas? Alas, the Kellers divulge no clues. "We worked closely with Her Majesty the sultana, taking her wishes very seriously," Pat concedes discreetly. Dale adds only that the sultan "has a natural sense of elegance," all of which leaves the interiors of the royal residence a royal mystery.

What both designers regard as their greatest challenge came in the gigantic (120 feet by 240 feet)

Throne Room, with its 59-foot-high ceiling. To provide the proper acoustics and modulate the enormous spaces, the Kellers designed spiral columns that terminate in hidden high-tech speakers. Not a word spoken by the sultan will ever go unheard in any part of the room. To add a fitting note of glitter and grandeur, the Kellers designed twelve crystal chandeliers and had them made in Austria for the Throne Room. Each weighs two tons and measures eighteen feet in height and ten feet in diameter. In order to maintain these chandeliers, two Bruneians must climb on opposite sides of the fixture and, thus balancing each other, work around the chandelier, polishing the cut glass and changing the five hundred bulbs.

It is not recorded precisely how the British-educated sultan, a reserved man, describes the palace he has inhabited for the past few months, but the word *magnificent*

might well spring to his mind. The New Istana may look slightly ostentatious to Western eyes, but certainly not to Bruneians. As they see it, it is a focus of national pride, a triumph of technology, a symbol of political and religious stability. The vast palace seems to float on their horizon like some magical city where no wish would ever be denied. By any standard, indeed, the New Istana must be judged a grand success. □

The sultan decreed "a building that expresses both the century and Brunei."



Xavier Marshall, a peripatetic journalist, often writes for this magazine.

BIG-LEAGUE FASHIONS



IT'S NOT ONLY HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME—
IT'S HOW YOU LOOK

BY EDWARD TIVNAN

I remember reading about a certain Mr. Manifold Harper, who had made a deal with the local undertaker to be laid out in the official uniform of the Chicago Cubs. "They're my whole life," said Mr. Harper, sixty-five, who claimed he had attended 1,500 baseball games at Chicago's Wrigley Field. "Without the Cubs, I'd be crazy," he said. The uniform, which he had purchased from the team, was stored in mothballs for that final day when the

suddenly ex Cubs fan would go off to meet his maker dressed in baseball knickers, a pinstriped jersey emblazoned with the famous smiling "cubbie" bear, and a bright blue ball cap with a red C on the front.

What a way to go—though I think I myself would forgo the cap, out of respect for my heavenly host. Still, you have to be impressed with Harper's understanding of the game. There are

Edward Tivnan, who has written on a wide variety of subjects, for television and as a former staff writer at Time magazine, was captain of the 1967 Amherst College baseball team.

Babe Ruth's Yankees uniform, above, Brooklyn Dodgers press pin, right, and all memorabilia courtesy of Barry Halper Collection; "Our Gang"'s Spanky McFarland, facing page (circa 1930s).

MEMORABILIA PHOTOS BY OLOF WAHLUND





few things more important in baseball than the baseball uniform. Any game that requires its participants to wear billed caps designed to block the sun, though most games are played at night and some in domed ballparks, clearly pays little attention to the way things are and a lot to fashion. Of course, you'd never know it from the sports pages. Before the game, the sportswriters grill the superstar about how he'll handle the opposing pitcher's legendary split-fingered fastball; what the player, however, has really been worrying about all week is whether his uniform is tight enough in the rear and whether he should wear one batting glove or two. All the locker rooms I've been in have had plenty of mirrors.

Babe Ruth, the story goes, went wild one spring day when he discovered the team had not given him the size forty-two pants he had ordered; trouble was that the "Big Bambino" was a size forty-eight, at least. The Yankees' tailor (this is the major leagues, after all) simply sewed in a "size 42" tag, and the Babe made his fashion statement, albeit false; but as I said, baseball is not about reality. In an earlier era, the Hall of Famer Rogers Hornsby sported padded knickers. Mickey Mantle and Frank Robinson, two Hall of Famers of more recent vintage, will also go down in fashion history as the creators of one of the game's most enduring stylistic innovations: the uniform stocking with stirrups so high that it remains a mystery why players even bother putting the things on. To battle the cold winds in San Francisco's Candlestick Park, Willie Mays, also in the Hall of



Fame, did what any man of style would do: he wore a turtleneck under his Giants jersey. Most will remember that Ted Williams, a Hall of Famer, of course, was the last batter to hit over .400; connoisseurs of the game will also recall that the "Splendid Splinter" wore his uniform knickers almost to his ankles.

I was fitted for my first baseball uniform at age eight. It was a Little League version of the major-league real thing: gray flannel wool with navy-blue piping, navy stirrups stockings, navy cap, and navy lettering advertising a local insurance company. My parents insisted I take off at least the cap before going to bed. For the next fourteen years, I passed my springs and summers mostly in the uniforms of various school and summer teams—eight different uniforms, to be exact. I can still feel the prickly sensation of heavy flannel wool sticking to my skin in ninety-five-degree heat. A glorious feeling, I might add, and it sure beat sitting in the stands in shorts because you hadn't made the team.

"To play like a big-leaguer, you have to dress like one" was a favorite line of an old coach of mine who used to devote an entire preseason practice to instructions on how to dress in a baseball uniform (with special attention to the underwear). Preening teenagers that we were, we watched as intently as seminarians learning the rituals of dressing for mass. Between games my teammates and I worked on our hitting and fielding, but the most careful pregame preparation was bestowed upon our uniforms. We cut the bottoms of the stockings and begged our mothers to sew on

The 1951 Brooklyn Dodgers turned out in white satin uniforms like this one, above (modeled by cover boy Nick Warwick), for night games; in 1890 the Dodgers reported for work in ties, below left; today's Los Angeles Dodgers (1983), right, are less formal.





Steve Kemp, Chicago White Sox, left: The uniform logo resembles a license plate (1982). Gary Carter, Montreal Expos, center: He wears two white batting gloves (1983). Len Matuszek, Philadelphia Phillies, right: Style setter in red and white (1984).

elastic bands to give them that high-stirruped big-league look that seemed to jettison Mickey Mantle down the first-base line. We folded the peaks of our caps front to back, and then piled books on top to give them that high-peaked, major-league look. (I suspect the pros did the same.) We left the top button of the uniform jersey open. Why? We didn't have a clue, except that it was a fashion touch that our major-league heroes affected. (Again, those sportswriters—they just weren't asking the really important questions.) We cut off the sleeves of our undershirts at the elbow. "To keep cool," we explained, which was true, but it looked pretty cool, too.

The baseball uniform transcends clothes. Achilles didn't wear "clothes"; our own heroes battle under the sun and the moon and the Houston Astrodome in their traditional raiments, spun in history and myth. Isn't it significant that only in baseball are teams named after uniform parts: the Chicago White Sox, the Boston Red Sox, and the Cincinnati Reds, *nés* "Red Stockings" and then metamorphosed into "Redlegs"? To expect mere function from the official uniform of a game that has thrived for 140 years on legend, style, eccentricity, and pure show biz is to be ignorant of both the history and the persistent allure of the national pastime.

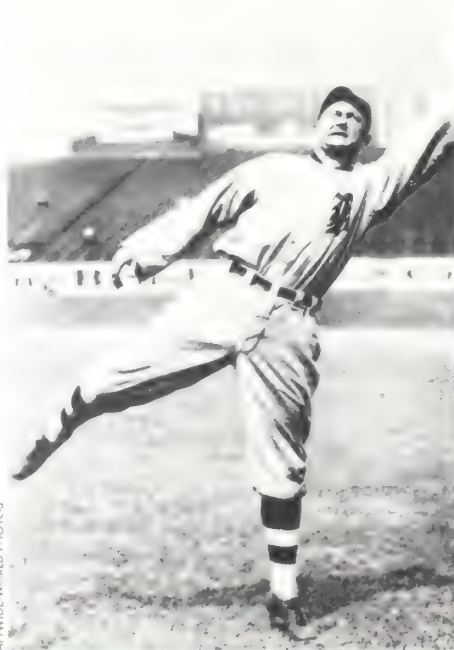
Baseball's first team, the New York Knickerbockers, was organized in 1845 but

did not have an official uniform until 1851. Evidently, the team had spent the six years trying to figure out what to wear. The players finally appeared on the field sporting long navy-blue trousers, webbed belts, white shirts, and straw hats. Seventeen years passed before members of the Cincinnati Red Stockings, who had recently abandoned cricket for baseball, suggested that

ballplayers would be more comfortable in knickers. Opposing players jeered; the ladies swooned; and very soon the knee-length pants became *de rigueur* for the well-dressed man playing a boy's game.

In 1876, when the National League was founded, the bottom half of the ballplayer looked very much as it does today; the top half, however, would be more at home as a waiter in a New York steak house. Players wore shirts with "dickey" shields on the front, bow ties, and soft canvas shoes. The four-in-hand tie replaced the bow in the following season. No turn-of-the-century gent would wear a shirt collar without a tie around it, and the same rule stuck on the baseball diamond until 1911, when John J. McGraw, the manager of the New York Giants, revolutionized the game by ordering collarless suits for his team. The Giants and the Phillies were the first to wear white uniforms for home games and dark, solid colors for the road—made in "all wool eight-ounce athletic flannel," according to the Rawlings Sport-

His mitt was small, but Ty Cobb could have bagged a ball in his sleeve (1923).



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



ing Goods Company catalogue of 1898. In the early days of the National League, each player was required to wear a different-colored cap. Cincinnati introduced the practice of numbering uniforms in 1883 but discontinued it the following year because of declining scorecard sales. (It wasn't until 1929 that numerals reappeared, when the Yankees honored their great number-three and -four hitters, Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, with "3" and "4.")

Rawlings offered teams their choices of uniform jerseys with laced, buttoned, or shield fronts set off with silk stitching down the front and around the collar, the cuffs, and the buttonholes. The pants featured braid down the side seams and a silk-stitched pocket. By 1911, the half sleeve replaced the traditional full-length shirtsleeve. By the time of World War II, the shape of the baseball uniform as we now know and love it was pretty well set: no collar, button-up jersey, colored long-sleeve undershirt, knickers, stirrured stockings, and a round, long-billed cap.

The arbiters of taste in my neighborhood considered the Yan-



Two hats are better than one for the Baltimore Orioles first baseman Eddie Murray (top visor is protective hard hat).

kees pinstripes to be the quintessential baseball uniform. Team preference was not at issue here (as Red Sox fans we were, by definition, Yankees haters); pure aesthetics was what we were talking (though few of my teammates could have spelled the word). As the fifties slipped into the sixties, the Yankees uniform, first worn on April 22, 1915, had already settled in as the emblem of class and elegance in baseball. The medium's message was clear: other teams may need gimmicks to get people into the park, but Yankees have only to show up at the office in their pinstriped suits

and go to work. Few have done the job better than those Homeric "Bronx Bombers" of the thirties, forties, fifties, and sixties—Ruth, Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, Yogi Berra, Whitey Ford, Mantle et al. In the sixteen seasons from 1949 to 1964, the Yanks won fourteen American League pennants (and ten of their twenty-two World Series championships). It's heroes and stats like these that moved the third baseman Toby Harrah, a veteran of thirteen major-league seasons, to declare when he was traded to the Yan-

Christy Mathewson, New York Giants, called the "Greek god in flannels," wore his sleeves long (circa 1910); Frank Robinson, Cincinnati Reds, cropped his (circa 1950s); Ted Williams, Boston Red Sox, rolled his up but liked his pants legs long (circa 1950s).





kees last February his "special feeling of pride that I will be wearing a uniform I admired so much when I was growing up in Elyria, Ohio." Harrah, thirty-five, posed for photographers wearing a Yankees cap and holding up his new uniform. Teams at every level of baseball have strived to imitate the Yankees; the closest any have come is the uniform they wear. My own high-school, summer, and college team uniforms were pinstripes; three major-league teams currently wear some version of the pinstripe model.

In 1963, Charles O. Finley, the eccentric owner of the Kansas City Athletics, which soon became the Oakland Athletics, created a sensation (precisely his goal) by outfitting his team in Kelly green and "wedding-gown white" uniforms bottomed off with white shoes. He might as well have changed the colors of the American flag. Yet it was old "Charlie O," always the natural showman, who was really operating in baseball's classic tradition. His critics had obviously forgotten that when Oscar Wilde attended a baseball exhibition in Pittsburgh during his American tour in 1882, he saw players wearing a different-colored uniform for each position: catchers wore scarlet; pitchers, light blue; first basemen, scarlet and white; second basemen, orange and blue; and so on, around the horn. Wilde, reported the papers, "admired the game very much, but the uniforms were not to his aesthetic taste." There was no mention of what happened when a player had to switch positions.

Some contend that the most recent major innovation in the baseball uniform has been the change from wool to synthetic fabrics, particularly the polyester "warp knit" introduced in 1972 by the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, presently the outfitter of seventeen major-league teams. Bud Hansen, then a designer for Wilson, started experimenting with the stretch-type yarns when ball-players, influenced by the jeans look, wanted a tapered effect. He was searching for fibers with strong abrasion re-

sistance—many of those synthetic turfs are made of pulverized brick—and that allowed freedom of movement. His stylistic innovations included switching the conventional button front for a V-neck pullover and sometimes inserting waistbands where belts used to be. Lately the fashion pendulum has begun to swing again, backwards, according to Flavio Gomez. His San Francisco-based marketing and communications design firm, Sidjakov Berman & Gomez—primarily package designers who have worked with Sara Lee, 3M, and Anheuser-Busch—supplied the San Francisco Giants with snazzy new duds a year ago. Gomez detects a return to a more traditional uniform, with clearly legible logos replacing fancy scripts and old-fashioned buttons becoming a mark of true sports couture.

My own candidate in the category of novel additions to the uniform is the batting glove. When it appeared and who perpetrated it is disputed, though he probably had been playing golf that morning. Players love the gloves so much that some now wear two of them when running the bases. Apparently, fingers used to endorsing million-dollar-a-year salary checks must not get dirt under the nails.

And so the streamlined baseball player of the nineteen eighties, all decked out and properly accessorized: colorful jersey, skintight capri pants, high-stirruped stockings, white (or striped) shoes, high-peaked cap, batting and/or running gloves, sweatband bracelets, and—for that rare sunny-summer's-day game—sunglasses.

When Dave Bergman, who held down first base for the Houston Astros, was queried a few years back regarding what he thought about the team's new road uniforms, his answer was "I don't care what the uniform looks like as long as I'm wearing it in the big leagues." The logic of the remark, petulant though it is, is impressive. But Bergman's fashion sense is hardly major-league. Baseball's long and colorful history tells us that the greatest players dressed the part. □



Dapper Darryl: Snappy in the New York Mets red, white, and blue uniform, Darryl Strawberry looks as smart as he plays.

THE SPELL OF THE
PRIMITIVE

IN AFRICA AND OCEANIA ARTISTS FOUND A NEW VOCABULARY

BY JACK D. FLAM



Primitive art is once again speaking to the Western imagination. Artists are using its forms, it is widely displayed, notably in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's new Rockefeller Wing; and traditional works from Africa and Oceania have risen sharply in value. There is also renewed interest in the relationship between primitive art and modern art, so important around 1906, when avant-garde French artists "discovered" primitive art. Indeed, this fall's big show at New York's Museum of Modern Art explores precisely this subject.

The fascination with primitivism and primitive art reflects one of the essential forces behind the development of modern art. Its premises were philosophical; its goal, to express new concepts of reality, to know and imagine the world in new ways. Primitivism offered a means of returning to basic principles and setting instincts free, while primitive art provided artists with new formal possibilities and new means of expression.

Interest in the primitive was closely related to what at first glance seems its opposite—an intense interest in new scientific ideas. Both science and primitivism, however, attempted to deal with new conceptual realities that went below the surface of things; both were concerned with origins and first causes. Recent work in biology and physics had revealed profound realities invisible to the naked eye and often contrary, it seemed, to common sense. All through the nineteenth century, scientific research challenged and redefined ideas about the origins and nature of the world. Paleontology, archaeology, philosophy, and psychoanalysis were all looking for evidence of forces and events, buried in the past, that had determined the present.

Primitive art had already attracted scientists, who began to study primitive peoples, as they did buried skeletons and cities, for what they might learn about the



SINCE PRIMITIVE ART'S SUBJECTS WERE UNKNOWN, ITS ICONOGRAPHY AND SYMBOLISM REMAINED MYSTERIOUS.

development of human culture. At a time when traditional concepts of God were being questioned, the best clues to the origins of mankind seemed to lie in man.

A study of peoples still in a "natural" state—living examples of the childhood of man—might reveal the general principles of human behavior. "In dreams and neuroses," Freud wrote, "we come once more upon the *child* and the peculiarities which characterize his modes of thought and his emotional life. . . . And we come upon the *savage* too . . . upon the *primitive* man, as he stands revealed to us in the light of the researches of archaeology and of ethnology."

It is no coincidence that early studies of primitive art had an evolutionary bias. Around 1900, the British anthropologist

Alfred Haddon, dealing with art "as a branch of biology," considered naturalistic representation the height of artistic achievement. The stylization of primitive art suggested a lack of skill combined with poorly developed aesthetic faculties.

Such views determined the way primitive man was seen, or not seen, at the time. As a rule, the arts of the dark-skinned peoples of Europe's distant tropical colonies were treated as curiosities, and the objects were crowded into glass cases in museums of natural history or ethnography, like the Musée de l'Homme, in Paris, founded in 1879.

The notion of primitivism had appealed to artists and writers ever since Rousseau. The desire for artistic primitivism was part of a larger desire for a more natural existence, free from what Gauguin called "the disease of civilization." In his Moroccan journal of 1832, Delacroix noted how the technological backwardness of the North Africans seemed to be related to their calm and happy existence and their love of beauty. "As for us," he wrote, "in our corsets, our tight shoes, our ridiculous pinching clothes, we are pitiful. The Graces exact vengeance for our knowledge."

A yearning for the primitive was also part of a rebellion against religious and social constraints, against the industrialization and uglification of the world, and against the naturalistic and materialistic norms that dominated art and thought. Throughout the nineteenth century, the exotic was an escape hatch, and the attention given to non-European art unprecedented. But the interest in primitive art was different from that in other exotic arts, and it was one of the last to be "discovered."

Unlike the arts of China, Japan, India, and Islam, primitive art had no known historical development; it seemed to exist in a kind of vacuum. Since its subjects were unknown, its iconography and symbolism remained enigmatic and mysterious. It ap-

Comparison, contrast. Opposite: Paul Klee's quizzical Senecio. Above: A brutal reliquary figure from Gabon.

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...narrative
...largely
...figure, a
...one

...early in this century were intensely interested in symbolism—without narrative, carried by abstract formal values and pictorial organization. Primitive art offered a vital alternative to naturalism and suggested ways to conceive and organize abstract forms. From African and Oceanic art, French artists learned something new about form; but they also learned something new about subject matter. Whereas Oriental or Islamic art often depicted complex narrative and had a known history, the history of primitive art was unknown, and its main subject appeared to be simple and direct: man, naked—a single figure, symmetrically composed. These figures are not “doing” anything; they are not, for instance, “bathers” or “bacchantes.” The idea of man is represented in a sculptural language that often reinvents the anatomical structure of the human body rather than imitating it.

Appreciation of primitive art was part of a general shift in sensibility. French artists felt that nonnaturalistic arts—including archaic Greek sculpture and Italian primitive painting—were even better than the later arts of classical Greece and Renaissance Italy. Unburdened with circumstantial surface detail and optical effects, these primitive-seeming arts could express ideas more directly. As the sculptor Maillol later put it, “African art expresses more ideas than Greek art.”

Though African art had been known and even collected in Europe since the sixteenth century, its influence was not felt until the twentieth. Since the Renaissance, European art had been based on three values, all absent from African and Oceanic art: the study of anatomy—by which the human figure could be rendered in space; the study of perspective—the science of rendering that space; and the study of chiaroscuro—the optical behavior of objects within

THE MAIN SUBJECT OF PRIMITIVE ART WAS MAN, NAKED—NOT A BATHER OR BACCHANTE— DOING NOTHING, SYMMETRICAL, ALONE.

that space. At the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in the 1890s, the entrance competition included examinations in all three.

By 1906, however, the advanced painters had come to consider them dead issues. What mattered was the symbolic representation of reality, and the evocation of unseen forces. In the tendency toward abstraction, van Gogh, Cézanne, and Gauguin were pioneers. Yet while pointing the way to a new vision,

they saw it, moving outside history.

A good deal of ink has been spilt over the question of who, if anyone, first “discovered” primitive art. It seems that various French and German artists became interested shortly after the turn of the century. But it was not until around 1906 that this interest became an influence, clearly reflected in the works of French artists.

The exception was Paul Gauguin, who spent most of his last years (1891–1903) in Polynesia. He was the only major artist of the time actually to live in a place where primitive art was made, and it influenced his work in many ways: his woodcuts and sculptures were often quite directly influenced; his paintings, more indirectly. In other words, when Gauguin used carving techniques like those of primitive artists, his forms were affected, whereas the pictorial conventions of the European tradition remained strong in his paintings. Maillol remarked on this: “Gauguin was wrong in imitating Negro sculpture. He should have sculpted as he painted, by drawing on nature as well, instead of making women with large heads and tiny legs. He had two ideas, one in painting and another in sculpture: he was split in two.”

This split between sculpture (the medium of most primitive art) and painting (the dominant European form) characterized much of the early contact between European artists and primitive art. While Gauguin’s sculptures come close to direct imitation of primitive forms, his paintings integrate them more subtly and harmoniously.

Both were an important

From Zaire, a woman. “They were weapons,” Picasso said of African sculptures, “to keep people from being ruled by spirits.”





Matisse's *Blue Nude* (1907) incorporates African conventions: disjointed anatomy, spherical breasts, conspicuous buttocks.

bridge between primitive forms and artists of the next generation, largely thanks to the retrospective exhibition of Gauguin's work at the 1906 Salon d'Automne. The straightforward, simple imagery of the woodcuts was an immediate influence, and within a short time several of the younger artists, including Matisse, Derain, and Picasso, tried their hand at carved sculpture.

Matisse was probably the first French artist to become interested in African art. In the window of a curio shop he had noticed African sculptures and one day bought one for fifty francs. "I was astonished by how they were conceived in terms of sculptural language," he remembered later. "That is, compared to European sculpture, which always depended upon musculature, and which started out from the description of the object, these Negro statues were made in terms of their material, according to invented planes and proportions."

In the autumn of 1906, Matisse brought

THE ORIGINALS

In 1906, Paris's Musée de l'Homme was at the epicenter of the intellectual world. Its collection of works by the "primitive" artists of Africa and Oceania startled and impressed French artists. Now, about a hundred objects from the museum will be seen, from September 18 to January 6, at New York's brand-new Center for African Art. "It's pure happy coincidence that we're opening at the same time as the Museum of Modern Art's big show," says the director, Susan Vogel. Many pieces on view in New York are those seen by French artists eighty-odd years ago, among them a man-size hammered iron figure of a war god from Dahomey whose hat is made of nuts and bolts. Juan Gris, fascinated, made a careful cardboard copy of another Bakota piece. The forceful presence of these works of art is as fresh as when they first opened the eyes of Picasso & Co.

one of these small African sculptures to Gertrude Stein's apartment and showed it to Picasso. This was Picasso's introduction to primitive art. Its effect on these two great artists was quite different. Whereas Matisse, following the example of Gauguin's painting, used what he learned from primitive art in a subtle and at times barely perceptible way, Picasso often made direct use of primitive forms. In Matisse's *Blue Nude*, for example, certain conventions of African sculpture can be seen—the non-anatomical articulation of the body, the simplified head, the spherical breasts—but the figure remains in the European tradition of the reclining nude.

Although he was slower to use primitive forms in his art, Picasso finally did so in a more radical way. Very likely impressed by the purposeful crudeness and aggressive primitivism of Matisse's *Blue Nude*, Picasso began working in an unaccustomedly rough and bold manner. The carved wooden sculptures he did during the spring of 1907, shortly after *Blue Nude* was first





Opposite: Gauguin's *Day of the God* (1894). Primitive subject, French eyes.

exhibited, are striking examples of it. A sculpture such as *Doll* has much in common with primitive sculptures: it is carved directly in wood, it is a single standing figure, it is nearly symmetrical, and the head is large in relation to the body. Moreover, the articulation of body parts is determined by the rhythmic and structural needs of the sculptural language, not the anatomical structure of the human body. Finally, it has no base and is small enough to hold in the hand. The image exists as an abstraction outside time and place.

Like some of Gauguin's sculptures, those Picasso did in 1907 borrow quite directly from primitive art. His major painting of that year, the famous brothel scene called *Les Femmes d'Alger*, started out under the influence of Cézanne and ancient Iberian sculpture. Yet the most arresting influence is that of primitive art, which Picasso studied at the

Above: *Nature deity*. Baule, Ivory Coast.

Below: Wood sculpture by Gauguin.



the two so-called African figures. One of the striking things about them is the violent application of the paint.

Although Picasso had for many years denied the influence of African art in his painting, late in life he admitted the influence to André Malraux. And indeed, *Les Femmes d'Alger* is not only one of the earliest European paintings to use African-inspired forms, but probably the first painting by a European artist to use something of the method of the primitive artist. In so-called primitive societies, art is to be made and used, not merely looked at; the actual manufacture of the object has a kind of magical function. This Picasso seems intuitively to have understood. "We all loved fetishes," he told Malraux. "Van Gogh and his generation had their Japanese art—we have the Negroes. Their forms have no more influence on me than on Matisse or Derain. But for Matisse and Derain the masks were sculpture—no more than that. When Matisse showed me his first Negro head, he talked about Egyptian art. But when I went to the Musée de l'Homme, these masks were not just sculpture, not in the least, they were magical objects. . . . The Negro sculptures were intercessors—I've known the French word ever since then—intercessors against everything—against unknown, threatening spirits. I understood what their sculpture did for the Negroes. Why they carved them that way and not some other way. . . . They were weapons—to keep people from being ruled by spirits, to help free themselves. Tools. *Les Femmes d'Alger* must have come to me that day, not because of the forms, but because it was my first canvas of exorcism!"

Picasso appears to have understood things about African art in this painting that were not generally known then—about its magical function, and even about its formal conventions. The head of the woman

at the lower right, for instance, is remarkable for its asymmetry—a feature rare in African or any other primitive art. Yet the rendering of this horrifying face indicates that Picasso intuitively understood something we now know about African masks: that asymmetrical faces are associated with malign spirits, with social or spiritual contamination. As Picasso worked on *Les Femmes d'Alger* to make it an image of personal exorcism—perhaps related to experiences in brothels and conflicting attitudes toward women—he seems not only to have relied on African forms but to have employed an African approach to their creation. The painting became a kind of fetish: aspects of the artist's personal his-

tory and inner psychology were projected onto a magical object which itself came to be a powerful cultural symbol.

In primitive societies, art objects embody cultural norms, with individual experience playing a secondary role; in our own culture the opposite is true. As Picasso did in *Les Femmes d'Alger*, the artist often objectifies intensely personal experience, using a broad range of pictorial and symbolical devices. During this century, primitive art and the vocabulary of forms derived from it have become widely accepted features of Western art, used in ways as various as the movements that have used them. While the Cubists were most influenced by primitive art's

formal structure, the Surrealists emphasized its mythic and dreamlike elements. The use of these forms has continued down to the often hybrid art of our day, in which they are associated with meanings ranging from emphasis on the integrity of natural materials, to the artist's sensitivity to nature, or his wish to be seen as shaman and creator of magical objects. The primitive influence has also been crucial in removing barriers between "high" and "low" art, between art objects and arts of performance.

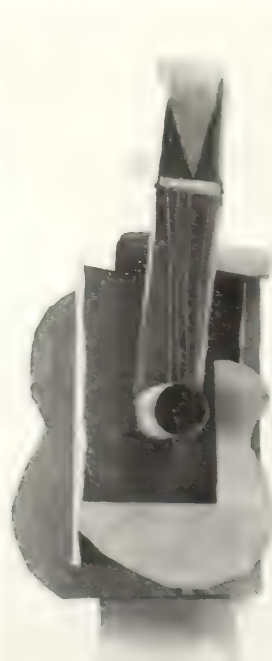
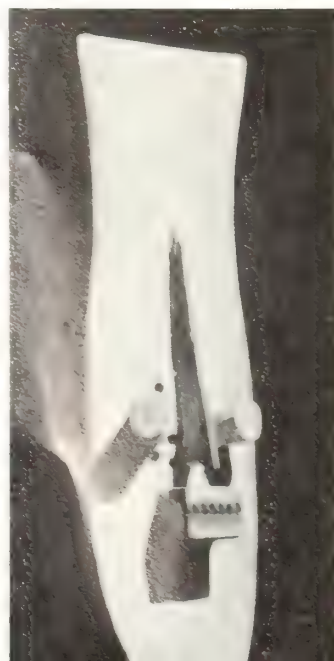
Interest has also revived in the direct adaptation of particular forms and motifs in primitive art. This has been strikingly evident in the recent paintings of the British-born artist John Walker, who has begun to use forms based on Oceanic masks and ritual objects in order to broaden the symbolic resonance of his abstract subject matter.

It may seem ironic that the strictly conventional forms of primitive art should become vehicles for the idiosyncratic and personal, but this process has characterized most modern art. We now live in a world whose relativism is sometimes overwhelming, and in which the ambiguous and the invisible suffuse our perceptions of reality. In the absence of certainty, one of the conventions of modern art is to express our condition in terms of the intensely subjective. □



Above: Picasso in the classical tradition—*Family by the Sea* (1923). Opposite: Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger* (1907).

Left: The most austere of African masks. By the Grebo tribe of the Ivory Coast. Right: A European echo. Picasso's sculpture of sheet metal and wire. *Guitar* (1912)







OUNCE OF SAFFRON, OUNCE OF GOLD



THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE SPICE DISSECTED

BY TOMAS GRAVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNIS STOCK

There is probably nothing in the kitchen so steeped in mystery, history, and misunderstanding as saffron. The seventeenth-century English physician and herbologist Nicholas Culpeper describes it in his *Complete Herbal* as "a useful and elegant aromatic of strong, penetrating smell and warm, pungent, bitterish taste," but to most people it is merely what gives the characteristic yellow color to paella, risotto milanese, bouillabaisse, and a host of other Mediterranean and Eastern dishes.

True saffron is simply the dried stigma of the *Crocus sativus*, or saffron crocus, which has been cultivated in the Old World since prehistoric times. About seventy thousand flowers are needed to produce one pound of the spice; this will take an experienced picker twelve days of back-breaking work, bringing in about \$500. By the time it hits the spice shelf in a New York or Munich or Paris delicatessen, its value has

increased tenfold, to about \$4.50 for two-fifths of a gram, which amounts to \$315 an ounce or \$5,040 a pound, a price that is fast approaching that of gold. Ounce for ounce, it is also probably the most expensive legal drug—in pharmaceutical terms in some parts of the world it is considered as such—and I have heard that it is smoked in the Far East, though I cannot attest to the effects.

There are many reasons for the aura of mystery and exclusivity that surrounds this curious spice. It moves discreetly through a closed network of small farming families, local merchants who buy and export, and various other middlemen. There are no cooperatives, government subsidies, or agricultural research connected with saffron; in fact, its cultivation hasn't been significantly updated in three thousand years. Nor are there any price controls; saffron obeys a completely free market, speculation occurring all along the distribution chain and pushing the price steadily upward. This practice was already widespread in ancient times, and the Roman

Left: The fall saffron harvest in the arid plain of Aragon. Above: The crocus's purple petals encircle the three precious stamens.

naturalist. The elder commented that something was adulterated with saffron. In a family more time and money were spent on finding a safe rate or substitute for it than on finding it cheaper. This has probably been the reason for many of the myths and misconceptions: the cheap imitations simply do not live up to the consumer's expectations.

Cheap saffron does not exist, nor is it likely to. The "poor man's saffron" in ancient times was marigold or safflower petals; today, what appears to be a bargain will probably be turmeric root, tartrazine (a noxious food coloring also nicknamed "paella powder," sold in Spain but fortunately banned elsewhere), or, at best, very old saffron with little color or flavor left. Ground saffron can fairly easily be laced with the yellow stamens of other species of crocus or with just about anything else. Whole saffron threads are harder to tamper with except by increasing their weight with molasses or adding dyed vegetable fiber. In the rare cases where this still occurs, the tampering is quickly spotted in customs inspections by the importing and exporting countries, so one needn't worry too much about adulterated saffron any longer.

Further misunderstandings about saffron are propagated by some fairly respected herbal dictionaries—such as *The Herbalist* and *The Illustrated Herbal Handbook*—that unwittingly confuse saffron with the tall, thistlelike safflower, *Carthamus tinctorius* (known also as American or bastard saffron), or with the poisonous meadow saffron, *Colchicum autumnale*, whose wide leaves distinguish it from the *Crocus sativus*. Saffron has even been credited with being a source of vitamin B₇ and of low-cholesterol oil, but these properties belong to the safflower. To add to the confusion, saffron's good name is frequently taken in vain. The saffron tree is really the American hackberry; cape saffron, a South African bush; saffron of Mars, a medieval chemical compound; and Indian saffron, a name given to the turmeric root. Many books on Eastern cookery confuse turmeric and saffron in translation; the difference may pass unnoticed in a curry, but turmeric will ruin a risotto. Nor are many cookbooks reliable as to the quantities of saffron that should be used; in fact, more than six strands of saffron per person will make a dish too bitter.

When buying, it is best to obtain whole, or "hay," saffron, which is now generally available even in supermarkets. Not only do you see what you're getting (although it won't look like much), but it will keep

longer than the ground variety and, if used correctly, will go just as far.

True saffron appears as a tangle of deep orange-red strands. Many of the longer ones will have pale ends, but the fewer of these, the better. (There is a *coupé* quality—about 15 percent more expensive—which has had all the pale ends removed, but this is very hard to find.) The container should be airtight and, if possible, dated recently, for saffron loses 10 percent of its strength in a year. Upon opening, the spice will release its warm, pungent aroma, and it should be dry enough to rustle slightly when handled. Pliny insists that "the

best proof of its goodness is when it snaps under the pressure from the fingers, as though it were friable." One strand steeped in warm water will expand rapidly and release its orange color. For use in a dish, first crush the strands with a pestle and mortar, then let them stand for half an hour or longer in warm water or stock; then strain and use the liquid.

As you drive toward Monreal del Campo, in Aragon, on a sunny Spanish October afternoon, there is nothing to suggest that you are in the heart of saffron country at the height of its three-week season, except



Marcelino Pluned and his wife, Josefina, pause by their house in Monreal del Campo



the day's pickings, which will yield a cup of saffron worth to them about fifty dollars.

for some mysterious piles of withered purple petals at the edge of each bare field. In the village, a woman in bedroom slippers stepping out of her doorway with yellow-stained fingers gives you a clue as to what is going on indoors—she and her family are busy *esbrinando*, picking the stigmata out of the crocus.

When the season begins, at some time in the early fall, depending on the weather, everything else takes a backseat. Although the farmers here, like Marcelino and his friend Vladimiro, grow other crops during the rest of the year, saffron is the bread and butter of Monreal and nothing is

allowed to interfere with its preparation. Once open, the *Crocus sativus* is unable to close up again and therefore must be picked as soon as possible; otherwise the stigma withers and the flower is much more difficult to handle.

The picking day begins at first light with a few shots of *anís* or *coñac* to keep out the cold. Breakfast must wait: you can't pick on a full stomach. At the field, the pickers begin to harvest the flowers that have sprung up since they were last here, a couple of days ago; during a good season a field may be picked five times. As Marcelino and his family move in a line up the field,

bending down from the waist to pluck the flowers, my ears still ring with "*La Jota del Azafrán*," which Vladimiro (last year's regional champion singer of the traditional Aragonese folk songs called *jotas*) belted out last night.

Young maid, so very early in the morning

You go off to pick the saffron rose

And the icy winds freeze your hands . . .

One doesn't expect so delicate a crop to demand such a harsh, dry climate and such hardy men and women to farm it. The cold wind and the rigid picking posture, which usually requires supporting all the weight on one leg, cause every malady from lumbago to frostbite. Part of the team is Candida, the dog, whose job is to sniff out the tunnels made by the field mice that feast on crocus bulbs, so that Marcelino can smoke them out. When all the new blossoms from the various fields have been harvested, the full baskets are taken home, and a quick, hearty brunch is disposed of. The table is then cleared and the flowers spread over it for the *esbrine*. This is a job for nimble fingers and as such has always been done by women and children. It consists of splitting the crocus down the stem and pinching off the three stigmata where they join at the base to form the style; these are then put in an enamel plate. After much gossip, jokes, and anecdotes, the full plate of fresh saffron is turned onto a fine-mesh sieve and dried over a gentle charcoal heat. This is when it begins to release its heady aroma. After about half an hour it has been reduced to a fifth of its fresh weight; the optimum point is judged by eye and recognized by the farmer and the merchant. It should be just dry enough to keep properly yet not lose all its properties up the chimney.

By the end of the day's *esbrine*, it is nearly midnight. The table heaped with "saffron rose" has rendered less than a teacupful of dried saffron. The precious spice is wrapped in cloth and stored in a zinc-lined chest. The discarded flowers are heaped back into the baskets and the next morning are dumped at the edge of the field. This ritual would appear to have originated in the ceremonial appeasement of some fertility goddess, but Josefina assures me that it's observed "just to avoid extra housework."

There's been nothing new in saffron farming since the horse and plow and the harrow used to flatten the tilled earth. The planting, weeding, and hoeing of saffron fields must be done by hand, to avoid hurting the bulbs. Tractors are ruled out, and so are chemical fertilizers and pesticides: there's nothing better than a bit of horse

N... will...
... even with-
... the
... of what makes a
... la—the renowned
... dish from Spain's eastern
coastland around Valencia—
there are hundreds of varying
recipes. But they all follow sim-
ilar basic guidelines for prepa-
ration and draw from a large
and well-defined repertory of
ingredients.

Essentially, paella consists
of a base of saffron-tinted rice
to which are added, in order of
importance: seafood, vegeta-
bles, sausage, chicken or rab-
bit, and pork, in varying pro-
portions, depending on what's
fresh and available at the mar-
ket that morning. While in
Spain paella is usually served as
a first course, followed by even
heavier fare, it can be a meal in
itself, with a fresh green salad
as an ideal complement, and
washed down with a light red
wine or homemade sangria.

The following is a guide to
making one paella variant for
six to eight people (other ver-
sions can be found in a number of excellent
cookbooks, such as—to name one of the
best—Penelope Casas's *The Foods and
Wines of Spain*, Knopf, 1982). You will
need a *paellera* (a two-handled, very shal-
low iron pan specially made for the pur-
pose and available in the United States in
Hispanic specialty stores) or a large, shal-
low skillet, either of them about fifteen
inches across at the base and about seven-
teen inches at the top. Also essential is a
flame wide enough in diameter to heat the
pan's entire underside evenly. Finally, per-
haps most important is patience, since
paella is famous for being difficult to get
just right.

Method

To prepare a fresh stock, crush the saffron
to a powder in a dry mortar, then add the
garlic and parsley and crush the mixture to
a paste. Cook the mussels and clams in a
little boiling water until they open, then
remove and set aside. Strain and measure
this stock into a clean pan and pour a cou-
ple of spoonfuls over the saffron paste. Stir
to dissolve the paste and mix into the main
body of stock.

To complete the stock, boil the beans
and artichokes in enough fresh water to
cover them for five to ten minutes, and set



ONE MAN'S PAELLA VALENCIANA

Ingredients

- 2 threads of saffron per serving
- 1–2 cloves garlic, peeled
- 2 sprigs parsley, chopped
- 1/2 pound medium-size mussels (well scrubbed)
- 1/2 pound small clams
- 1 cup stock per serving (i.e., twice the
volume of the rice)
- 1/3 pound green beans, cut in 1" lengths
- 6 baby artichokes, quartered, with the tough
leaves and stems removed
- 1 pound chicken parts cut into small chunks
- 1/3 pound chorizo (Spanish sausage), cut into
slices
- 1/2 pound lean pork, cut into thin chunks
- 1/2 cup refined olive oil
- 1/2 pound squid, cut into rings (fresh if
available; frozen will do)
- 1/2–3/4 pound medium-size shrimp
- Salt to taste
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 1/2 pound ripe, peeled tomatoes, seeded and
chopped
- 1/2 cup Spanish or Italian short-grain rice per
serving
- 1/2 pound peas (fresh if available)
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- A few drops of pure lemon juice to taste
- 1 small container pimientos, cut in strips
- 2 large lemons, cut lengthwise in eighths

the vegetables aside. Then mix
enough of this broth into the
saffron and shellfish stock to
obtain the required amount of
liquid to cook the paella (twice
the volume of rice), plus an
extra splash to allow for a min-
imum of evaporation. Keep the
stock covered and hot, not
quite boiling.

In the *paellera*, brown all the
meat and vegetables together
in a little olive oil; then add the
squid and shrimp. Sauté for
five minutes, adding salt. Re-
move and set aside.

Adding enough olive oil to
the *paellera* to cover the bot-
tom, gently sauté the chopped
onion until it is translucent.
Add the tomato and crush it
with a fork as it cooks, for
about five minutes, and then
stir in the rice.

When the rice turns translu-
cent stir in the beans, arti-
chokes, peas and green pepper,
all of the seafood, and the
meat. Mix thoroughly, pour
the hot stock over the rice, and
turn up the flame to bring to a
boil. Add additional salt if

needed and a few drops of lemon juice, dis-
tribute the shellfish evenly over the pael-
la's surface, and lower the heat to a lively
simmer.

Allow it to cook uncovered and un-
touched for about twenty minutes, until
most of the liquid is absorbed but the rice is
still wet. Decorate the paella with the
slices of pimiento, remove it from the
stove, and let it stand for at least five min-
utes, lightly covered with paper or foil, to
finish cooking gently away from the fire.
(Don't be surprised if the rice isn't as bright
a hue of golden-orange as one so often sees
in photographs and in touristy restaurants:
many chefs exaggerate the saffron's natural
color with such agents as paprika, a prac-
tice that traditionalists frown upon.)

The slices of lemon are for squeezing
over each portion and can be served on a
saucer or used as an additional garnish
with the pimientos before the paella is set
on the table, to be served right out of the
paellera. You will also want to provide fin-
ger bowls, for cleaning one's hands after
shelling the shrimp.

Some people love paella leftovers as an
evening snack the next day, refried in a
little olive oil until the rice turns crisp, and
doused with lemon juice.

—T.G.



As a rule the esbrine is conducted secretly, but occasionally Monreal families will air their saffron in broad daylight.

manure and occasional smoke to keep the mice away. To add to the problems of making saffron a paying crop in a mechanized world, the bulbs must be dug up, selected, and transplanted every three years; otherwise they become "lazy" and prone to disease. As if that weren't enough, after each three-year cycle, the field should ideally have a rest from saffron for another twelve years. Production varies from field to field and from season to season, but generally the first year's crop yields about four pounds of saffron per acre, the second twenty, and the third eighteen. Since a farmer has to plan his crop two years ahead, demand and supply are frequently at odds. He will use this in his favor, selling his saffron off a little at a time: it is not so much a cash crop as a tax-free savings account. When he has to pay for a new car or for a daughter's wedding, he will dip into his saffron chest and arrange an appointment with the merchant; business hours are after dark, because no farmer wants his neighbor to see his saffron any more than his bank statement.

Only a doorbell marked AZAFRAN identifies the merchant's office where the transaction takes place and where the saffron is then graded, packed, and exported. There are over 120 saffron exporters in

Spain alone, in villages from Seville to Zaragoza. In Monreal, the tradition is so established that the town maintains a small Museo del Azafrán. Here you can see how little has changed over the years, for not only the implements and techniques but also the weights and measures still in use date back ten centuries to the Arab conquest of Spain.



When a farmer has to pay for a daughter's wedding, he dips into his saffron chest.

In Corycus, on the Turkish coast opposite Cyprus, a thousand years before Christ, I would have seen much the same process as I have seen in Monreal. But long before that, the ancients discovered the properties of the fiery-red stigma of the wild *Crocus sativus*, five varieties of which still grow from Italy to Kurdistan. So many miles had to be covered for just a handful of them to be gathered that the need to cultivate the flower soon became apparent. The words for saffron in Greek, *krokos*, and in Hebrew, *karkom*, probably come from Corycus, where it was first cultivated.

Whether it was recognized as the female part of the flower, or because agriculture was in the hands of the women, saffron became sacred to the goddess Artemis. Its dye was reserved for her priestesses and for the bridal veils of Greek girls. It may have been a temple secret that saffron is an emmenagogue—provoking menstruation and even abortion—as well as an aphrodisiac like other diuretics. Solomon recognized these sensual effects in the Song of Songs, 4:14, while the Phoenicians dedicated moon-shaped saffron cakes to As-

Dried on sieves for thirty minutes over a gentle heat, fresh saffron loses 80 percent of its weight but retains its brilliant color.

tarre, the goddess. Saffron's femininity was so strong that in Monreal, the saying that the bulb pickers (the same day the Virgin Mary is born) will be blessed.

In the Islamic world, it was as a perfume and medicine that saffron was most appreciated by the ancients, as the basis of many essences and salves. Among Pliny's "Twenty Remedies Derived from Saffron" is the advice to take it with wine "against surfeit or headache, and proof against inebriation." Dioscorides adds that "it stimulates lust." It was thought to provoke laughter when taken in excess: the Roman expression *dormivit in sacco croci* (he has slept in a bag of saffron) was applied to compulsive gigglers. Rich Greeks and Romans squandered saffron as ostentatiously as possible. It would color and perfume baths and fountains, and be sprayed over spectators at the theater, stuffed into cushions, and strewn over the streets at triumphal marches—not to mention its sundry culinary uses.

With the decline of Rome, saffron all but disappeared from Europe, making its way back centuries later via North Africa and Spain with the northward press of Arab civilization. Twelfth-century Spain, with its ideal climate, was "half covered in saffron," and the Moorish palate's craving for *za'farān* ("the thread"), which still dominates much of Arabic cuisine today, sprang up into Europe and also eastward, where Kashmir monopolized the saffron market.

In Britain, Edward III introduced the crocus to the peasants of that windswept part of Essex still known as Saffron Walden; this initiative was so successful that the farmers were nicknamed crokers. Saffron was soon to be found in medieval gardens and kitchens all over Europe; it was indispensable for coloring cheeses and for adding a rich fragrance and golden hue to cakes and pastries. Many of these traditional recipes survive: for the Cornish saffron buns; the old Russian *kulich*, an Easter bread shaped like a chef's hat; and the Swedish *lussekatter* (St. Lucia's cakes) or plaited Christmas *saffransbröd*.

Though saffron dye is not colorfast and thus was used only for ceremonial robes, the medieval church found that saffron-tinted tinfoil could pass for gold leaf in illuminated missals, and for gold thread in church vestments. Renaissance artisans used it to great effect in mixing colors for frescoes and stained glass. One such artisan, working on the Duomo of Milan, is credited with inadvertently inventing risotto milanese when he mistook the rice at a wedding feast as a joke.



OLD WORLD

ELIXIR OR MEDICINE

Of the many medicinal concoctions based on saffron, the most successful worldwide is the liqueur Fernet-Branca, a "miracle" brew introduced in 1844 by the Branca brothers of Milan. It's a bitter black stuff with an impressive range of benign properties. A neat shot before meals awakens one's best appetite; afterwards it will ease the worst indigestion almost instantaneously.

Best of all, it kills a hangover, but beware. Its alcohol content, if abused, will cause one, too. The cure? A shot of Fernet-Branca. Several tons of saffron go into the twelve million liters of remedy consumed every year. —T.G.

Adulterated saffron was so rife in medieval Europe that regular inspections were held, like those at Nuremberg, where the convicted adulterator, along with his evidence, would be burned at the stake. This severity, usually reserved for punishing far more serious crimes, shows the importance saffron had regained as a medicament. It had become a midwife's standby in difficult births as well as an antidote to consumption. The best-known among its many remedial uses was as the cure for hangover, taken as an infusion during or after a drinking bout, although the British botanist Dr. William Turner warned that "too much taken with wine will send drinkers laughing to their death."

Not only did Europe and the East hunger for saffron at any price—for a long time the old Spanish saying *onza de azafrán, onza de oro* (ounce of saffron, ounce of gold) was literally true—but it was probably the only spice exported to the newly developing American colonies. Then the Industrial Revolution began to draw the English crokers and their Continental counterparts away from their fields, leaving the poor, backward Spanish to satisfy most of the world's demand, as they still do today.

After the Second World War, though, habits changed and the demand for saffron began to taper off. Many Spanish fields were turned over to more "rational" crops. Saffron farming could have easily died out altogether but for persistent farmers like Marcelino. Their tenacity was rewarded when a price jump of 1,000 percent from 1970 to 1980 left them years ahead of the competition. Rapidly, other countries—Greece, Italy, France—began to resurrect their abandoned saffron fields. The Greeks, with cheaper labor, are now undercutting Spanish prices; but neither do they have the knack nor Kashmir the climate to produce the Spanish quality recommended by cookbooks and sought after by more demanding buyers. Other countries—Pakistan, Burma, China—consume virtually all of the saffron that they produce.

The biggest saffron users are those who not only can assimilate the price rises but are probably provoking them: the pharmaceuticals companies, which no longer extol the virtues of saffron—professional discretion?—but use huge amounts nonetheless. We are left guessing at the uses it is put to, but I'm sure many of them still come from among Pliny's "Twenty Remedies." One pharmacy student's notes that I perused recently list saffron as a carminative, antispasmodic, tonic, emmenagogue, and coloring agent. More clues can be found in folk medicine. In Monreal they use saffron water to calm babies' teething pains, and indeed one pharmaceutical preparation sold for this purpose proves to consist mainly of saffron. Homeopaths and herbalists also prescribe tincture of saffron for hysteric disorders and other ailments. At this rate, if the price keeps rising, saffron may be driven off the spice shelf and into the drug cabinet. Even in Monreal, the grocery store now stocks only tartrazine, the dreaded "paella powder." □

Tomás Graves, who wrote "Perfect Impressions" for the March 1984 *Connoisseur*, often serves paella in his home in Mallorca.

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CONNOISSEUR

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FRENCH 18TH-CENTURY PAINTING

Sensuous, tender, and melancholy, it is undervalued today.

By Robin Duthy



Fragonard, *The Swing* (1769): painted for the lady's lover.

To invest in art successfully you need timing as well as taste. Prosperity has a marked influence on the market: depressions and wars push them down, while an expanding economy can produce the kind of boom we are seeing today, when a drawing reaches 4.8 million dollars.

Still, important as the state of the economy may be, the rating accorded to a school of painting by the art professionals and leading collectors is anything but constant. Though the long-term trend for most schools is clearly upwards, there has been wild fluctuation in fashion, and

Robin Duthy is editor of the *Alternative Investment Report*.

therefore in price, for many artists.

French eighteenth-century painters have been particularly vulnerable to such swings. Watteau, Lancret, Boucher, and Fragonard have all been denigrated from time to time as merely decorative painters, though their reputations have been substantially rebuilt over the years. Others, Jean Baptiste Greuze, for example, have been less

paintings have fetched in recent years. On the other hand, \$20,000 spent on one of the many Rembrandts for sale in the middle of the nineteenth century would have risen to several million dollars today. These remarkable variations in performance are not uncommon, and investors should beware of looking on the art market as a kind of magic escalator that can be got on and off at a whim.

The safest time to get on is when both economic and aesthetic indicators are set fair. As for the first, the amount of money now chasing fine works of art makes the outlook good for all sectors; as for the second, a significant revival or increase in the popularity of French eighteenth-century painting looks very doubtful.

"Naughty, but nice" is a slogan used to sell cream in England, and it just about sums up what cream guzzlers feel about it.



Chardin's monumental *Glass of Water and Coffee Pot* (1731).

fortunate. His portraits of soulful girls usually close to tears were immensely admired in his day, and later generations found his style perfectly in tune with their Victorian sentiments; by 1860, collectors were paying \$20,000 apiece for his work. Very little of it would fetch that sum today.

Just to keep pace with inflation, a \$20,000 Greuze bought in 1860 would now need to be worth some \$240,000—some four times more than the top price his

Every diet tells them, "Don't," but they just can't resist it. In many ways, people have always felt the same about the supremely pretty and sensuous dishes served up by Boucher, Fragonard, and other sirens of French eighteenth-century art. They have known somewhere in their beings that art should be concerned with

...but they couldn't
...Even the famous
...iderot railed at Boucher
...il and stylistic grounds in his
...of the Salon exhibitions, but he
...to admit that the paintings he
...objected to so vehemently were a most
agreeable vice.

The puritanical backlash of the mid-nineteenth century in England ensured that these alluring works were considered a licentious aberration, one that only the French could have committed. In this, there was more than a touch of hypocrisy, for naked ladies continued to embellish a great many works of nineteenth-century art, even if their thoughts usually seemed fixed on something more sublime than a frolic.

While Boucher's voluptuous ladies and pudgy cupids have always been taken as the paradigm of French eighteenth-century art, there is a more serious side to the period to which art historians have recently been calling attention. Monographs on the leading artists and major exhibitions—Munich, in 1958; London, in 1968; the High Museum, in Atlanta, last year; a Watteau show at the National Gallery, in Washington, this past summer (which is traveling on to the Grand Palais in Paris this fall and winter and to Berlin's Charlottenburg Palace in the spring)—have reminded us of the range and quality of the art of the *dix-huitième*. Yet, for all this industrious work of rehabilitation, prices for the mainstream art of this period have barely stirred since 1975. Most important works are already in museums, but even the few that pass through the salerooms nowadays have failed to command rising prices.

Of the four main types of painting that flourished in prerevolutionary France, each had a recognized status within the canon, based largely on the apparent degree of skill entailed. At the head of the list came history painting. Vast canvases—sometimes the size of a small lawn—depicting religious, mythological, classical, or recent historical scenes, were ordered to furnish the royal palaces. To handle such subjects, an artist needed to be proficient in composition, perspective,

portraiture, landscape, and every other discipline. Most of these very public paintings have stayed on the walls of the palatial rooms for which they were intended. Few have appeared at auction in the last twenty years, and it goes without saying that demand for such work from private buyers would be limited.

Who has expressed the life of inanimate objects better than Chardin?

Throughout the eighteenth century, this branch of painting carried the highest status for the artist, even when interest in the genre began to flag. In 1727, the duc d'Antin organized a competition for twelve leading academicians, but only two submitted history paintings. Such works



Greuze's Ariadne: to our generation, pure kitsch.

often had morally uplifting themes and were not altogether in tune with the frivolous, even dissolute court of the regent, Philippe d'Orléans. When Louis XV was at last crowned, in 1723, the rococo taste for the light, the pretty, and the elegant was firmly established, to last as long as the monarchy did.

Next in status after history painting came portraits. The century had opened with a great ceremonial portrait showing

the elderly Louis XIV, his face somewhat pinched and puffy, but his legs—if the artist Hyacinthe Rigaud is to be believed—still elegant and strong. So pleased was the king with this portrait that instead of sending it to his grandson the king of Spain, as planned, he kept it and sent a copy instead.

The official style of portraiture barely changed even after the Revolution, though more intimate interpretations were used for family portraits. Sometimes every detail of a portrait could be taken as a clue to the sitter's personality, interests, and achievements. Portraits by Rigaud, Nicolas Largillière, Jean Marc Nattier, Louis Tocqué, François-Hubert Drouais, Greuze, and the two great woman portraitists Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun and Adélaïde Labille-Guiard can still be bought at auction. Prices run from \$10,000 to \$50,000

and depend not only on the artist but also on the attractiveness and importance of the sitter. Investors should bear in mind that the demand for portraits was so great that Rigaud, for one, had a large workshop of assistants. In 1735, he was charging 600 livres for portraits in which he worked only on the face and hands, and up to 3,000 livres for something that was nearly all his own work.

From 1750 onwards, the auction market, both for old masters and for contemporary works, was well organized. In 1720, many Parisian investors were roasted in the collapse of John Law's financial system. That episode created a widespread distrust of paper securities that was to last for generations, while land, houses, and other tangibles resumed their place as the only prudent investments. It was remarked that, among the tangibles, paintings were doing well. Baron Grimm noted that a pair of

pictures by Carle Van Loo—a leading history and portrait painter—which had been commissioned in 1762 for 12,000 livres had been sold in 1772 to Catherine the Great for 30,000.

In 1780, the art dealer Lebrun, husband of Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun, wrote, "By buying fine pictures one can be sure of agreeable and valuable possessions; and one can enjoy the advantage that the civilized person always seeks of both taking



Desportes. A Dog with Flowers and Dead Game: not to our taste.

pleasure in and increasing his wealth." Another dealer, François-Charles Joulain, published lists that showed the rising prices at which certain paintings had passed from one collection to another.

The eighteenth century has been variously referred to as the Enlightenment, the Age of Reason, and the Age of Elegance. In France, as elsewhere, it produced great thinkers, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau among them. The salons of Paris were filled with elegant furniture and elegant people with elegant manners. But the nobility was being joined by a new class of rich bourgeois merchants. These parvenus were busy buying titles and estates that gave them exemption from tax, and paintings and furniture to adorn their new houses. They eagerly commissioned portraits to reflect their families' new status, but even more popular with them, and

with the old nobility as well, were the lighthearted compositions of nymphs, satyrs, and bacchantes disporting themselves on clouds, waves, or billowing silky sheets, for this was also an age of astonishing though well-managed promiscuity.

The English traveler Philip Thicknesse noted in 1777 that, once one had seen the sights, "Paris could become a melancholy residence for a stranger who neither plays at cards, dice or deals in the principal manufacture of the city,

i.e., ready-made love." Jealousy, he went on to remark, was scarcely known in France. "After a year or so of marriage the husband and wife have their separate acquaintance and pursue their separate amusements undisturbed by domestic squabbles."

No wonder, then, that Boucher's almost orgiastic compositions were in such demand. The female body was by no means a new subject for artists; it was simply that no artist had previously dared, or perhaps thought it fitting, to represent it so invitingly.

A third category, known as genre painting, included scenes and subjects of simple, everyday life, often containing anecdotal elements. The Dutch seventeenth-century painters were much admired and bought by French connoisseurs during the eighteenth century, and several French

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Shown: Russian silver-gilt and shaded enamel oval box, by Fyodor Rückert, Moscow, circa 1910.

THE TOP TEN: FACTS AND FIGURES

Leading Artists	Works Sold (1974-1983)	Record Price
François Boucher (1703-1770)	148	\$1,050,000 for a pair (1971)
Jean Baptiste Chardin (1699-1779)	7	\$288,800 (1982)
Alexandre François Desportes (1661-1743)	20	\$78,000 (1982)
François-Hubert Drouais (1727-1775)	19	\$52,500 (1975)
Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806)	85	\$833,000 (1971)
Jean Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805)	71	\$58,800 (1978)
Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743)	30	\$178,200 (1978)
Nicolas de Largillière (1656-1746)	38	\$402,900 (1978)
Carle Van Loo (1705-1765)	51	\$97,400 (1979)
Jean Antoine Watteau (1684-1721)	48	\$104,000 (1978)

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INVESTOR'S FILE

artists—Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, Michel Lépicié, and Etienne Aubry—embarked on rather refined versions of Dutch genre paintings—altogether failing, however, to conjure up their wonderful earthy simplicity.

Sometimes included with genre paintings are the *fêtes galantes* originated by Jean Antoine Watteau. In these, groups of costumed figures are seen strolling in idyllic

Prices for mainstream French eighteenth-century art have barely stirred.

parkland. The idea was inspired by the players of the Italian comedy and developed by Jean-Baptiste Pater and Nicolas Lancret later in the eighteenth century. These strange parades of dreamers were especially popular with the French nobility, perhaps because they seemed to idealize their own somewhat unreal lives through the medium of art. Very few of these Watteaus, Lancrets, and Paters reach the saleroom today, yet even when they do, the best fetch only \$100,000 to \$200,000—about a tenth the price of a first-rate Renoir or Monet.

One of the most prolific French artists of the century in any category was the genre painter Hubert Robert. About thirty of his paintings, mainly of classical landscapes and ruins, pass through the salerooms every year, yet even these most decorative works have failed to move up by more than a few percent since 1975.

The final big category consists of still lifes. The French nobility loved the hunting subjects of Alexandre François Desportes and Jean Baptiste Oudry, but the market for dead game of whatever period has recently been subdued. There can be little doubt that the conservation movement worldwide has transformed attitudes to the organized slaughter of animals known as held sports. It would be surprising if this shift of opinion had not been reflected in the art market, and indeed most such works by French eighteenth-century masters—dead hares, deer, and partridges, with beautifully painted, blood-stained fur and feathers—seem to be worth no more than they were in 1975, or indeed less.

Perhaps the only undisputed genius of French painting during the eighteenth century was Jean Baptiste Chardin, a master of the still life. The forthright simplicity of his interpretation was admired in his day, and, though there could hardly be a

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greater contrast between his style and that of Boucher and Fragonard, his work was sought by the same collectors. Chardin's fame spread, and during his lifetime his paintings were bought by Catherine the Great, Frederick the Great, the king of Sweden, and, of course, by Louis XV of France.

In 1880, those famous litterateurs the Goncourt brothers wrote, "Fruit, flowers,

This was an age of
astonishing though
well-managed promiscuity.

utensils, who has painted such things better than Chardin? Who has expressed the life of inanimate objects as he has?" Chardin and Cézanne are probably the greatest still-life painters of all time. A handful of Chardins remain in private hands in France, but they would never be allowed to leave the country if offered on the open market.

There have been two great surges in price for French eighteenth-century painting. The first was in the midnineteenth century, when two English collectors, the marquess of Hertford and Lord Dudley, and a number of Rothschilds began to buy heavily. The second was in the first decade of this century, when Pierpont Morgan, Henry Clay Frick, and other great American collectors entered the field. At the present time, however, the market is clearly somewhere near the bottom of a cyclical trough. Anyone who believes the wheel of fashion will turn again might be wise to start buying now. □

Unblushing Boucher, Venus and Mars Surprised by Vulcan: a classical excuse for a feast of tasty tidbits.

LEADING DEALERS

New York

Wildenstein, 19 East Sixty-fourth Street, 10021

Newhouse Gallery, 19 East Sixty-sixth Street, 10021

London

Wildenstein, 147 New Bond Street, W1

Artemis, 15 Duke Street, SW1

Colnaghi, 14 Old Bond Street, W1

Agnew, 43 Old Bond Street, W1

Paris

Cailleux, 136 Faubourg St.-Honoré, 8

Pardo, 160 Boulevard Haussmann, 8

ROYAL VISIONS

Philip II and Louis XIV build their dream palaces.

By Alan N. Owen

With this story, *Connoisseur* introduces a new, free-ranging department. Our guide is Alan N. Owen, senior lecturer and director of studies for general and community education at a College of Further Education in Sunderland. Why does he focus on two of the best instead of just the top one? Here is Owen's answer: "The title is carefully chosen. To write about the best would have been impossible. Was it not Bertrand Russell who quoted as the first of his Ten Commandments, 'Thou shalt not be absolutely sure of anything'? But juxtaposing two of the best often shows up unexpected similarities and contrasts. It broadens the argument. It gets you thinking. It defines a field."

1 Escorial Palace, twenty-six miles west-northwest from Madrid, at the foot of the Guadarrama Mountains, has been described as the eighth wonder of the world. Some visitors find it cold, forbidding; others call it monumental and majestic. It is all of these. Philip II (1527-1598) built it to be a home, a church, a memorial, and a tomb.

El Real Monasterio de San Lorenzo de el Escorial (the Royal Monastery of Saint

Lawrence of the Slag Heap), to give the place its full name, is on a scale with which, in the Western world, only the Vatican, the Kremlin, and the Louvre can compare. [The newest member in this set of mammoths is in Brunei, in the East. See our story, on page 112.] It has a staggering sixteen courtyards, eighty-six staircases, eighty-nine fountains, twelve hundred doors, and 2,673 windows. The corridors, passages, and cloisters stretch over one hundred miles. The palace is the length of two football fields (226 yards) and covers an area of about 400,000 square feet. The plan is in the shape of a gridiron, in tribute to Saint Lawrence, who is said to have been roasted to death on one, and on whose feast day, in 1557, at the battle of Saint Quentin, the Spaniards defeated the French. The construction, executed with primitive tools, hoists, and levers, took the comparatively brief time of twenty-one years and employed a comparatively small crew of 1,500 carpenters, miners, stonemasons, muleteers, tilers, and craftsmen recruited locally and from Italy.

The main entrance, a classical portal two stories high, leads into the spacious Court of the Kings and the church, whose



Philip's library: burnt, pillaged, yet still tops.

high central dome and twin towers dominate the entire structure. The interior of the church is austere, although many of the forty-two altars (including the imposing high altar, to which Philip repaired in 1588 to pray for the success of the Armada) are embellished with the grand, brooding art of Spanish masters. To the right side of the church is the large courtyard surrounded by cloisters and the chapter rooms, where precious vestments and ecclesiastical objects, some dating back to the tenth century, are kept on view. To the other side is the royal palace, which the rich monarchs who succeeded Philip filled with luxurious French furnishings, Sèvres porcelain, ingenious clocks, and over 200 tapestries, most from the royal factory at Madrid. The New Museums, also within the palace, are hung with a priceless array of paintings by Velázquez, Ribera, Titian, Veronese, and El Greco.

Philip founded the library, which is still one of the greatest in the world. His agents combed all Europe to collect Arabic, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew books and manuscripts. The king personally supervised the compilation of the catalogue. The very oldest books are shelved with their backs to the wall and their titles written across the edges of the leaves, as in Philip's time. Much material was lost in a disastrous fire in 1671, when the library was struck by lightning; some more was

Escorial, the seat of power of Philip II's empire, on which the sun never set.





After Louis XIV, Versailles grew and grew, but the view from the garden is as he knew it.

pillaged in the Napoleonic wars. Still, some 30,000 books and 4,000 manuscripts remain, attracting scholars from all over.

Nicknamed the "Spider of Escorial," the beady-eyed Philip received ambassadors, held audiences, and governed his vast empire from spartan rooms with whitewashed walls and bare brick floors. Fanatically devout, he arranged for an oblique slit to be cut in his bedroom wall so that he could gaze from bed to the high altar, under which he built a sepulcher for the bodies of his father, Charles V, and other members of the royal family. Today, six sides of the octagonal vault, the so-called Royal Pantheon, contain the gray marble sarcophagi of eleven Spanish kings and eight Spanish queens. The entrance is flanked by the macabre *puñidero*, or rotting room, where the royal dead must lie for years before final burial, until their remains are reduced to the bare bone.

Today, the Escorial is inhabited by some one hundred Augustinian monks in three communities. They run a seminary, a secondary school for six hundred pupils, and a university-level college for about one hundred students of law and economics. The palace is much in demand as a site for national and international conventions and attracts over 600,000 visitors a year.

2 Under Louis XIII of France, Versailles was a small hunting lodge outside Paris. The Sun King, Louis XIV, converted it into what one Frenchman called the "greatest architectural monument to European civilization, placed in the most beautiful park in the world." In 1661, at the age of twenty-three, he ordered his architect, Louis Le Vau, to transform the modest place into a palace worthy of his royal magnificence. Work continued for fifty years, during which time Le Vau and other masters—Jules Hardouin-Mansart, André Le Nôtre (who created the gardens), and Charles Le Brun—worked with

an army of artists and architects, controlling over 36,000 workmen and 6,000 horses. For many years, Louis visited the site daily. In 1682, he moved in, accompanied by his household of a thousand courtiers and four thousand servants, and established his court.

The immense, sloping forecourt, dominated by a huge equestrian statue of Louis himself, is really a series of three courtyards of decreasing size. The innermost and oldest, the Marble Court, was once paved with black and white stones and served as the center of the original hunting lodge. The façades and the interior of the buildings around the Marble Court were altered first by Le Vau and then by Mansart, although the palace wall retains its original red brick—which is in striking contrast to the white stone of the rest of the palace. From the second of the three



A sunburst at the entrance gate.

courts, two vast wings stretch out. The harmonious Royal Chapel, completed in 1710, stands out because of its high gabled roof and because it is the only asymmetrically placed element in the whole construction. The king's bedchamber was the center of the vast complex.

Like many a palace, Versailles grew and grew. The Grand Trianon, a free-standing palace on the grounds, is a late addition of Louis XIV's. It was there that he enjoyed the company of Madame de Maintenon, the love of his old age. Louis's son and suc-



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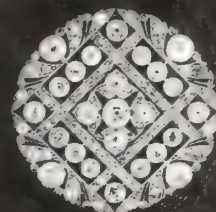
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**PLUTO AND PERSEPHONE (Borghese Palace)**

It was Louis XV who built the classical Petit Trianon, where he installed Madame de Pompadour.

cessor, Louis XV, contributed the Petit Trianon, where he kept his mistress Madame de Pompadour. The two pavilions on either side of the entrance to the Royal Court, with their rows of huge Corinthian columns and classical triangular pediments, are eighteenth-century additions. Only the side facing the park reveals the conception of the palace as its original architects envisioned. The central section, now known as the Hall of Mirrors, is named for the seventeen huge mirrors (in their time, the largest ever to have been made in single sheets) facing seventeen great windows. The hall, 246 feet long, connects the Hall of War to the Hall of Peace, thus underscoring Louis XIV's reputation as both military leader and prince of peace.

His private apartments—his bedroom, reception room, dining room, study, council chamber, and several smaller rooms for dogs, clothes, medals, wigs, and his books—occupied the second floor of the central section of his father's hunting lodge, behind the Hall of Mirrors. In the south wing was the apartment of his queen, Marie Thérèse of Spain. For many years, his mistress Madame de Montespan lived in the north wing. Also in the north wing is the opera house, added by Louis XVI to celebrate his wedding to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria. It was built in 1770, entirely of wood for the sake of acoustics. It has been restored, and performances are given there on state occasions.

The absolute monarchy of France came to an abrupt end on October 6, 1789, when an enraged mob marched from Paris to Versailles and forced Louis XVI and

Marie Antoinette to return to Paris. The palace was sacked and abandoned. Everything that could be carried off was stolen, destroyed, sold, or moved to the Louvre. It was even believed at the time that the building itself would be demolished. In the days of the First Republic, Napoleon was reluctant to restore the main palace building, leaving the task to his successor King Louis-Philippe, who offered his own savings as a first contribution to its rescue.

The grounds are as impressive as the buildings. Of the fourteen hundred fountains, none is more spectacular than the fountain of Apollo, who rises from the water in his horse-drawn chariot. There was no river at Versailles: water had to be pumped from the Seine by means of a great machine at nearby Marly. The system, a series of fourteen bucket wheels turned by 223 pumps, could not supply sufficient water to work all the fountains at the same time, so workmen were employed to turn on only the ones that were in the king's vicinity at any given time.

In the days of its creator, Versailles was an uncomfortable place to live in. Voltaire described it as an enormous inn filled with discomfort and human misery. All the splendor of the workshops of the great craftsmen of France could not make up for the lack of sanitary facilities. Courtiers, an eye witness reported, moved "through the thick reek of encrusted bodies and uncollected sewage." A visitor passing through the polished galleries today may find it hard to reconcile such squalor with the splendor of the surroundings—and, at that, the surroundings today are but a pale reflection of the sunburst that blazed in the days when Louis himself held court. □

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so you get a maximum amount of heat very evenly transmitted across a large surface area. No hot spots. The panel always remains touchable, no fear of burns or fire. This solid-state heater is dramatically thin — 35" x 20" by a mere 3" — and can be wall mounted or wheel



mounted for easy portability. Programmable 24-hour timer turns heater on and off automatically. Choice of 1000-watt or 1500-watt operation. UL-listed. **\$139.00** (\$12.95) #A1224. This heater without the programmable timer costs **\$119.00** (\$12.95) #A1224L.

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Here's one of the hottest houseware products of the past decade — the ultra-sonic humidifier. Using extremely high-frequency sound waves, it breaks water molecules into a mist so fine that one tabletop unit humidifies an entire 1500 sq. ft. house or apartment. Operation is virtually noiseless and completely safe (the vapor stream is cold, even though it *looks* like hot steam). The Douglas Sonic Mist unit shown here weighs only 8 lbs., measures 15" x 6" x 12" with removable 1-gallon reservoir and adjustable mist control. Emitting nozzle swivels 360°. Regular use offers advantages in economy (humidity makes you feel warmer with less heat) and health (humidity reduces frequency and severity of colds). Cost is **\$119.00** (\$10.95) #A1230.

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Saving energy means paying attention to the small things around the house — like the refrigerator coils. Once these coils become coated with dust, the efficiency of your refrigerator drops dramatically. Simply cleaning the coils — and keeping them clean — can reduce your refrigerator's electric consumption as much as 10%. This brush cleans deep in the coils where vacuum cleaners and dust cloths won't reach. It is a full 27" long with 12" of bristles and a sturdy 15" wooden handle. **\$8.00** (\$1.95) #A427.



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PRIVATE LINE



VUITTON'S FIRST CASE

Remember Abscam? The people at Vuitton et Fils S.A. do. In the first case of its kind, the makers of fine luggage and handbags last year hired the Kanner Security Group, a private investigating firm, to combat some counterfeiters who were making a killing in fake Vuittons. Kanner, in turn, hired Melvin Weinberg, the cigar-chomping confidence man who posed as a financial adviser to an Arab sheik for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and duped seven congressmen into taking bribes in front of hidden cameras.

This time out, Weinberg impersonated a mobster wishing to invest large sums in counterfeit merchandise. He contacted the men Vuitton suspected of running the nettlesome handbag operation and persuaded them, during meetings at the Plaza Hotel, in New York City, and the Beverly Wilshire, in Los Angeles, to describe the particulars of their \$40 million-a-year business. Having traced out their trade routes (through Japan and Hong Kong, leading to Haiti, and winding up in the United States), the malefactors offered Weinberg a stake—to the delight of the security men, who were taping the whole charade. Weinberg also bugged 103 telephone conversations with the would-be conspirators. And what recourse do *they* have? Not much. The whole sting, supervised by Vuitton's own attorneys and several ex-FBI agents, was authorized in ad-

vance by the federal judge Morris Lasker.

On May 24, after seeing the tapes and hearing Weinberg's salty testimony, a New York City jury convicted five of the defendants (a sixth had pleaded guilty before the trial), and sentencing is set for next month. The plaintiff's troubles still are not over. As J. Joseph Bainton, one of Vuitton's lawyers, told us, there are plenty of other counterfeiters out there selling fake LV handbags. "Some of them," he added ruefully, "are quite good."

MR. ROSEN, TAKE A BOW

Arts organizations are forever trying to sell us on the inestimable benefits of booking into their subscription series. We're never convinced. There's always too much chaff in the wheat. A connoisseur surrenders his spurs when he lets someone else pick and choose.

Still, for the coming season, Seymour Rosen, the managing director of Carnegie Hall, has chosen gloriously. Under his guidance, that paragon of concert halls is presenting no fewer than fourteen just about perfect subscription series—each a model of quality, variety, and balance. We're particularly partial to the lineup of great singers, which begins on September 30 with the patrician Finnish baritone Jorma Hynninen (the finest male lieder singer since the heyday of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau) and continues with such splendid, unspoiled artists as Kurt Moll, bass, Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Hildegard Behrens, soprano, in her recital debut. The pianists include not only such obvious (but impeccable) choices as Garrick Ohlsson and Vladimir Ashkenazy but also the more challenging Alexis Weissenberg and Russell Sherman. Among the fiddlers, there are not just crowd-pleasers like Pinchas Zukerman and Eugene Fodor but also the majestic Salvatore Accardo and the imperious Kyung Wha Chung (at right). And some of us are actually rejoicing at the thought of yet another traversal of the nine Beethoven symphonies. This time it's with Leipzig's mellow-toned, transparent Gewandhaus Orchestra, under the sinewy leadership of their expert maestro, Kurt Masur.

WHEELS

Since he discovered the collapsible DiBlassi folding bicycle (\$350), a world traveler we know no longer goes *anywhere* without his bicycle. It folds, he says, "like a giant Swiss army knife, fits into a suitcase, can be checked aboard an airplane as ordinary luggage, weighs just thirty-five pounds, and unfolds in fourteen seconds flat."

He is just back from London, Vienna, and Paris. "On wheels," he tells us, "each city becomes a wholly different, magical experience."

In London, he sped off from the Savoy Hotel for Hyde Park in the teeth of the evening rush hour. The concierge had advised him to navigate through Embankment Gardens, Green Park, and St. James's Park. "A bum steer! Within one minute of wheeling into Embankment Gardens, I was apprehended by two stern park police—no bikes allowed—and forced back to maneuver through the gridlocked streets." But as he soon discovered, what seems like half of London commutes by bike, lots of people will help with directions, cars and buses respect the cyclist, and the streets are smooth and clean.

"In Vienna," our friend tells us, "the drivers are mad, roaring over the cobbled streets at flank speed. Then there are the damned tram tracks, and the one-way signs that are always against you." The pic-



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ture instantly improved when he learned to do what the Viennese bikers do—which is to go where they please, up one-way streets, over the sidewalks, anywhere at all for the prettiest ride. Our cyclist was especially charmed by the linden-bordered Hauptallee, five miles long, in the rambling park called the Prater, where you'll find all manner of civilized pleasures, from tennis and classic automobiles to coffee and chamber music.

"But Paris is best!" he exults. There's a network of wide, well-marked bike trails all through the city—and the drivers stay off. Even around the Arc de Triomphe, the streets are smooth as glass. "There's nothing on earth like the joy of a six-mile bike ride on a mild autumn morning, first to the serene Place des Vosges, just as the restaurant on the corner is letting out the fresh croissants, then over to the Ile St.-Louis and Notre Dame to hear the choir, then round the Arc des Triomphe. Nothing!" We're all set to pack our wheels.



VENETIAN FARE

The island of Torcello, on the edge of the Venetian lagoon, used to boast a cathedral, a church, the celebrated inn, the Locanda Cipriani, with its excellent restaurant, and not much else. The old attractions are still there, but there is something new, too: the Osteria al Ponte del Diavolo, founded by renegades from the Cipriani chain. Serving luncheon at midday all week except on Thursdays and dinner in the evening on Saturdays, it seats some seventy-five patrons inside and perhaps twice that number on the inviting

reed-covered terrace. It's a genuine country inn: the menu is simple and unpretentious, but ingredients are of dazzling freshness, and everything tastes of exactly what it is. The shrimp, mussels, clams, cold crayfish, and exotic granzola (spider crabs) are caught fresh each morning for the day's lovely salads. The *fritto misto di mare* is of equal excellence, fried lightly in airy batter. For dessert, there is the tipsy cake called *tiramisu*. The whole spread is deliriously affordable: some \$25 per person, including a dry martini, delicious if you like them. The staff maintains cheerful efficiency even when coping with the Sunday crowds of families. (Children are encouraged to play on the swings and the slides off in the nearby orchard.)

There is no lovelier time to visit the Osteria than these last days of summer. (It is closed from mid-November until February.) To get there, take the vaporetto from the Fondamente Nuove, for about a dollar. You can cut the fifty-minute travel time a little (and spend a lot more) by taking a taxi. The Osteria is just a few minutes' walk from the boat landing, and you will do well to stroll up with a reservation. (Phone: 73.04.01)

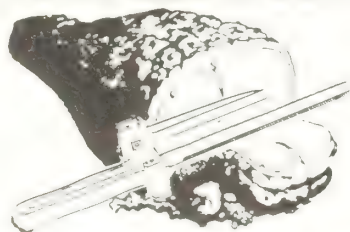
DOSSIER ON MR. BIG

Last December we reported the fourth and so far unsolved theft of Rembrandt's portrait of Jacob de Gheyn III from London's Dulwich Picture Gallery, a theft perhaps commissioned by an unscrupulous collector. Now, both Interpol and the London art world are speculating that this same collector, dubbed "Mr. Big," is behind the theft from Woburn Abbey, the home of the marquess and marchioness of Tavistock, of irreplaceable silver treasures allegedly valued at five million pounds.

Mr. Big is under suspicion because he has taste. The thieves who struck the twelfth-century Bedfordshire home one dark night knew exactly what they—or their client—wanted. They ignored valuable paintings and jewels and went for the silver in the queen's bedroom and the state dining room. The two breadbaskets they took, made in 1737 by the English silversmith Paul de Lamerie, are among the few examples in the world.

Police in Bedfordshire think the thieves may have cased the joint as paying visitors. About a million tourists come through every year, paying two pounds seventy-five pence to view the abbey and the lions, giraffes, and elephants of Wild Animal Kingdom, the adjoining park. For another

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seventy-five pence, the thieves could have acquired a brochure detailing the forty-seven items they walked off with. How they knew how to circumvent the theft detection system remains a mystery.

Says the agonized marquess, who reportedly spends over sixty-five thousand pounds a year on security, "Whoever did this was a real professional, a connoisseur of all that is very best in art." One hundred thousand pounds is being offered for information leading to the recovery of the booty. The prospects are best summed up in the family crest, on much of the missing silver: *Che sarà, sarà*.

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS



Our hearts stop every time we see Baccarat's classic Marie Louise vase arrested in midcrash—and we have seen it that way often, in one of the French crystal company's eye-catching series of advertisements "Shattered Dreams." Finally we just had to ask. Exactly what happens in the next split second?

The photographer, Andrew Unangst, gave us the whole, disillusioning story. He used monofilament wire to hang the vase (retail price: \$350) from a bank of reflecting tile, secured the purple parrot tulip upside down with a blob of hot wax, and shot water at the setup with an off-camera squirt gun (the pros call it a syringe). Once it was captured under a flashing strobe, he simply flipped the picture upside down. The Marie Louise is safe.

LOST IN THE TRUTH

Amazing as it seems, the fracas over Alastair Reid's montage technique in his non-fiction for the *New Yorker* has still not died down, and his bosses have gone on record that it is a "journalistic mistake" to use it. Reid, who is a poet as well as a journalist, argued his philosophy with great subtlety and insight eighteen years ago, in a poem first published by the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was not under fire then. We think it should be the last word in this matter, and we reprint it with his permission:

What Gets Lost/Lo Que Se Pierde

I keep translating *traduzco continuamente*
entre palabras words *que no son las mias*
into other words which are mine
de palabras a mis palabras.

Y finalmente de quen es el texto?

Who do words belong to?

Del escritor o del traductor writer,
translator

o de los idiomas or to language itself?

Traductores, somos fantasmas que viven

entre aquel mundo y el nuestro

translators are ghosts who live

in a limbo between two worlds

pero poco a poco me ocurre

que el problema no es cuestion

de lo que se pierde in traducion

the problem is not a question

of what gets lost in translation

sino but rather lo que se pie de

what gets lost

entre la ocurrencia—sea de amor o de agonía

between the happening of love or pain

y el hecho de que llega

a existir en palabras

and their coming into words.

Para nosotros todos, amantes, habladores

for lovers or users of words

el problema es este this is the difficulty—

lo que se pierde what gets lost

no es lo que se pierde in traducion sino

is not what gets lost in translation

but more

what gets lost in language itself

lo que se pierde

en el hecho en la lengua,

en la palabra misma.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

As we're hardly the first to note, ballet stars, who used to blossom early and fade fast, are hanging on longer and longer. An itinerant dance lover we know has recently caught glimpses of three of the brightest stars of yesteryear and has favored us with this report:



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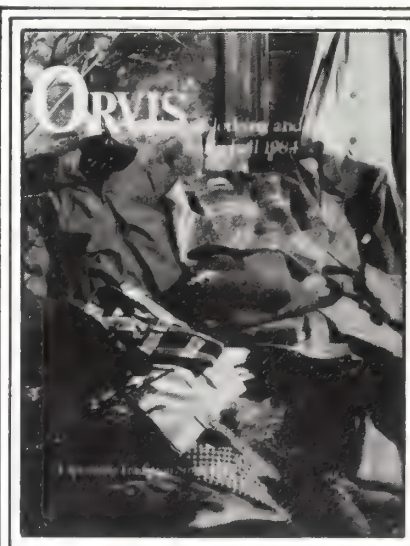
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"Tamara Karsavina called dancers 'butterflies of a brief summer,' highlighting thereby the transient physical skill of ballet's artists, whose muscular prime is usually past by their early forties. But some dancers refuse to surrender to the years, and part of their greatness lies in the accommodation of hard-won skill to diminishing physical powers. There can then result interpretations in which dance seems reduced to a precious and infinitely potent essence: thus it was with Ulanova, Danilova, Markova, Fonteyn—all of whom danced gloriously into their fifties.

"This year has brought a notable crop of ballet stars who have broken the time barrier. Chief among them is Alicia Alonso, as any will recognize who saw her in the Metropolitan Opera's centenary gala in May. Now in her midsixties, Alonso appeared in the second-act duet from *Giselle*, the dance so still, so feathery (thanks to her stalwart partner, Jorge Esquivel) that it seemed no more than a breath of compassionate mist. Rather less compelling was *La Diva*, in which she appeared recently in London. Intended as an homage to Maria Callas, it offered an unlikely finale: the veteran ballerina was laid out on top of a concert grand, which served as a bier, and then, as Alonso reared up in statuesque pose, as a triumphal car, while six chaps pushed it in the general direction of the upstage wing. The piano was not, as it seemed, being hijacked to Cuba, nor did the event have much to do with Callas. Mad, bad, made credible only by Alonso's authority, *La Diva* looked like a dry run for *Queen Lear*.

"A more impressive example of dance longevity was seen in Paris in May, when Jean Babilé returned at the age of sixty-one to the role, in *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, with which he dazzled Europe in 1946. (I enclose a shot from the old days.) Babilé was then, as he is now, an artist touched by the fire of genius. Today there is inevitably some loss of youthful elasticity, and his prodigious jump is careful rather than breathtaking, but in everything else—in physical daring; in the taut power

of his presence, with his predator's profile unchanged beneath the shock of hair; in his blaze of temperament—Babilé remains gloriously, unapproachably the young man whose erotic torments in his garret end as he hangs himself and follows



Death—a glamorous masked creature in an evening gown—across the roofs of Paris. An existential fable cunningly made by Cocteau to sum up the condition of post-war youth, the ballet lives again in the light of Babilé's greatness.

"Also astounding was Maya Plisetskaya, tigress *assoluta* of the Bolshoi, appearing in her fifty-ninth year as Phèdre in Serge Lifar's ballet (after Racine's tragedy) during the dance Biennale in Lyons in June. She was the guest of the Ballet du Rhin, in which modest surroundings she stormed and blazed in beauty and yards of red chiffon. She looked like an empress slumming, but she was Lifar's and Racine's heroine to the life—and the death. The *monstre sacré*, plague carrier of the 'red and gold' disease that infects all of us who love to see stars flaming and flaunting in the theater, is not a dying breed."

THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE

You can't bury dirt deep enough.

We were browsing in the Yale University Press's hefty new *catalogue raisonné* of the vast collection of avant-garde art amassed in the twenties and thirties by the self-styled Société Anonyme—which in fact consisted of the Brooklyn art patron Katherine S. Dreier and her close friend and adviser Marcel Duchamp. On page 210, a fleeting reference appears to

PRIVATE LINE

Dreier's "brief marriage in 1911 with American painter Edward Trumbull."

Brief indeed. On August 22, 1911, the *New York Times* reported, "Miss Dreier Finds She Is Not A Wife . . . Wedding Cards Recalled." Mr. Trumbull, "several years the junior of Miss Dreier and belonging to one of the oldest families in Connecticut," according to the news item, left the wedding party abruptly after the exchange of vows to fly to the side of his mother in Detroit and then telegraphed his new bride that he had some-



thing to tell her. It seems he was not "legally free" of a model he had previously married, in London.

Miss Dreier left at once for one of those long trips abroad. Word of the Brooklyn society girl's misalliance must have preceded her to the gabby salon of Gertrude Stein, to which she had been introduced by Edward Steichen. Soon after her arrival, Duchamp began working on sketches of a magnum opus (our picture), which he sold to Miss Dreier years later. Now known as *The Large Glass*, it had a working title that was more evocative: *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*.

Miss Dreier, who carried a torch for Duchamp the rest of her life, never tried to marry again, even.

A NOTHER'S LOVE

We couldn't wait to look into the new "Critical and Synoptic Edition" of *Ulysses*, just out in three volumes (1,919 pages; \$200) from Garland, the publishers of such related tomes as *The James Joyce Songbook* and *Understanding "Finnegans Wake"*. As an indefatigable, computer-equipped team of a dozen Joyceans discovered in their seven-year labors, their hero's sprawling epic of the breaking modern age was riddled with some 5,000 errors, which comes to an average of seven per page.

The job in reconstructing James Joyce's playful prose was not all a matter of cleaning up. The telegram Stephen Dedalus receives in Paris—which used to read, "Mother dying come home father"—has been amended to begin "Nother dying." And sure enough, would a garbled cable not be truer to life than one that is word and letter perfect?

We couldn't help feeling that insights on this order are a rather paltry return for seven years of labor (the novel itself was written in that amount of time). Still, the new edition does flash light into one important, previously murky corner. Readers have long yearned to know the "word known to all men" that Stephen asks the ghost of his mother to tell him in the novel's hallucinatory Nighttown episode. Nother (oops) is no help, since she does not reply.

The word is love. The clue is in a five-line passage never before published. (It reads, in part, "Do you know what you are talking about? Love, yes. Word known to all men.") Hugh Kenner, one of the foremost of American Joyce scholars, feels that with the inclusion of the restored passage, the new edition "amounts to a new book, because so many things are sharpened and firmed up." With respect, we demur. The answer to the riddle makes the book too pat; it was richer when it was ambiguous. If you want to send a message, they used to say, send a telegram. □

Contributors: Clement Crisp, Ross Davies, Thomas Hoving, Julie Iovine, Kevin Krajick, Mark Matousek, Henri Veit
Edited by Matthew Gurewitsch



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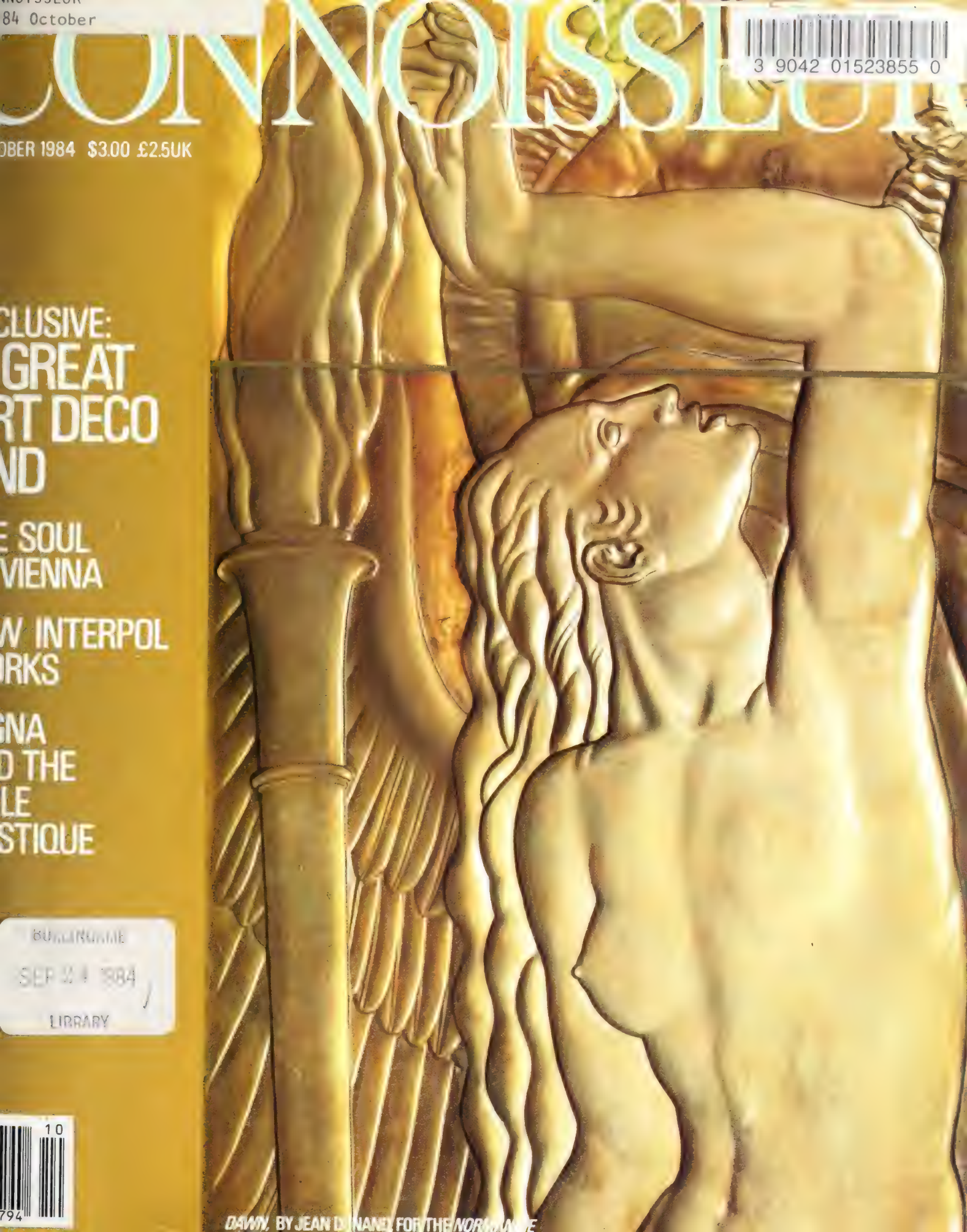
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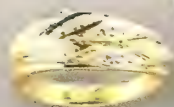
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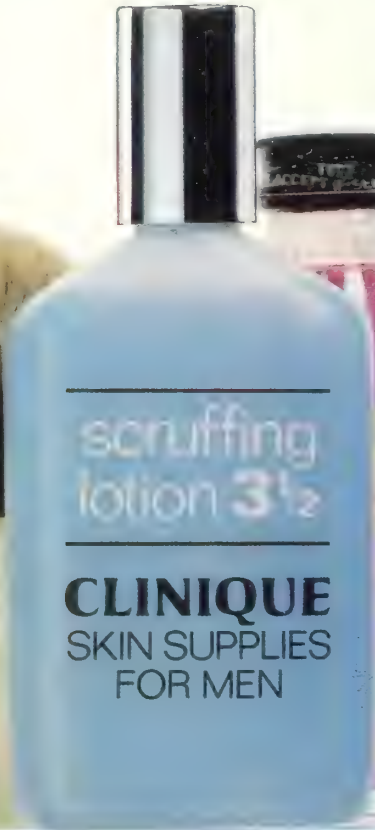
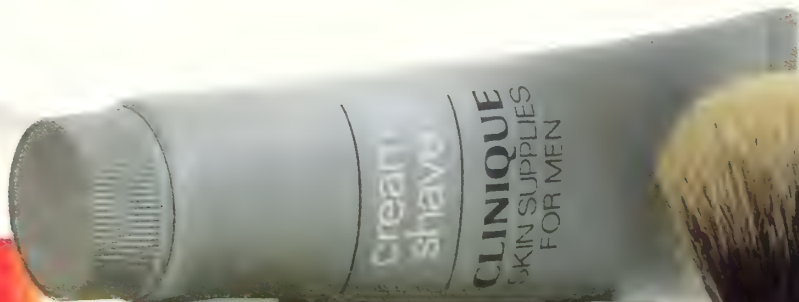
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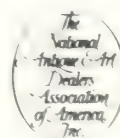
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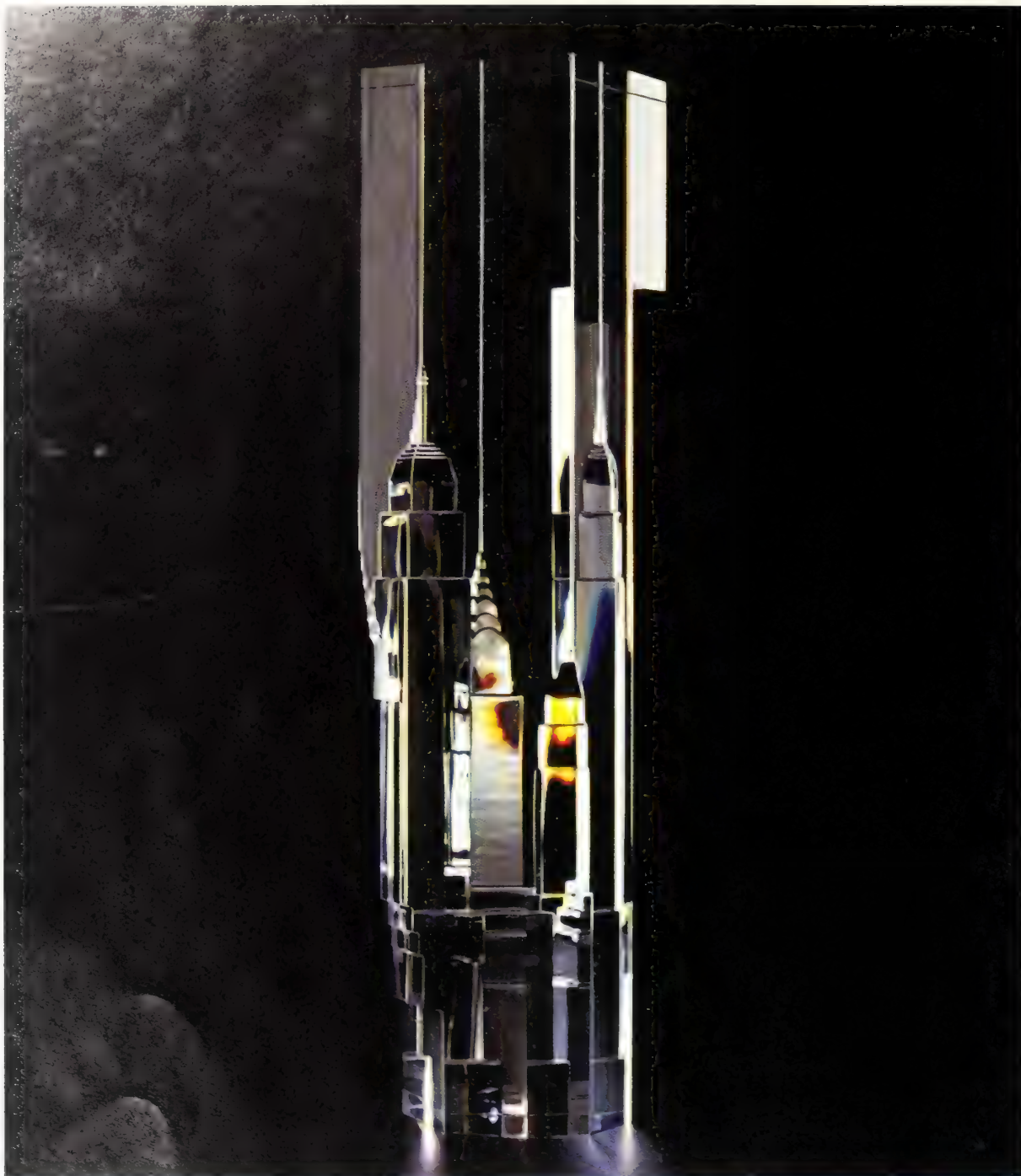
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

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"Do your readers ever write letters to *Connoisseur*?" people ask me. Of course they do. Since March 1982, when the magazine came to America, we've received hundreds of letters. Their volume is not steady enough to permit us to maintain a regular column, but it certainly is sufficient to keep us on our toes. Some have purred with pleasure; others have sighed in exasperation; and still others have groaned, growled, and even howled. Every one is answered personally.

We took heed of "Whistler's Mother" in a special way in the October 1983 issue, and received this letter, a favorite of mine:

Dear Sirs:

I am a collector of Whistleriana, with a special collection of images of "Whistler's Mother." You have now provided me with my first example of one printed backwards.

It was only a few years ago that man was privileged to glimpse the other side of the moon. Now, thanks to you, we have a fairly clear view of the other side of Whistler's mother.

[Signed] Arnold Klein

In changing the magazine from one with 20,000 subscribers devoted principally to visual art to one dedicated to quality in all fields of creativity, we got a few brickbats. "I am not [satisfied] with this new *Connoisseur*; unless I see a return to the magazine as it was, I shall become a *subscriber who was*." The answer simply had to be "Please cancel at once, because we plan to continue our exciting—and refreshing—diversity. Sorry, but I adore *Connoisseur*, and so do 191,000 other people." Today that figure is 260,000.

When one of our far-flung writers described the Soviet Union as a place where "dress is drab, and nowhere does a snappy store window or neon sign enliven the

Soviet landscape," a reader excoriated us, saying, "How crazy can you be if you talk about drab Russia?" She went on to extol the place as a never-ending panorama of sweetness and light. My answer: In some fifteen visits to the CCCP over the years, I did indeed find much beauty and humor but, like our contributor, discovered even more of the "drab, the sad, the oppressed, the cagey, and the KGB."

In September 1983 we published our ranking of America's top 101 art collectors. Dozens of readers suggested names we had overlooked, and many collectors thanked us for the honor; there was also a missive from a lawyer who demanded that a client "be placed, as soon as possible, on the next list"—or else. Recently, a real lawsuit exploded in our mailbox following the architecture critics Peter Blake and Thomas Walton's ranking of Washington, D.C.'s best—and worst—monuments, in this year's June issue. We judged the Viet-

nam monument as very, very fine, but the unworthy, later addition by the neorealist Frederick Hart was called "a memorial to two muggers and one muggee." That was a form of malicious slander, the lawyers claimed. In truth, it was merely art criticism. And when the president of the Institute of Homeopathy wrote in to protest the authors' description of a statue to Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy, as "elaborate and sententious," we responded that we were sorry our piece had caused grief, commenting, "Alas, sometimes, between a man and his monument, there can be a great gulf. With Dr. Hahnemann, the gulf is wide."

We have received other outraged letters, too. The cover story on cigars, last March, generated a host of complaints, of which the following was typical: "Using the word *best* in the title 'Searching for the World's Best Cigar' connotes a degree of Good. It is akin to saying . . . 'Searching for the Best Case of Gangrene.' " Ouch!

These delightfully sharp exchanges will no doubt continue, but the majority of our letters praise the magazine, suggest ideas for articles, or give us vital pieces of information. After we published an article on Wooton desks (November 1983)—the supercomplex wooden, rolltop office wonders of the late nineteenth century, with their many nooks, pigeonholes, and drawers—we learned from a reader that his grandfather, "Zue" Jackson, was the only craftsman who worked on Wooton desks whose name is still known. He signed it underneath the same drawer of every desk he made, and this discovery has added to the scholarship of the field.

Some letters can be great fun. On the same day last January two came in commenting on our cover story about truffles. To one reader, the fat, pink truffle pig on the cover was awful: ". . . I feel so infinitely critical of your January issue because it is so unlovely, because it has a pig on the cover . . ." To the other? "Only by chance did I find your January '84 copy in the street this morning. Your cover with the pig attracted me. Crazy but I do like pigs." Thank you, one and all. □



THE FALL OF '84

This month offers a cornucopia of superb art, some of which many of which are still a long distance to see. Here is the rest of the lot.

Cleveland—"Dreadful Fire. The Burning of the Houses of Parliament," at the Museum of Art, through November 4. One hundred and fifty years ago, on October 16, all London turned out to watch as the houses of Parliament burned through the night. J.M.W. Turner was among the many artists who were to record the flagrant occasion, and this exhibition for the first time gathers a sizable body of his pictorial impressions, including various watercolor sketches, and the two famous oils now belonging to Cleveland and Philadelphia. No other painting of the event captured the night's scenes so dramatically as Turner's firescapes.

Houston—"Lartigue," at the Benteler Galleries, October 18–November 27. Jacques-Henri Lartigue, who took his first photograph in 1902 at the age of eight, is ninety years old, a hardy survivor from La Belle Epoque, the era of elegance and turmoil that came to a tragic end in 1914 with the outbreak of World War I. He hopes to be present for the opening of this fascinating photographic record of his lifetime. In Lartigue's vivid, deceptively casual images of the fashionable world of the Bois de Boulogne or the races at Auteuil, we can see an entire period captured unawares, its essential, jaunty flavor given permanent visual identity. Lartigue's photographs of the 1920s are no less significant of a vanished time. His portraits of women from the 1930s, cool, sleek, and self-aware—like *Renée*, opposite—in particular hold an undiminished fascination for us today.

New York—"Van Gogh in Arles," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, October 18–December 30. This is the first major show devoted to the work produced by van Gogh during his fifteen-month stay in Arles (February 1888–May 1889). There, exhilarated almost to a point of frenzy by the radiant light and vivid colors of the Midi, he found his approach to art completely transformed. The 191 paintings and drawings gathered together at the Met, from collections in the United States, Europe, and Russia, comprise not only a record of van Gogh's growing obsession with the South but also a fever chart of the mental illness that led him to cut off

his left ear and present it to one of the local whores. Here are the famous self-portrait with bandaged head; a study of Dr. Rey, the intern who attended the artist in the hospital after his act of self-mutilation; views of the countryside around Arles, pulsating with the fierce Provençal light; the little yellow house that van Gogh shared for two disastrous months with Paul Gauguin, who fled from Arles in terror of his life. There is also a complementary selection of works painted by Gauguin during his time in Arles. The combination of powerful imagery, Expressionist fervor, and abnormal psychology is sure to attract huge crowds. Tickets are available through Ticketron and Teletron.

London—"George Stubbs," at the Tate Gallery, October 18, 1984–January 6, 1985. Until 1957, the date of the last major exhibition of his work, George Stubbs (1724–1806) was considered to be nothing more than a painter of horseflesh. Since the late 1950s, however, he has come to be recognized as one of the geniuses of British painting and an artist of exceptionally wide-ranging sympathy, equally adept at depicting animals, human beings, and landscapes, especially cultivated ones.

Moreover, it is now clear that, despite the anatomical scholarship that went into his paintings of animals, he is less a realist than a poet; a lyrical celebrant of order, grace, and social harmony. Nevertheless, in some of his most famous works—above all, in his paintings of tropical animals and of horses being attacked by lions—he shows a full awareness of the forces of destructiveness and disorder. At the Tate, in what is the largest gathering of Stubbs's work ever organized, the full reach of his prodigious talent is on display for the first time. For those who don't catch it in London, the show will move to the Yale Center for British Art next year (February 13–April 7, 1985).

Washington, D.C.—"Old Master Drawings from the Albertina," at the National Gallery, October 28, 1984–January 13, 1985. To celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of political and economic relations between the United States and Austria, the Albertina museum, in Vienna,

founded in 1764 and the home of one of the world's richest collections of drawings and prints, is sending seventy-five of its choicest holdings to Washington (and, from March 8 to May 26, 1985, to the Morgan Library, in New York). At the Albertina itself, selected original works are displayed in frequent rotation, since drawings are too susceptible to the effects of strong light over an extended period. Instead, the Viennese have to be content with a permanent exhibition of facsimiles—some superb, some tatty—of the most celebrated items in the collection.

Americans are luckier and will be able to feast their eyes for a time on the drawings themselves, including such world-renowned masterpieces of draftsmanship as Dürer's *Knight on Horseback* and *The Virgin Nursing the Child*; Hans Holbein's *Two Angels Holding an Escutcheon*; Pieter Brueghel's *Painter and Connoisseur*; Rembrandt's *An Elephant and Landscape with Drawbridge*; Rubens's *Susanna Fourment*; Raphael's *Two Studies of Male Nudes*; Michelangelo's *Seated Male Nude*; and Watteau's *Two Studies of a Young Woman*. For anyone with a taste for the intimate and highly personal work of art, this will be the exhibition of the season.

Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry (limited facsimile edition, Faksimile-Verlag, Lucerne; distributed in the U.S. by Harry N. Abrams, New York; \$6,800). This is merely a book, but it amounts to a veritable exhibition in one's own living room. Among European illustrated manuscripts none equals in either visual splendor or artistic significance *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*, an illuminated prayer book begun around 1410 by the Flemish painters Pol de Limbourg and his two brothers for the duke of Berry, brother of King Charles V of France and the greatest art patron of his time. Unfinished at the time of the duke's death, in 1416, the manuscript passed into the hands of the duke of Savoy, for whom it was completed by Jean Colombe some seventy-five years after it had been begun. Housed at present in the Musée Condé, in Chantilly, near Paris, the manuscript is too fragile to be exhibited publicly. Now it can be enjoyed in its entirety for the first time in one of the finest facsimiles done in

A clockwise sampling of the fall's best art—opposite from top left: *Life in the 1400s* as recorded in *Les Très Riches Heures*; October and February; Rembrandt's elephant, Rubens's *Susanna Fourment*, and Dürer's mounted knight are among the many masterpieces from the Albertina; Lartigue photographed the seductive spirit of the 1930s in such portraits as *Renée*; Stubbs painted more than mere horseflesh; van Gogh's Arles; how Parliament burned, by Turner.



modern times, a landmark that reproduces the original almost perfectly.

Despite the beauty of the script and the exquisite design of the illuminated initials, the most outstanding feature of the work is the 131 illustrations, especially the full-page miniatures, measuring roughly 5 1/2" x 9", that depict the months of the year and offer one of the most searching of fifteenth-century commentaries on man's relation to nature. The miniatures combine the realistic depiction of daily life with extraordinary grace and lyricism. In *February*, the first landscape in Western art to depict snow, we see the virtual suspension of labor during the coldest month of the year; in *June*, the peasants mowing a golden meadow; in *October*, a tattered, unhappy-looking peasant sowing grain outside the walls of the Louvre, in Paris.

The facsimile edition is bound in red leather in exactly the same design and format as the original. Accompanying it is an English commentary by Raymond Cazelles of the Musée Conde, setting forth the historical and artistic background to the manuscript. Only 980 copies of *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry* are available for sale worldwide, with 350 in the United States.

—Dale Harris



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WINE NOT?

It sounds innocent enough. Christie's New York will be holding a seminar on wine investing on October 16 at 6 P.M., featuring such speakers as Michael Broadbent, the auction house's master of wine, and the renowned London vintage-wine merchant John Armit. Leading New York wine merchants, investment advisers, and collectors will also attend; and with a little help from the laymen in the audience the evening could easily turn into a vigorous debate on a burning collateral issue: the New York State laws that effectively bar auctioneers and wine merchants from each other's turfs.

The laws deserve such debate—to put it mildly. For all New York's reputation as the world center of entrepreneurship and free trade and high living, the state legislature consistently upholds laws that make it practically impossible for anyone to auction even fine old vintage wines to an eager and growing collectors' market that no doubt would surpass that in London. By upholding these laws the legislators are bowing to a powerful lobby of retail and wholesale liquor merchants animated by nothing more elegant than greed. Nor is such a harsh statement unjustified. The

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brooch 18K white metal
Victorian diamond brooch
18K white metal

lobby's arguments simply do not stand up to scrutiny.

If the auction houses entered the wine market—so the trade maintains—they would eventually deal directly with vineyards, bypassing the traditional wholesalers, and thus put many retailers out of business. The London experience exposes such reasoning as patent nonsense. In London, where Christie's has held wine sales since 1776, and Sotheby's since 1970, current auction volume amounts to about \$13 million a year—a tiny fraction of the thriving English trade. Nor have Christie's regular wine auctions in Chicago disrupted the markets there. Auctioneers and collectors have little interest in new wines or spirits, only in tried-and-true vintages; moreover, there is too much good wine coming on the worldwide markets every year for such "fears" to be justified.

Some New York merchants counter that they might be willing to allow the likes of Christie's and Sotheby's to sell fine vintages at auction, but that the public must be protected against hucksters trying to make a quick buck. Again, the experi-

ence in London has shown that only the two major houses have been able to support specialist wine departments. As many upstart auctioneers have learned from their own failures, there is more to auctioneering than printing a catalogue and banging a hammer; as with any specialized business requiring broad knowledge and based on trust, frauds don't last long.

Wine auctions—or any other sort of auctions—provide fair market value to amateurs, collectors, estate executors, and anyone else who wants to buy or sell. Put another way, an auction is a matter between mutually consenting adults. And, in fact, the scrupulous merchant, as the London experience once again demonstrates, welcomes the independent corroboration of his pricing practices that auction records afford.

With so many arguments in favor of auctions, and so few against, the New York laws should be challenged. And now, rumor has it, one well-known New York wine dealer is preparing to try to do just that. Can a single, well-organized foray overturn the state restrictions, or will it take a war? Stay tuned. —J.L.

ANCIENT BEAUTIES—PLUS ÇA CHANGE

Turquoise hair was popular with the courtesans of imperial Rome long before it was flaunted by punks in the streets of London and New York. Like today's jet-setters, Tutu, wife of the Egyptian scribe Aní (New Kingdom, circa fifteenth century B.C.), never traveled without her beauty case—well stocked with an ivory comb, five different kohl vials with applicators, a pumice stone, alabaster and terra-cotta vases for perfumes and unguents, as well as a change of fine red-leather sandals. And the sallow pancake makeup of TV-age politicians cannot compare for impact with that of Cyrus the Great of Persia, whose heavily outlined eyes and skilfully shaded complexion made him look like a living statue to awed beholders.

One can see the cosmetics fashions and fads of the ancient world in exhibition at Villa Malpensata, in Lugano, Switzerland (October 15–November 15). The beauty aids of ages past appear amazingly similar to our own. The ancients put the same accent on the potential benefits—beautification and rejuvenation—and the same stress on fine packaging, attractive scents, and exotic imports. They had their mirrors, tweezers, beauty cases, and vials, just as we do, and apparently knew a great deal



Like most Roman gentry, this youth carried perfume in the bulla hanging from his neck.

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The two archaeologists of fashion have focused their attention on emollient creams, masks, and tints. They have discovered that Roman ladies conditioned their skin with refreshing cucumber and rose-petal face packs; when more drastic measures were called for, mixtures in-

cluded such bizarre ingredients as blood and crocodile excrement—not so different from our smearing our lips with petroleum products and scenting our skins with whale vomit. Artificially colored hair and skin were all the rage at the time of the Caesars. Fashion-conscious women adopted the raven-locked “Breton” look, or the flaxen “Germanic” style. They painted their faces with henna, in the “Libyan” mode, and with thick coats of chalk or white lead in the “Greek” manner.

Rossi Osmida is optimistic about the results of his investigations, and with good reason: after three years of painstaking labors, he has successfully re-created four ancient oil-based perfumes—the Royal Unguent, reportedly favored by the Persian King Darius, as well as the Metopian, Rhodian, and Myrtle-Laurel scents, particularly in vogue in the Latin world during the first century B.C.

The Royal Unguent is composed of twenty-eight different substances, gathered from the four corners of the earth as specified in the ancient recipes. "After all, cinnamon from the Seychelles is simply not the same thing as the Chinese and Indian varieties," exclaims Rossi Osmida. Even the time of harvest is important: for example, the olives used for the oil base are plucked during the first ten days of August; their high acidity at that time promotes evaporation. Rossi Osmida has even insisted on using only archaeologically documented reproductions of the original grinding and cooking instruments to prepare the ancient concoctions.

Of course, his methods of manufacture are extremely time-consuming and expensive. "Modern perfumers wouldn't find it profitable to undertake production of the

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AN AUTUMN WALK IN SoHo

Every year, there are about twenty-three perfect days in the life of New York City. Six of them come in October, when the crisp, rich hues of autumn coincide with the burst of oil and acrylic colors of the art galleries in the district locally known as SoHo (for south of Houston Street); specializing mostly in contemporary work, they are just emerging from their summer hibernation.

For a distracted, two-hour tour of a

SoHovian's SoHo, start on the southwest corner of Sullivan and Houston streets. Sullivan is little Little Italy, a street so untouched by time that you shouldn't be surprised to see a horse-drawn ice wagon. Promenade southward past the butcher, the baker, the greengrocer, and the Italian social clubs that have been on this street for generations. A couple of new stores have squeezed in, however, the best of which is Depression Modern, carrying original, elegant items of that era.

At Prince Street, turn left and proceed to the corner of Thompson, where Milady's Bar has a great selection of Frank Sinatra on the jukebox. Turn right and saunter. Thompson has been commercialized only recently, its small shops an unpretentious counterbalance to the Latin Quartering and Ghirardelli Squaring of their earlier, colossal competitors around the block on West Broadway. Most sell both the useful and the enchanting. F.D.R. Drive and the Kid (next-door to one another) carry

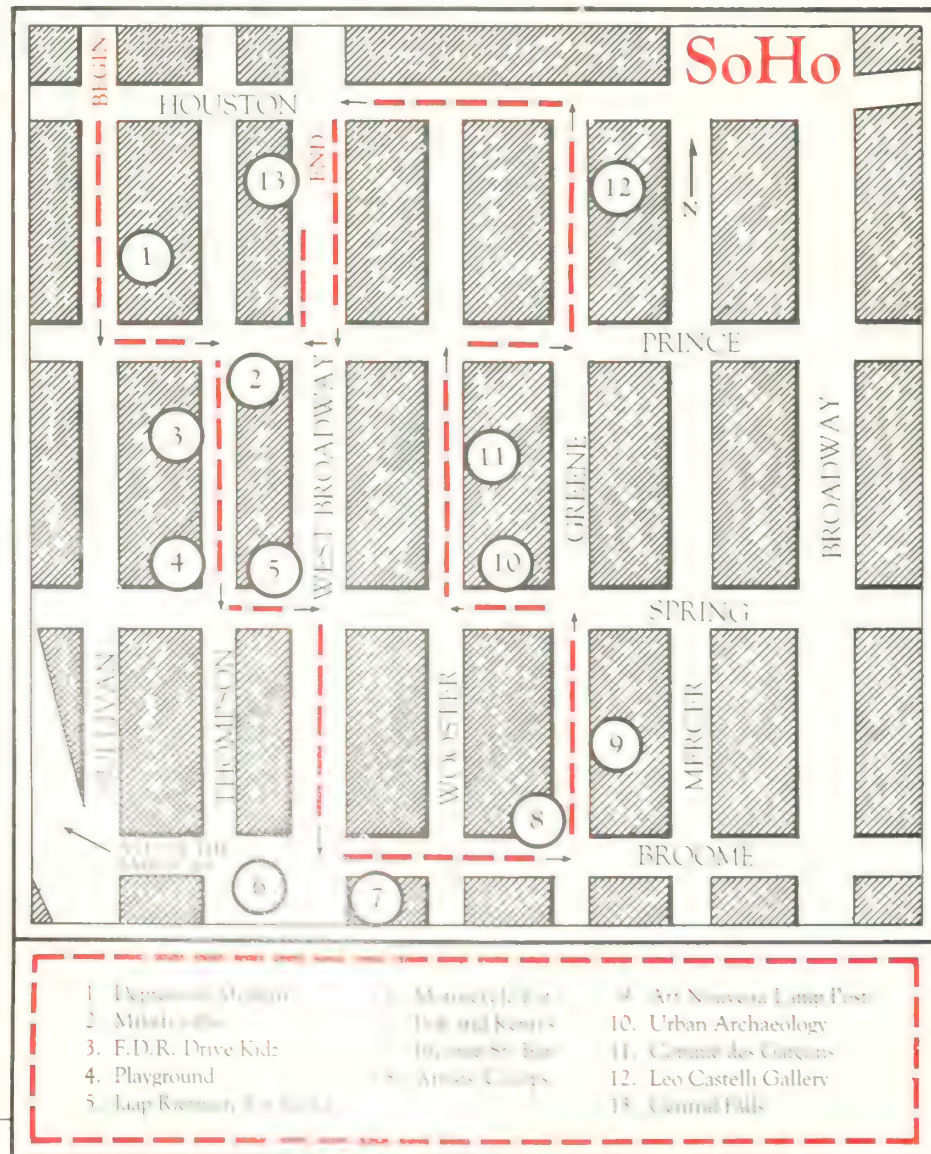
antique children's clothing that makes you wish you were young again. The playground on the corner of Thompson and Spring streets (the latter was named for the spring still running beneath it) is a perfect spot for a bit of sun and a dash of people-watching.

Turn left on Spring toward Jaap Rietman Art Books, on the northwest corner of Spring and West Broadway, one flight up. Rietman carries a fine selection of books on both the local and international artists whose work is hanging elsewhere in the neighborhood. This intersection is the major crossroads of SoHo. Walk south between the bountiful art galleries. Two of the more intriguing galleries are O. K. Harris (at 383 West Broadway) and the Dia Art Foundation (393 West Broadway). Dia shows one piece of sculpture (*The Broken Kilometer*, by Walter De Maria) in perpetuity. O. K. is usually well beyond that meager appellation, exhibiting two or three different artists at the same time.

When you reach the crossing of West Broadway and Broome (named after the man who opened the tea trade with China), on your right will be what looks like a pile of scrap iron. Don't be fooled: it's both art and a motorcycle parking lot, assembled by the sculptor Robert Bolls. On the southeast corner is Bob and Kenn's Broome St. Bar, housed in a circa 1830 Federal house and serving the best fast hamburger in New York. Across the street, on the corner of Wooster and Broome, is one of the prettiest buildings in the neighborhood—a grand Romanesque-revival brick and brownstone. Nowadays it's a co-op, owned and renovated by the artists who live there. Ten years ago, when they moved in, they paid \$30,000 for 3,000-square-foot lofts. Today the same spaces are worth more than \$500,000.

Continue along Broome Street to Greene (together they feature what is considered the finest grouping of midnineteenth-century cast-iron architecture in the world), and turn north on Greene, a relatively unrenovated street. In front of number 62 stands a landmark cast-iron lamp post. The lamp doesn't work, but its pristine art nouveau design deserves a moment of appreciation. Most of this neighborhood was built in the 1870s (look at the top of the buildings for engravings of the precise years) and was occupied by warehouses and light industry. At the time it was well known as "Hell's Hundred Acres."

At Spring Street, turn left. Urban Ar-





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chaeology is a fine store for browsing through salvaged gargoyles and other architectural fixtures. Onward to Wooster, and head north to Comme des Garçons—if only for the sheer pleasure of seeing a few hundred select articles of clothing displayed for sale in a 6,800-square-foot loft. The Japanese-designed clothing is priced accordingly. On the corner of Wooster and Prince, you may recognize the Food restaurant. This upscale natural-food cafeteria is where Jill Clayburgh was forsaken by Michael Murphy in *An Unmarried Woman*. Turn right on Prince and walk east, back to Greene. Proceed up Greene to number 142, just shy of Houston, to see what Leo Castelli is showing in his gallery there. He normally shows the work of a single artist, and this year's Bruce Nauman sculpture and neon pieces are no exception.

Turn left on Houston and walk west back to West Broadway. The almost classically simple high rises to the right were designed by I. M. Pei in the 1960s. Take in the remaining galleries along West Broadway, such as Nancy Hoffman (429), who specializes in photorealism and abstracts on large canvases, or the Cayman gallery (381), which carries works by Hispanic artists. Double back to Central Falls, just south of Houston. It's a locale that does four things better in one place than almost any other in the neighborhood does in four: it serves good food, exhibits good contemporary art and photographs, has an unembarrassing bar, and offers live chamber music by competent musicians on weekends. Afterward, to return to the hotel, you can walk out and hail a cab—something formerly impossible in Hell's Hundred Acres. —Michael Weber

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BACK ROAD TO VIENNA

The trouble with the main Salzburg-Vienna route, as with most super-highways, is that it keeps people from seeing the country. Each year thousands of tourists, especially after attending the famed Salzburg Festival, take the swift autobahn to Vienna, some two and a half hours down the road. What they miss along the way is Austria. As a more rewarding alternative, a venturesome traveler might choose the back roads—allowing two and a half days instead of two and a half hours—and discover enchanting baroque towns set in awesome Alpine scenery along these

winding but properly maintained byways.

The first stop, less than an hour east of Salzburg, might well be Schloss Fuschl, a foursquare medieval castle on a land spit jutting out into a clear-blue mountain lake. After the war, the castle was converted into a luxurious hotel with many rooms furnished in the traditional peasant style of the region. The clientele tends to

In Hallstatt, savor a dish of Reinanken freshly caught in the lake.

be elegant, international, occasionally aristocratic—and undeterred by prices of up to \$200 for a double room.

If you prefer a more casual visit, content yourself with coffee on the hotel's terrace and perhaps a small glass of Kaiserbräu—a local pear liqueur that truly captures the essence of the fruit—and then travel on to the next lake, just another fifteen miles or so, stopping at St. Wolfgang.

Here the ambience is that of a stage set come to life. St. Wolfgang lies at the very heart of the Salzkammergut, a region of deep-green lakes sprinkled among small alps—all properly craggy but none tall enough to be the least bit grim. A high-gabled, toylike town, St. Wolfgang rises above the Wolfgangsee and clusters around a church that contains a triptych altarpiece by Michael Pacher (ca. 1435–98), which is widely regarded as one of the finest examples of Gothic woodcarving.

St. Wolfgang's leading hotel, Im Weissen Rössl, has been immortalized in a sprightly operetta by the same name: *The White Horse Inn*. Located right at the water's edge, the hotel has retained an aura of rustic charm, reminiscent of the day when the entire Salzkammergut was the private preserve of the Austrian emperors. The White Horse Inn charges about \$50 per night for two, and equally stylish accommodations can be had at the nearby Schloss Eibenstein Hotel—another converted castle—for about the same price. For snacks and inexpensive meals—or a sampling of the local wines from the Wachau Valley—try the terrace of the Hotel Peter, which offers a sweeping view of lake and mountains.

Along the lakeside promenade is the tiny terminus of one of the last surviving cogwheel mountain railways, pulled by diminutive steam locomotives dating back to the 1890s. On a clear day, take the chugging little train up the Schafberg to

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see the eastern Alps unfold below.

Yet another picturesque lakeside town awaits the back-road traveler at Hallstatt, little more than an hour's drive southeast from St. Wolfgang. Along the way lies the little city of Bad Ischl, famed for Zauner's Konditorei—a combination of bakery and café where exquisite pastries are dispensed under crystal chandeliers in small salons with gilded mirrors and brocaded walls. Earlier in this century, Zauner's supplied the breakfast rolls and pastries to the emperor's villa nearby.

Farther on, Hallstatt itself is one of Europe's oldest settlements, dating back more than 4,000 years, and a fascinating local museum traces the early stages of the region's distinctive culture. The local church, next to a waterfall that plunges through the town, has another splendidly carved late-Gothic altar, and the lakeside restaurants make the most of *Remanen*—a delicious, nutty-flavored kind of pike peculiar to these waters.

Having nearly exhausted the time allot-

Once a private retreat of the Hapsburgs, St. Wolfgang preserves its imperial aura.

ted to this detour, the Vienna-bound traveler will do well to backtrack to Bad Ischl and return to the main road via Gmünden, a lovely baroque city where Franz Schubert used to gather inspiration. After a brief look at the island castle of Schloss Orth, with its exquisite Renaissance courtyard, just outside Gmünden, one rejoins the autobahn to the east to continue the journey to Vienna.

With a little extra time to spare, one may briefly stray once again from the autobahn near Linz to see St. Florian, the baroque monastery where Anton Bruckner played the organ, or Steyr, the ornate city of the Alpine ironmasters of the Renaissance. Of course, the best is left for last: at the road's end lies Vienna, inexhaustible in its beauty and perhaps the only great European capital to have achieved a seamless blend of modernity and tradition.

—Hans Fantel

STRAUSS HAPSBURG BEENE

Thinking about women is what Geoffrey Beene does best, and this year he turned his thoughts to the women of Vienna, the city that inspired his 1984 winter collection. "Vienna is beguiling, full of charm and a graciousness I've never found anywhere else," says the designer, a veteran traveler. Beene has never before been inspired by the cultural aspects of a single city to create an entire line, but during a recent trip to Vienna the harmony of old and new that he found there so fascinated him that he turned to his drawing board.

The result—this year's collection—is a tribute to Vienna that combines full-skirted gowns with regimental stripes or abstract floral patterns, wrapped-bodice casual wear in jersey, ottoman, and taffeta, and full-sleeved jackets that meander to fitted waists. They capture at once the

ease of a Strauss waltz and the flamboyance of street music, Vienna's trim military overtones and its charming romance, its mixture of sleek art deco and baroque imperial architecture. "The Viennese have a way of holding on to traditions that are valid," says the southern-born designer, "not like New Yorkers or Parisians, who abandon everything to go for whatever happens to be fashionable."

The Viennese women's sense of fashion, he observes, also combines modernity with a pride in their heritage. "There is still a strong Tyrolean influence—the full skirts and small fitted jackets. They wear clothes that are useful, but it's their attitude behind the clothes that comes through." Beene wasn't surprised that older women were able to carry off that attitude, but "I was struck by the ease with

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Beene waltzes into 1985 with his "Vienna."

which the city's young women appear to follow their feminine instincts. I watched them in the cafés, usually with their lovers, and they were openly flirtatious, not deliberate, not aggressive, just natural. I realized I hadn't seen anything like it in a long time. They flirted as if no one else existed around them."

Such impressions led Beene to reflect anew upon the fashion directions American women are taking. "I've never seen a woman who I believed didn't want to look and feel like a woman, but women in America," he says sadly, "are starting to think that they have to dress like men just because they're out working. Women should never forsake their feminine attitude."

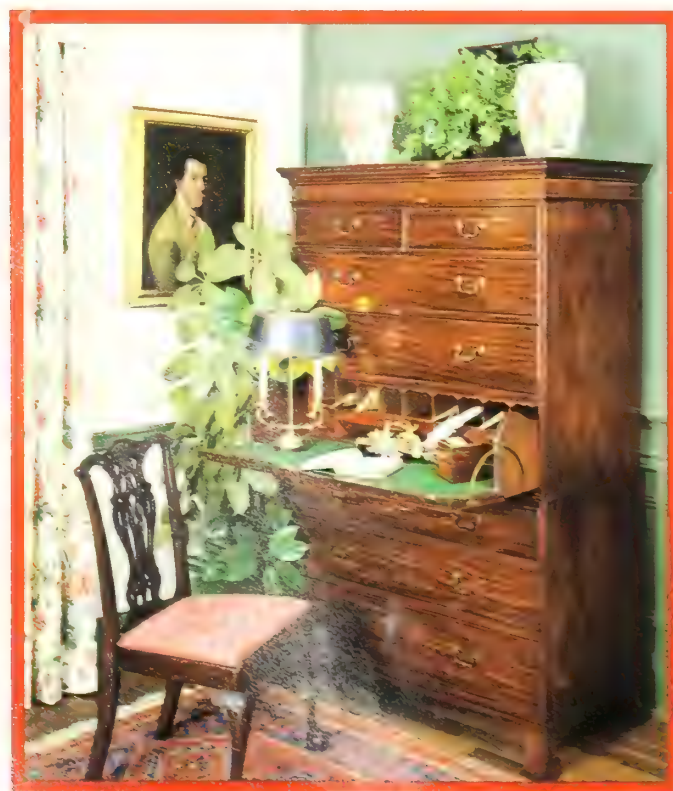
The Vienna line has already met with great initial success on its road tour. What are Beene's plans for spring? Will this designer-philosopher seek inspiration in another city? "I'm going back to Vienna," he replies without hesitation. "There's something new and interesting on every corner." —Joyce Pendola

THE GREAT AVOCADO

Fall, the season of apple picking and wine making, is also an eagerly anticipated time for avocado lovers. It is now that the "greenskin" or "winter" avocados, the most coveted varieties of the fruit, first come into season in California. What a treat!

The best of the greenskins, the pear-shaped Fuerte variety, is prized for a rich, creamy flesh that once caused English sailors to nickname the avocado "midshipman's butter"; it will reach American markets by the middle of November. Because of its high oil content (up to 30 percent), the Fuerte has long been a favorite among cosmetics makers, who use avocado oil, a natural source of vitamin E, in skin creams. The place where most people will encounter the avocado, though, is on the table. The fruit will turn up, deliciously, in salads, cold soups, or guacamole, or on the half shell, with a squeeze of lemon or a dash of salt.

The first recorded description of *Persea Americana*, a member of the laurel family indigenous to Central and South America, was written in 1519 by a Spanish explorer in Colombia. "On the mainland



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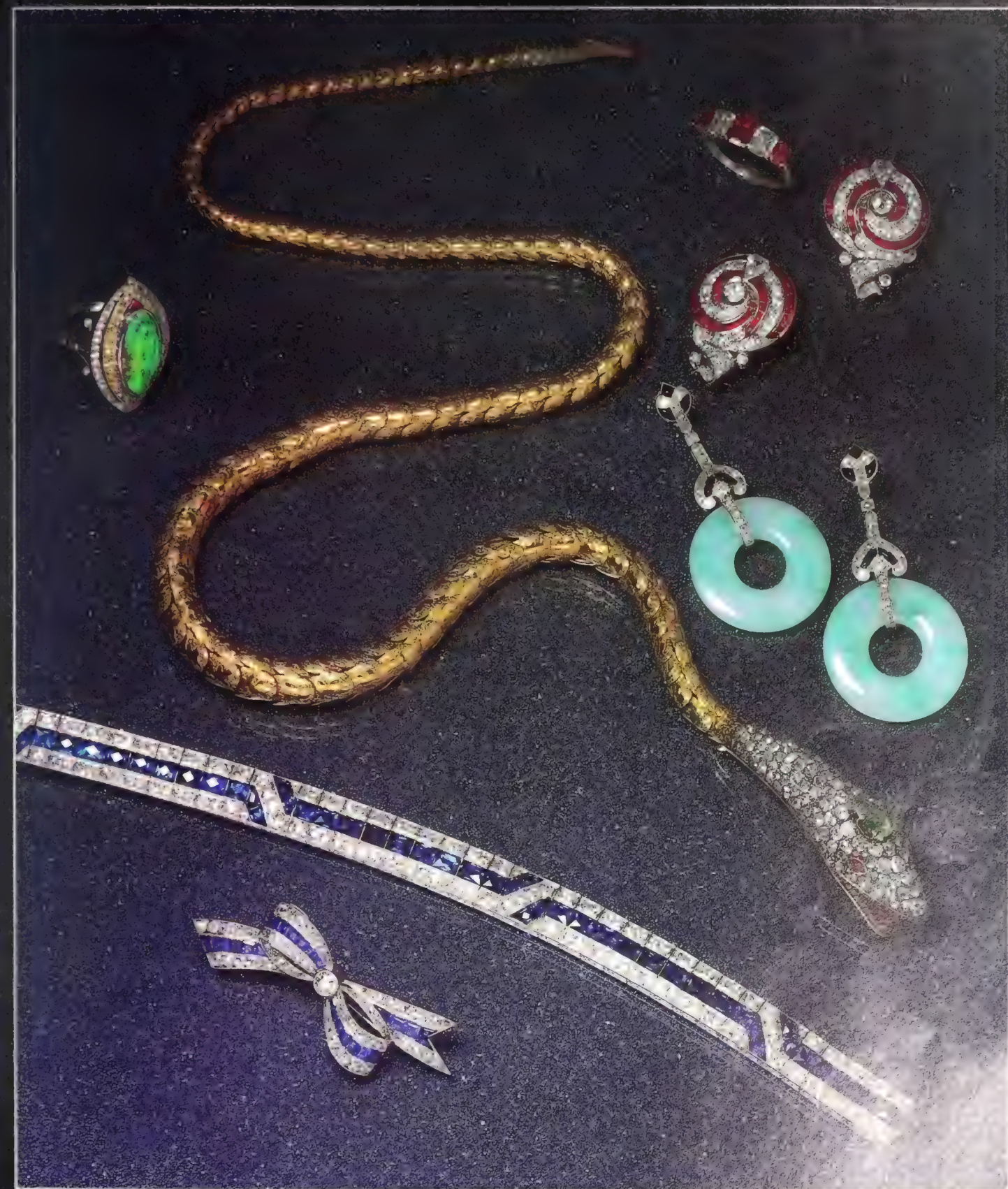


James Robinson



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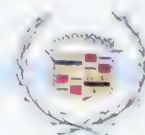
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are certain trees that are called pear trees," he wrote home to the king. "They are wild trees, for the chief gardener is God, and the Indians apply no work whatever to these trees. With cheese these pears taste very well." The Spanish called them *avocados*, a sound substitution for the Aztec *ahuacatl*.

Nowadays, most avocados found in American markets come from California or Florida. Growers in California expect to produce 400 million pounds of the fruit this year; in Florida, 63 million. After the Fuerte, another top-quality avocado is the Hass, whose season also lasts until April. Ranging in weight from eight to ten ounces, with a rounded, teardrop shape, the Hass has an oil content of 15 percent and is well known for its thick, pebbly outer skin, which turns from green to purplish-black when ripe. Florida avocados are more watery; frequently quite large, sometimes weighing two pounds or more, this tropical variety has a characteristically shiny green skin and a low oil content of 3 to 10 percent. They also have about 40

A pride of avocados (clockwise from lower left) the Bacon, Zutano, Reed, Hass, and Fuerte varieties grow in California

percent fewer calories than either the Fuerte or the Hass. (A typical California avocado contains about 300 calories—versus 80 for a whole apple—but avocados contain no cholesterol and provide large amounts of nutrients, ranging from vitamin C and riboflavin to vitamin B₆ and potassium.)

The best book on the avocado is undoubtedly Linda Doeser's *Little Green Avocado Book*, available in hardcover from St. Martin's Press, in New York. Full of information on avocado lore, avocado beauty treatments, and how to nurture an avocado tree, Doeser's book also provides recipes for everything from chilled avocado soup to avocado ice cream. Here is her recipe for guacamole; it is so easy and good that it will please avocado lovers everywhere.

Ingredients: 3 avocados; 3 teaspoons lemon juice; 2 teaspoons olive oil; salt and



pepper; 1 clove garlic (crushed); 1/2 teaspoon ground coriander; 1 finely chopped hard-boiled egg; 1 small green pepper, seeded and chopped; 2 spring onions, chopped; and 1 tomato, peeled, seeded, and chopped. Peel and halve the avocados and discard the stones. Roughly chop the flesh and mash it to a pulp with a fork. Beat in the rest of the ingredients, and either serve immediately with assorted crackers or refrigerate.

—Benjamin C. Swett

CHOICE AUCTIONS

It might not be possible for years to decipher last season's epochal events fully. Some were the result of inescapable forces—the prolonged and painful buy-out melodrama at Sotheby's, Peter Wilson's death, and the installation of the new regime. Others were more deliberate, if no less dramatic—the unexpected anointing of new leadership at Christie's, with the dynamic David Bathurst in London and the scholarly Christopher Burge in New York, under the continuing and amply able tutelage of the Grand Old Man, Chairman Joe Floyd. And there were record-shattering dispersals—Lord Clark's sale (Sotheby's), the Chatsworth sale (Christie's), and the Gould estate (both Sotheby's and Christie's). So, the auction market seems fully recovered from its recent recession. The bankruptcy of Morton's of New Orleans may be—I hope—the last manifestation of the disease of incomprehensible overexpansion that almost devastated even the international giants over the last few years.

London—Phillips, October 9, 1984. Fine English and Continental furniture. An excellent sale featuring a splendid suite of George II seat furniture—a pair of love seats and six dining chairs formerly in Apsley House, in Bedfordshire. These ex-



ceptionally fine pieces should easily surpass the overly modest estimate of \$27,000–\$40,000.

Decidedly less elegant but no less interesting is the **Phillips New York sale of the Sokol collection of aeronautica, October 13, 1984**. Everything from posters, paintings, postcards, and prints to toys and mechanicals covering the entire history of flight in every imaginable shape and size. The sale and Anne Hyman's catalogue will be a sentimental journey down Memory



Left: Early poster from Phillips's sale of aeronautical memorabilia. Above: Brooch from a magnificent sapphire-and-diamond suite by Van Cleef & Arpels, at Sotheby's.

Lane for anyone whose childhood took place largely before 1950.

London, Christie's, October 9, 1984. Ancient coins. By the firm's own admission the most important collection of this type that Christie's has ever handled, this sale of 313 lots of ancient coins, from the 10th century B.C. to the 10th century A.D., is a logical, and aesthetically pleasing, collection formed by the anonymous collector, who lived from 1910 to 1952, and who was determined to assemble a collection of ancient coins.



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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

condition and rarity today—unless you literally bought the entire sale. There will be spirited bidding for dozens of the top lots, such as a large gold medallion of Gallienus (A.D. 253–269) that weighs 1.83 ounces (estimated in the \$120,000 range).

New York, Sotheby's, October 17, 1984. Magnificent jewelry. The Van Cleef & Arpels invisibly set sapphire-and-diamond suite that includes the brooch pictured above is by itself reason to note this sale. The scale and modeling of the floral pieces and the rich, dramatic color overall are simply superb—and, believe it or not, this marvelously elegant suite could well be a bargain, even considering the hefty estimates (brooch, \$60,000–\$80,000; bracelet, \$90,000–\$110,000; earclips, \$50,000–\$60,000).

Elegance of a different sort will be on display at the **Sotheby's Monaco, October 7, 1984, sale of decorative arts.** The lots are a fascinating array of works in many media, such as a splendidly crafted Moser cabinet from the eighth Viennese Secession Exhibition, of 1900.

New York, William Doyle Galleries, October 24, 1984. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings. Pure delight: there is a fine plein air view of Long Island's Shinnecock Hills by William Merritt Chase (estimate: \$300,000–\$400,000), and good works by the likes of Whittredge, Curran, and Dunning. And certainly better value for your money than the ludicrous \$10 million-plus (somebody has to say it!) thrown at a second-rate Turner in London last July are S. J. Guy's transcendently lovely portrait of a child (\$10,000–\$15,000) or a deliciously atypical still life by Ann Sophie Towne Darrah. Despite certain technical problems, this virtuoso rendering of the various textures of fruits and nuts is worth considerably more than the \$3,000–\$4,000 estimate.

London, Bonhams, October 25, 1984. "The Art of Architecture." Bonhams enjoys splendid successes with picture sales geared thematically to leading U.K. sporting events: hounds and dogs in conjunction with February's Crufts Dog Show, at Earl's Court; sporting sales in tandem with the Royal Ascot, in late June. This month's entry is a clever tie-in with the National Festival of Architecture. The sale features a smart selection of historical architectural elevations and views largely of London and, best of all, a reasonable price range.

—James R. Lyons



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The agenda. To accommodate potential bidders nationwide, a series of exhibitions is planned whereby the public is invited to preview representative samples. Lectures and films will be just part of these events that will also include the offering for sale of smaller items of nostalgic interest. Knowl-

edgeable members of the auction staff will be on hand to assist those wishing to place order bids (executed by the gallery during the actual auction). Following this series of exhibitions, the auction will commence in Norfolk, Virginia at the site of the ship. The schedule follows. Check local media for times and the location within each city (or contact Guernsey's).

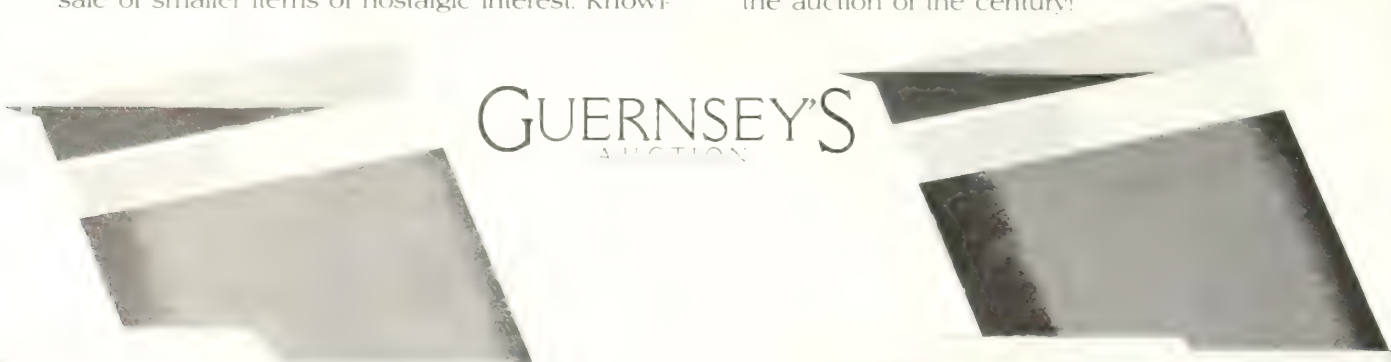
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Aerial photograph gives a panoramic view of this 409 acre estate with its sparkling 50 acre lake. It is located 25 miles north of Atlanta, but is still in the Atlanta phone dialing system. The property contains a large brick owner's home with 5 bedrooms, a 2 bedroom guest cottage, workshop, machinery barn and a boat house which has 2 boat slips on the lake and above it an efficiency apartment. There are fenced pastures, a small vineyard and orchard and a small island with a gazebo at its tip. It is a wonderful country place with great potential for investment or future development. It is offered in 3 ways: The residential compound on 40 acres with lake privileges—\$750,000; 369 acres including the lake—\$1,550,000; or the entire estate—\$2,300,000.



Rise Farm is a lovely country estate. On 340 acres, it is operated on a small scale as a commercial hunting preserve for quail, dove, duck and deer. Located in the central Piedmont region in middle Georgia, it was the home of Joe David Brown, author of "Paper Moon," "Go Forth" and many other books and articles. The main residence is an authentic 1890 Georgian home which was restored and updated in 1976. It has exquisite heart pine floors, high ceilings, 3 bedrooms and 3 1/2 baths. There is also a 2 bedroom caretaker's cottage, a 2 bedroom, 2 bath hunter's cottage. In addition, there are 2 stocked ponds, open meadows and woodlands which provide a habitat for the wildlife. \$575,000.



Westervelt Farms was built to provide an opulent facility for the exhibition, training and care of fine horses. It has hosted royalty and been the home of champion horses and riders on a national and international scale. Completed in 1976, it contains 38,982 sq. ft., an Olympic standard riding arena, 24 box stalls, a teak floored reception hall and viewing lounge with Tiffany side-lights. Set on 120 acres with another 130 acres additionally available, there are fenced pastures, the great riding hall, a farm manager's home, machinery barn, workshop and hay barn. It is located in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, home of the University of Alabama and only 56 miles from Birmingham. With the recent approval of parimutuel horse racing in Birmingham, this legendary facility, Westervelt Farms, has an even greater importance in this equestrian world. \$2,000,000.



"Holly Hill," inspired by the Wythe House in Williamsburg, Va., is the centerpiece of this 16 acre Williamsburg style compound with carriage house, guest cottage and pool, all surrounded by formal gardens, tree lined brick pathways, brick and white picket fences. Completed in 1977, it was the last house designed and built under the supervision of James Means, a partner in the distinguished architectural firm of Neel Reid and Philip T. Schutze. In his passion for perfection, I employed antique heart pine floors, ancient beams and mantles, high ceilings, a formal, symmetrical design. The main residence contains 6,200 sq. ft. of finished living space, a finished basement and attic, 5 bedrooms, 4 full and 2 half bathrooms, a large formal dining room, a large town, about an hour from Atlanta. Additional acreage may be purchased for \$100,000.

MASTERWORKS APLENTY

An eclectic sampling of the riches on the New York art market today.

By Thomas Hoving



A juicy American still life by R. S. Dunning, at Berry-Hill Galleries.

Maybe it's the favorable economy, or the astonishing rise in the dollar that began last spring, or just an outburst of pure luck, but on a recent tour of some of New York's eminent art galleries we found more top-flight works than we had seen in some months. As might be expected, the range of these treasures is extensive. Prices of the works mentioned below are available on request.

Berry-Hill Galleries, Inc.

743 Fifth Avenue; 371-6777

The consummate "search mechanism" of Frederick Hill and James Berry Hill, who specialize in nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American art, have turned up an impressive prize by the great still-life master R. S. Dunning. Dated 1868 and in mint condition, this glowing picture, chock-full of powerfully rendered bananas, melons, grapes, and other sump-

tuous goodies, is the best of the Fall River still-life movement. What's more, the gallery purchased it from the family, who bought it from the artist himself. Now, that's provenance!

Ralph M. Chait Galleries

12 East Fifty-sixth Street; 758-0937

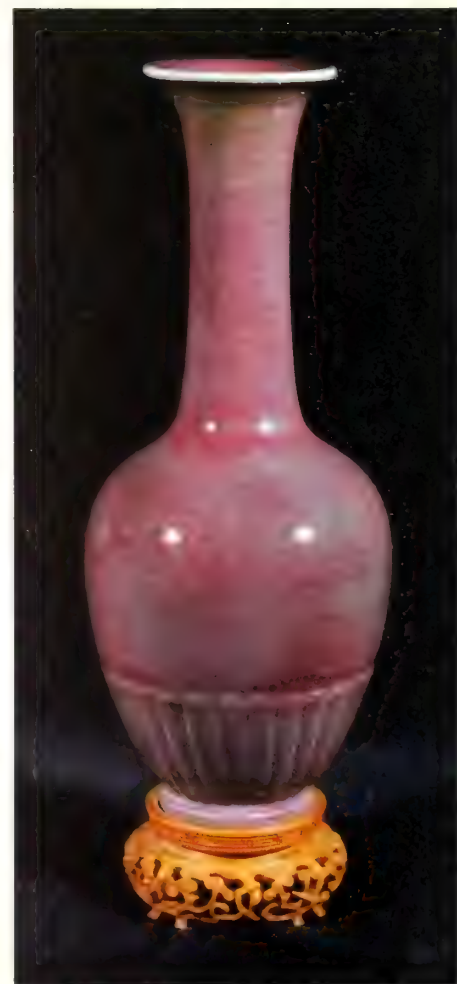
At Chait's, one of the greats in Oriental art, a near-perfect piece may still be on view: a breathtaking Kang Hsi peach-bloom bottle for a scholar's desk, 81 1/4 inches high. In old China, a scholar's desk could have only eight special porcelains, and each—whether inkwell or vase—had to be so perfect that the subtlety of color and majesty of form could be perceived at a great distance. This one, intended to hold a single flower and decorated with a petal motif, is glazed in the magical hue of a ripening peach. It is truly "a rarity within a rarity," as Allan Chait says.

James Robinson

15 East Fifty-seventh Street; 752-6166

Proprietor Edward Munves, Jr., describes his philosophy by saying, "We look for the great things, made for the great people of the past, that today discriminating people can use, or wear, and enjoy." That goes in spades for their jewelry, their rare antique silver, and their handmade flatware, the best in the world today. See if they still have the French 1820 neo-Etruscan necklace, bracelet, and earrings suite. This dazzling suite, composed of twenty-three Siberian amethysts set in three colors of granulated gold, is at once a technical tour de force and a work of art.

From Chait, a perfect peach-bloom bottle.





James Robinson's neo-Etruscan fantasy.

Didier Aaron, Inc.

32 East Sixty-seventh Street; 988-5248
Super quality in English, French, Austrian, and German furniture, decorative arts, drawings, and paintings of that fecund period of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries is the hallmark here, and it is readily apparent in the ensemble on the second-floor landing: a fine neo-classical desk by the workshop of Roentgen, flanked by two eighteenth-century Viennese torchères and crested by an excellent painting of Hagar and the Angel, by Michel Dorigny, circa 1640.

Garrick C. Stephenson

50 East Fifty-seventh Street; 753-2570
Stephenson specializes in furniture and porcelains. His taste is broad, the quality high, and the integrity deep. The excitement of the chase is what impels Stephenson most. "My appetite is for buying. I like selling; I'm not much for salesmanship. What I especially love is going out and finding things that hit me emotionally." It works. We were bowled over by a pair of French eighteenth-century blond consoles signed by Ancellet, and a lustrous and sprightly group of early-eighteenth-century Kashmir Delft, including two gorgeous tulipières.

French and Company, Inc.

17 East Sixty-fifth Street; 535-3330; by appointment
The pleasingly fresh and opulent interior of Martin J. Zimet's establishment throbs with the personality of its owner, whose aim is "to collect things that are great, whether they are of the 1920s or the 1620s." He succeeds; his variegated works include a perfect desk by Ruhlmann, a



Didier Aaron displays his best: exquisite decorative and fine arts from Europe.

marvelous vitrine by Thomas Chippen-
dale—a piece so beautifully crafted that it is hard to tell which gilding is wood and which is bronze d'or—and a splendid portrait by the late-eighteenth-century French painter Boilly. Commissioned by

M. Corcellet, the proprietor of a famous food store, it depicts a noted food critic as eager trencherman. Legend says that when he learned that Corcellet intended to hang it outside his shop, the outraged Boilly refused his signature.

A visual banquet of Delft porcelains at Garrick Stephenson's shop.



Namia Mondolfi

1015 Madison Avenue; 517-1133

Her specialty is English furniture. There is a fascinating, architectonic wall cabinet in the honor of the architect William Kent, circa 1735. It is at once staunch, practical, elegant, and exceedingly rare. Namia Mondolfi is herself an elegant prize, delightfully aware of what constitutes quality and what does not. A few minutes of conversation with her will prove refreshing.

Paul Drey Gallery

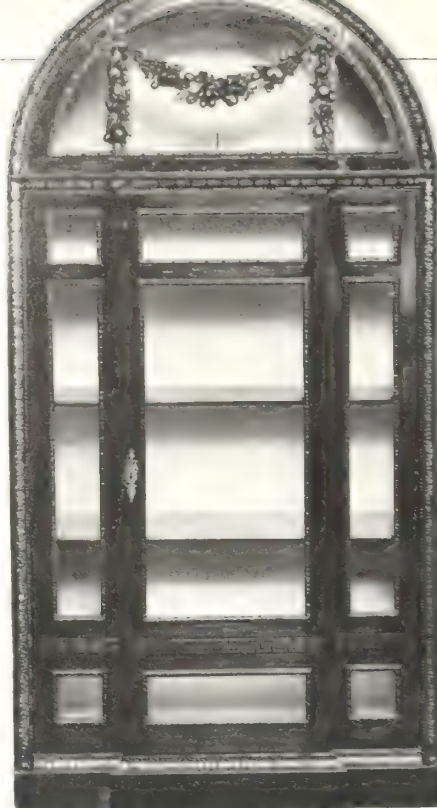
11 East Fifty-seventh Street; 753-2551

In the capable hands of Elisabeth Drey, this gallery has, year after year, turned up enviable quantities of important paintings and drawings and beautiful bronzes, enamels, and stone and wood sculptures, from medieval to nineteenth century, and thereby enriched the lives of top collectors and discriminating museum goers. One current beauty is a painted wooden angel made in the Tyrol or Swabia around 1450. It was once in the collection of Richard Oertel of Munich, a man who made a specialty of having "the best of the best."

Graham Gallery

1014 Madison Avenue; 535-5767

One cannot possibly leave this fine house,



A prize English wall cabinet at Mondolfi's.

devoted to American art in all its grand manifestations, without discovering something great and learning something new. Here we saw for the first time the compelling work of Helen Torr (1886-

1967), the wife of Arthur Dove and in many ways a more substantial artist, as well as Carmen Cicero's recent paintings, with their refreshing panache. For hot discoveries, don't miss two recently acquired superb American old masters—one of Frederic Remington's last paintings (1909), *The Winter Campaign* (which has it all!), and Charles Russell's explosively dramatic *A Rough House*, of 1904.

Frank Caro Gallery

41 East Fifty-seventh Street; 753-2166

Although his antique art of China, India, and Southeast Asia displays a staggering

A rare Khmer vase, on view at Frank Caro.



diversity—from objects of earliest times to the most svelte and sophisticated work of the Ch'ing dynasty—Frank Caro is obsessed with "the immediacy of the rough-hewn clay of the early pieces where you see the specific marks—the fingerprints—of the maker's hand." One, a ninth-century Cambodian (Khmer) vase decorated with a praying figure and surmounted with a minaret, is an exceedingly rare piece in an almost entirely overlooked field.

D.M.P. Manheim Antiques Corp.

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At the Graham, Carmen Cicero's Mr. Ghost Goes to Town.

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stract human faces and architectural motifs. It is proof that artistic genius can transform the humblest garment into a great work.

Blumka Gallery

949 Park Avenue; 734-3222

In this exceptional house, which no one seriously interested in medieval, Renaissance, and baroque antiques can afford to miss, there is a very fine Burgundian late-fifteenth-century painted wood sculpture of Saint Martin of Tours dividing his cloak to give to a beggar. Blumka likes to think of it as an exemplar of the place: "He's beautiful. He isn't suffering, he's giving something away; he's my leitmotif."

Lillian Nassau Ltd.

220 East Fifty-seventh Street; 759-6062

If there was ever a bountiful kingdom populated by the very best of Tiffany lamps and other spectacular art nouveau and art deco objects, this is it. According to the co-owner Paul Nassau, the masterwork of the gallery is a monumental leaded-glass folding screen designed by Louis Comfort Tiffany for the great Paris Exposition of 1900—"something that came to me in a Polaroid photograph and I then chased

Left: Paul Drey's delicate painted wooden angel. Right: Detail of A. Beshar's stunning Persian Bijar carpet.

one can find splendid and rare examples of Longton Hall, Red Anchor Chelsea, Whieldon, and Ralph Wood. Especially charming is a rare Battersea enamel box, dated circa 1753-56.

Edward H. Merrin Gallery

724 Fifth Avenue; 757-2884

Merrin is a master of unusual and gripping special exhibitions featuring the best classical antiquities and the finest objects, including textiles, from ancient America. Look, for example, at his stunning woven cotton and wool Peruvian poncho, circa A.D. 800 to 1000, with its organic array of ab-



Battersea enamel box from Manheim's.

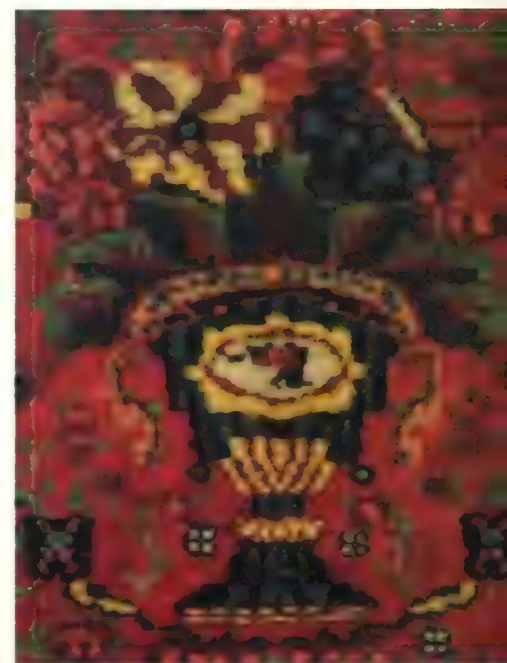
down." This superb screen is in the show "The Folding Image," at the Yale University Art Gallery through January 6. It's a triumph.

A. Beshar and Company, Inc.

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When Lee Beshar gives a tour of the enchanted contents of his eminent house of carpets, one finds a forthright mixture of scholarship, connoisseurship, and market savvy. Get him to show you the 1860 Persian Bijar, in pristine condition. Its rare design—flower-filled urns on a rust-red field—and its especially fine weaving make this a collector's prize.

What particularly impress are not only the individual "stars" we've singled out but also the numbers of excellent things in these galleries. The strength of high-grade inventory throughout softens, for now, anyway, the lament "Where's quality these days?" A magnificent riposte to that query appears on page 118. □





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Giulio Rosati, A Backgammon Game in an Arab Courtyard, signed-watercolor and gouache over traces of pencil, 21¼ x 29½ in. (54 x 74.4 cm.)



CHRISTIE'S

THE CASE AGAINST SIMONE

Americans have come close to proving that Simone Martini's famous *Guido Riccio* is a brilliant fake.

By William Raynor

After he retired to Italy, in 1974, a New York stockbroker named Gordon Moran pursued his lifelong interest in Renaissance painting—a quiet life, it might seem. But not for long. After he published a short treatise questioning the attribution of one of Italy's finest paintings in the scholarly art journal *Paragone*, "All hell," he says, "broke loose." Seven years later, the shock waves are reverberating harder than ever.

The painter about whom he had the temerity to raise questions was one of the greatest of the Italian proto-Renaissance, the Sienese Simone Martini, born just 700 years ago. In July 1984, Siena dedicated its twice-yearly horse race, the Palio, to him; there was to have been a special convention there this month to celebrate the sept centennial. The fact that it has been postponed until next spring may be due in part to the manner in which Moran's heresies have burgeoned and taken root.

The picture he questioned, the portrait *Guido Riccio da Fogliano at the Siege of Montemassi*, was one of Simone's most famous—one reproduced constantly in art-history textbooks dealing with the period. It covers an area ten feet high and more than thirty feet long on a wall in the Sala del Mappamondo, on Siena's Palazzo Pubblico. To the Sienese, it is said, the painting means as much as Michelangelo's *David* does to the Florentines.

Simone Martini was the first artist since antiquity to have been commissioned to paint a portrait for its own sake rather than for a wider, allegorical purpose. The subject was a cardinal, but the painting has vanished. The portrait of Guido Riccio has added great luster to Simone's reputation as a portraitist, and generations of art historians have considered it the first equestrian portrait since antiquity. For Siena, it is of outstanding significance too. Montemassi—a hideout for Ghibelline outlaws—was besieged by their enemies



Above: Frescoes visible in Siena's Palazzo Pubblico: the disputed Guido Riccio at the Siege of Montemassi; beneath it, two frescoes by Sodoma, and between them the newly uncovered fresco that may show the real Guido Riccio (enlargement below).

the Guelphs in 1328, and the fresco, believed to have been painted during the next two years, symbolizes the military prowess, the chivalry, and the power of the Sienese republic.

The painting depicts Guido Riccio, the

soldier of fortune who was employed as Siena's captain-general, mounted on a gorgeously caparisoned horse, with sword in hand. The hill fortress of Montemassi stands before him, at the left of the painting. To its right, in the background behind

William Raynor is a free-lance writer who lives in London.



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DISCOVERY

The painting means as much to Siena as Michelangelo's *David* does to Florence.



The knight Guido Riccio, detail from a masterpiece the Sieneese consider the symbol of an age. If Simone Martini didn't paint it in 1330, who painted it centuries later?

the rider, stands a second fortress, once thought to be Sassoforte but now generally accepted as being a temporary siege tower, or *battifolle*, erected by the army. Beyond the siege tower stand the army's tents and two mature vineyards, or *vigne*, planted by the soldiers.

It is a scene described by the official guidebook to Sieneese painting as one of "epic solemnity." It has adorned the jacket of more than one art-history text, and the city of Siena has used it as a poster to promote tourism in recent years. Moran believes the painting cannot be by Simone Martini. His first doubts threatened to tarnish the reputations of many art historians and to hit the Sieneese in both pride and pocket.

In the seven years since the article was published, the doubts—and the doubters—have multiplied. The controversy has exploded, with allegations of personal obsession, professional chicanery, and political and national prejudice. Moran, who majored in art history at Yale, has been told, in print, that he has "the snout of a pig" and should go home by boat. And

since the local government of Siena has a communist majority, it has even been hinted that he and his collaborator, Prof. Michael Mallory, of Brooklyn College, are agents of the CIA.

For their part, the two Americans believe that the local art-history establishment is trying to silence them. "I really backed into this by accident," Moran says. Having left New York to concentrate on his passion for Sieneese painting, he was working on another project when he found an unpublished document relating to Simone in the local archives. It recorded a payment to "Maestro Simone di pentore" and appeared to carry the date 1347, three years after Simone Martini's death.

"I began searching all the known records to see if some said 'Simone Martini' and others 'Maestro Simone,' and if there was any way of distinguishing which was which," he says. This led him to study the life of Guido Riccio and the cycle of seven castles that are known to have been painted on the walls of the same room. (Some of them may well be hidden beneath the *Guido Riccio*.) The Monte-



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DISCOVERY

The way the vineyards seem to be planted had not been invented as early as 1330.

massi fresco was supposed to be one of this series.

Moran's first article made two main points. One was that Guido Riccio had fallen into disgrace and was forced to leave Siena in 1333; therefore, if Simone Martini had indeed painted his portrait, it would probably have been defaced, according to the practice of *damnatio memoriae*. Second, since the figure on horseback did not seem to be compositionally integrated into the rest of the picture and since Guido Riccio, restored to favor, had returned to Siena as captain-general shortly before his death, in 1352, the picture was perhaps a later memorial to him. Simone Martini had died eight years earlier, in 1344, but, Moran suggested, the painting could have been done by one of his followers. He also pointed out that while Guido Riccio is shown as a knight, he did not achieve this rank until after the date when this picture was supposedly completed, in 1330.

Just before Moran's article was published, other experts voiced doubts. A restorer called in to examine the fresco's successive *giornate*—the areas each done in one day while the plaster, or *intonaco*, was still fresh—had found traces of another fresco in the center of a whitewashed area of the wall below the Guido Riccio painting, and between the two saints in architraves, painted by Giovanni Sodoma in the late 1520s.

Early in 1979, an investigation was carried out by a Florentine, Prof. Leonetto Tintori, to trace the *giornate* and to determine whether the figure on horseback was an integral part of the overall so-called Simone painting or had been added later. Tintori discovered further traces of the "later" fresco below the Riccio—and much else besides.

The *Guido Riccio*, he said, had been painted in ten *giornate*, and, being of the sixth and seventh, the horse and rider were unquestionably a part of the whole. But the entire left side, with the town of Montemassi, the darker sky, and the dif-

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DISCOVERY

If Martini had painted Riccio,
the portrait
would have been defaced.



A later artist may have interpreted the word *vigna* (vineyard) literally rather than in the medieval military meaning of rooflike shield, and painted accordingly.

ferently colored landscape, had been painted on different *intonaco* at a different time, and was therefore false. The border was of the second of the *gomate*, but part of the date—1328, in Roman numerals—set into it was false as well, and the heraldic elements of horse and rider—the black diamonds and vine leaves—had been touched up later. The conclusion of the investigation—made public that spring—was that since the figure belonged in the painting, and since there was a document showing that Simone Martini had been paid sixteen lire in 1330 for painting Montemassi and Sassoforte, the case for his being the painter of the portrait was established beyond a doubt.

"From our standpoint," says Moran, "the doubts were greater than ever." Malory explains: "The initial argument had been that if the figure had been added, then it wasn't by Simone. But what the investigation didn't consider was that if it wasn't added, then maybe the whole fresco

wasn't by him either. Instead of resolving the problem, Tintori opened it up."

The argument now seemed to hinge increasingly on the painting still hidden under the whitewash on the wall below, and on whether it was part of the seven-castles series. Cleaning began in October 1980, and the restorer, Giuseppe Gavazzi, soon revealed a picture of wooden palisades ringing the top of a sheer rock, enclosing church, houses, and castle. At this point, the mayor of Siena appointed a commission of five professors—among them his superintendent of museums, Piero Torriti, and Luciano Bellosi, of the city's university—to determine whom the painting was by and what it represented.

Its high quality and impressive size indicated that it could be one of the cycle of frescoes in the same room. The topography was similar, and there were significant corroborative details in the architecture and general disposition of those buildings still standing today. The commission de-

clared that the painter was undoubtedly Simone Martini, and the town Arcidosso, which the Sieneſe, led by Guido Riccio, had captured in 1331.

As Mallory points out, this poſed a queſtion: how could *Guido Riccio at Monte-maſſi* have been painted by Simone a year or more earlier than his frieſco underneath it of Arcidosso, which was captured three years later? The commiſſion poſtpoſed its public announcement, changed courſe, and finally concluded in March 1981 that the painter was Martini's great teacher Duccio di Buoninſegna, and the town Guincarico, which the Sieneſe had taken back in 1314.

Gavazzi, chipping away the blue of the newly diſcovered frieſco, had meantime found two figures, one with his right hand raiſed, as if in ſalute. The ſurface of the paint was damaged by more than ſixty pockmarks, as if ſtones had been thrown at it. This ſeemed to confirm Moran's original hypotheſis, that after Riccio's diſgrace his portrait would have been detached. Who was the defaced figure with the ſword, if not Guido Riccio, and the other figure, holding out a glove in ſurrender, if not the vanquiſhed count of Arcidosso? The local commiſſion had its own explanation: the defaced figure muſt represent a delegate from Guincarico, while the other man was one of Siena's ruling Council of Nine. Few outside Siena were impreſſed by this interpretation.

In an article published in *La Stampa* that June, Federico Zeri, the dean of Italian art hiſtorians, wrote that "in order to ſave the attribution for the famous Simone, we are now ſeeing an attempt to retrodate this new frieſco toward a time that is negated by the ſtyliſtic evidence."

"I conſider Zeri a great connoiſſeur," admits Luciano Belloſi, "but he has become a journaliſtic perſonality. Zeri is ſpeaking in this caſe as a journaliſt, not as an art hiſtorian." Zeri, in turn, became a kind of tightrope walker of art hiſtory. While not neceſſarily agreeing with Moran and Mallory, he expreſſed doubts that



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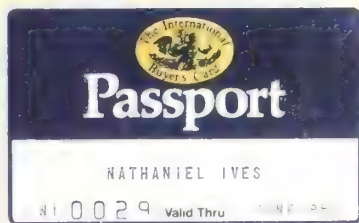
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DISCOVERY

The strongest evidence:
there is no mention of the
portrait before 1700.

the *Guido Riccio* could be Simone's work. Several other leading authorities denied that the newly exposed fresco could possibly be by Duccio.

Moran and Mallory found that both the new fresco and contemporary seals of Arcidosso bore the same distinctive mark, a tree growing out of the battlements. They began to unearth further important discrepancies in the *Guido Riccio* panel above the new fresco. Although the coat of arms of a soldier of fortune like Guido Riccio was likely to have been as personal as his signature, records show that as *podesta*, or mayor, of Padua after his expulsion from Siena in 1333, he bore a coat of arms quite different from the one shown in the painting. And, as an employee of the republic, he would have been unlikely to fly his personal banner on a level with the flag of Siena above the *battifolle*.

The restorer Gavazzi noted in his report on the cleaning of the *Guido Riccio*, carried out after he had uncovered the fresco below it, that the *giornate* were too large, the brushstrokes too rapid and bold to be of the fourteenth century. Although some of the plaster had fallen and been replaced, part of the *Guido Riccio* definitely overlapped a fresco painted in 1364 on the adjacent wall.

Other specialists pointed out other inconsistencies. The *battifolle*, for example, seems to combine conflicting elements of siege machinery and much-later artillery defense; in the fourteenth century, the wooden spring catapult represented had not yet been invented. Again, although a vineyard takes at least seven years to mature, and later chronicles reported that the siege lasted that long, actual records show that it lasted only seven months. According to another expert, the way the painted vineyards seem to be planted, known as *al tendoni*, had not yet been invented either. Moran and Mallory argue, moreover, that, in depicting actual vineyards, whoever painted the picture showed ignorance of the medieval military usage of the word *vigna*—a device used by



On site in Siena, the disturbers of the peace: Gordon Moran (right) and Michael Mallory.

besiegers to protect their heads from rocks hurled by the besieged. *Vigne*, in the military sense, says one historian, were indeed used at Montemassi. In any case, the two Americans point out, earlier chronicles say nothing about wine being provided for the troops—and if wine, why not cattle or wheat?

"Moran and Mallory are good friends of mine," insists Torriti, "but they've made a big mistake. They've based their arguments on dates and details and little facts, not on important things like style and technique."

Bellosi, too, is convinced on stylistic grounds that the *Guido Riccio* is by Simone. It has the same modeling and softness of touch as his other known portraits. It fits into the pattern of Sienese landscape painting of the time. He agrees with Torriti, who says, "You have to use your eye."

But using your eyes, you see that the *Guido Riccio* seems to cut into the two frescoes by Sodoma painted so much later than the presumed Martini. The horizontal mem-

bers of the architraves in which the saints stand are missing. And if you put your eye against the wall and look up, you can see the border standing out almost an inch, suggesting many later layers of plaster.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence in favor of Moran and Mallory lies in the absence of any mention of a portrait of Guido Riccio in the Sala del Mappamondo before 1700, though the other frescoes are all recorded. Yet the *Guido Riccio* dominates even the *Maesta* at the other end of the room, which Simone painted in 1315. Since both camps agree that the *Guido Riccio*'s condition is too good to be explained by continual restoration, and since it dominates the room, why is there no record of its being painted later, by someone else? There is as yet no answer.

Taking the fresco off the wall could clarify some matters that are still guesswork. Torriti dislikes the idea of doing this, and Bellosi says, "I think they have a desire to make a scoop, to explode a bomb." Moran and Mallory believe it is inevitable: "Who painted the *Guido Riccio* is the hottest issue in art history today." If not Simone Martini, then what anonymous genius of the seventeenth or eighteenth century? □

IS IT A FAKE?

If Simone Martini painted Guido Riccio's portrait in 1328, it would have been defaced when Riccio was disgraced in 1333.

- Riccio is shown as a knight; he did not become one until after 1330.
- The "new" fresco was painted after the supposed date of the *Guido Riccio*.
- The *giornate* and brushstrokes are not characteristic of the fourteenth century.
- The *Guido Riccio* overlaps two frescoes painted long after 1328.
- The plaster the *Guido Riccio* is painted on stands out almost an inch beyond other frescoes on the wall.
- Though the *Guido Riccio* dominates the room, it is never mentioned until after 1700.



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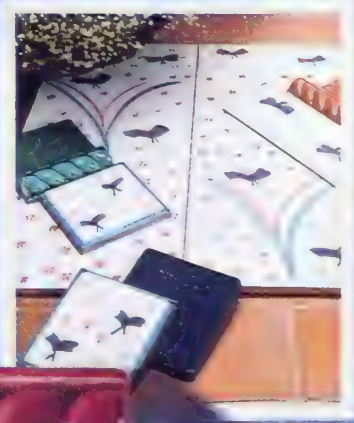
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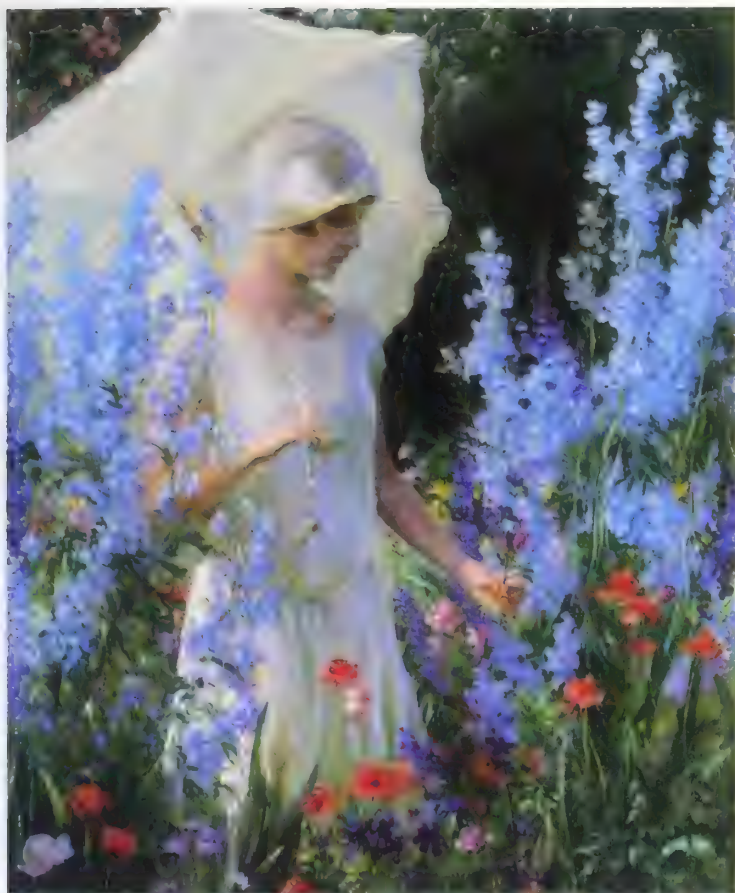
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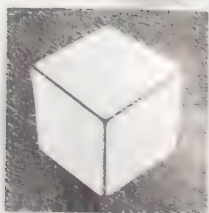


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GIFT FROM A KING

From Henry II to Diane de Poitiers, the superb Château d'Anet

BY BANNON McHENRY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEAL SLAVIN

"There was a grain of folly in our undertaking this project," says Charles de Yturbe in the clipped British accent with which both he and his wife speak English. "Folly, but also enthusiasm! For when we inherited the place, in November 1944, we were in

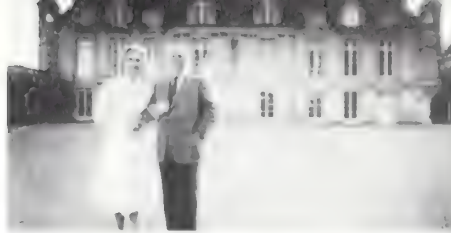
our twenties and newly married. And we've had the most fascinating time! I can't possibly imagine having done anything else."

"The place" is one of the treasures of the French Renaissance, a château both grand

and intimate that stands fifty miles west of Paris, among two hundred wooded acres, commanding its own small village close by the forest of Dreux. M. and Mme. Yturbe have owned Château d'Anet (pronounced like Annette) now for forty years and have







Unlike Versailles, Anet kept its small scale, more villa than castle, playful yet impressive.

devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the preservation and restoration of its imposing apartments, pavilions, chapels, and gardens, which have been vandalized and mutilated more than once over the centuries. This is a project begun in the 1840s by the comte de Caraman and carried forward in the 1860s by its next owner, Mme. de Yturbe's great-grandfather Ferdinand Moreau. The noble vestiges of the original château are the finest remaining monument of Philibert de l'Orme, the greatest architect of the French Renaissance, who introduced a form of classicism to France that lasted two hundred years. Today Anet serves as a country residence for three generations of Yturbes.

When it came into their hands, three months after it had been liberated from the Germans, the state of the property was, in M. de Yturbe's words, "horrid." "Sixty acres of woodland had been destroyed," he says, "after two days of fierce fighting in August 1944 between Allied troops and a retreating German regiment. The park was strewn with dead soldiers and burned trucks. The windows of the château were shattered, the furniture was broken, and the roofs leaked. The first thing we did was to get to work on the roofs."

"When the bombing stopped," adds Laurette de Yturbe, "the American commander came running toward the house. 'Thank God,' he was exclaiming, 'the château wasn't damaged!' And then he explained that he had written his doctoral thesis on Anet. Wasn't that extraordinary?"

Since that day, the Yturbes' time, energy, and money have been put to the

service of their passion. Besides continual maintenance, one major project is undertaken each year. Recently, for instance, the fanciful openwork spheres topped with golden crescents that crown the two obelisks on the royal chapel were re-created, to replace those sacked during the French Revolution. On another occasion, Anet's magnificent tapestries were studied and cleaned; later, the return of altar tables from the reserves of the national museums was arranged.

On the opening page: Philibert's great entrance, surmounted by a stag, and (above) Le Nôtre's canal, built in 1680. Opposite: The royal chapel, once half-hidden by the now-vanished east wing. Above: The owners, Laurette and Charles de Yturbe, in front of the west wing. Below: The Yturbes' private domain—swimming pool and, beyond, hedges and a wall screening the kitchen garden.

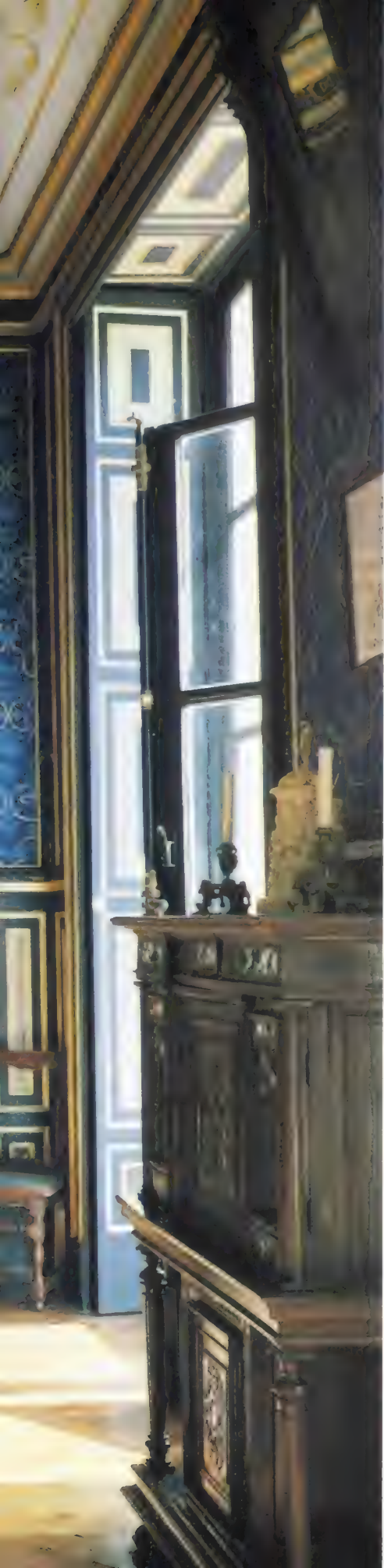


Three important works from Anet remain in Paris, however, where they were sent by the administrator of the Museum of French Monuments after the Revolution, to save them from the mob. One of them is the monumental frontispiece to Anet's central building (demolished, along with the right wing, by a man who bought the property early in the nineteenth century). Newly cleaned, and exemplifying Philibert's mastery of the classical orders, it is installed in the courtyard of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The other two works dominate the Louvre's sixteenth-century sculpture galleries: the Cellini bronze lunette with the goddess Diana in relief, originally over the entrance gate (now replaced by a terra-cotta copy dipped in bronze), and the so-called Diana of Anet, a life-size sculpture of the goddess, with exquisitely carved small head, originally designed as a fountain. M. de Yturbe hopes to have a copy made for its original site, in the west courtyard.

Unlike Fontainebleau, built a generation earlier, and Versailles, several generations later, both of which began as hunting lodges that grew to be enormous royal palaces, Anet preserved its small scale, more villa than castle, impressive yet playful. Commissioned by Henry II for his mistress Diane de Poitiers on property she had inherited from her husband, Louis de Brézé, high bailiff of Normandy, Anet was finished in 1552, celebrating both the royal liaison and Diane's noble widowhood.

In an age more conscious than our own to symbol and allegory, the royal affair was alluded to in countless visual metaphors. Diana, moon goddess and queen of the





Left: Sitting room, with portrait of Diane de Poitiers. Above: The guardroom (guards used to stand at the entrance of private rooms). Below: The surviving cryptoporticus, where Diane bathed.

hunt, is shown in Cellini's lunette conquering the stag, symbol of the king. On chimney tops, balustrades, gables, ceilings, locks, and doors, the intertwined initials of Henry and Diane appear in innumerable graceful variations. But her dead husband is commemorated too: his bust is in a place of honor; the chimneys and fireplaces take the form of sarcophagi.

The alliance between the grave young king and the radiant Diane was one of the great royal love affairs. He was fourteen when it began, she nearly twenty years older. Born on the last day of the fifteenth century, she was intelligent, energetic, ambitious, and dominating, with a keen taste for luxurious display. Her legendary blond beauty she nurtured by scrupulously avoiding the sun and taking cold baths at night in a marble basin still visible in the garden portico, or *cryptoporticus*, as Philibert called it. She had tact enough to manage successfully her relationship with the queen, Catherine de Medici, even urging the reluctant Henry to do his marital duty by providing an heir, and the queen was a frequent visitor at Anet. Henry secured Diane's place at court, creating her the duchesse de Valentinois.

Anet shares with Chenonceaux, another of Henry's great gifts to Diane, the look of a place intended for private pleasures—walks à deux in an enclosed garden; evening dialogues in its mysterious portico, built into the retaining wall, which is mounted by a grand, crescent-shaped double staircase leading up to the terrace of the château. Diane's formal gardens were abolished by Le Nôtre in the next

century, the stairs and the *cryptoporticus* buried under terraces; and an open park, bounded by woods and canals, replaced Philibert's closed avenues. In the nineteenth century it became a Romantic park in the English style.

*She shunned
the sun and bathed
by night
in a cold marble basin.*

The west wing, the royal chapel, and the entrance pavilion, however, remain much as Philibert de l'Orme designed them. Arriving at the château today, the visitor crosses a moat, now planted with grass, and passes through Philibert's free adaptation of a Roman triumphal arch, through a barrel-vaulted vestibule, and into the court of honor. The west wing, its long French windows emphasized by alternating triangular and round-headed pediments, houses both the beautifully appointed public rooms and the private apartments of the Yturbe family. A simple glass door leads into a hall dominated by a superb marble staircase, added during a drastic renovation in the seventeenth century. Severely classical fluted pilasters articulate the walls, with Roman busts occupying brackets between them. Following the stairs to the landing above, one must pause before entering the guardroom to admire the view to the west of a sloping lawn beyond which swans glide on the canal.

The guardroom is a return from the seventeenth to the sixteenth century. Four superb large tapestries devoted to the history of the goddess Diana are its finest ornament. With Diane's familiar ciphers in the tapestries, quivers, crescent moons—these were probably the arms for the château. The gate to the park leads to the canal and



room is a fine nineteenth-century restoration, copied from a Philibert woodcut, that was carried out by Laurette de Yturbe's great-grandfather Monsieur Moreau.

Diane was immensely rich in her own right, and with Henry's purse at her disposal she patronized French and Flemish craftsmen, who embellished her apartments with opulent hangings, Limoges enamels, portraits, and gilded bindings for her fine collection of incunabula and books. In her bedchamber the sumptuous embroidered bed hangings are perfectly in keeping with her lavish tastes—though in her dress she was austere, wearing only black and white silk after the death of Brézé. Her royal lover followed this example in his own habit.

The royal chapel, facing the entrance to the west wing, is a revolutionary structure. "This is the first chapel in France," wrote Anthony Blunt, "in which is applied the Renaissance principle that the circle is the perfect figure, and therefore suitable for



One of the grisaille windows at Anet, this one in Diane's library. The interlocked initials of Diane and Henry appear everywhere in countless variations.

the house of God. It is applied, moreover, with great originality." The dome—the first ever built on a French chapel—is crowned by a lantern and coffered within in diminishing diamonds, creating a swirling effect that draws the observer up into the light. (Its cleaning and regilding has been a major undertaking of the past winter.) Through the lantern windows, with their grisaille stained glass, light plays on the brilliant black-and-white marble floor below, whose circular patterns repeat that

of the coffering in the dome. The central space and side altars are so shaped that the outer contour of the building is a circle, in the manner of Roman temples. A marvel of taste and proportion, the interior is a mere twenty-eight feet in diameter.

The façade, however, is a nineteenth-century creation. It was built to cover the scar left when the east wing was demolished in 1804, leaving exposed the chapel that had been attached to it. The two stone obelisks are original, curious substitutes for the Gothic church spires of the Ile de France.

The entrance pavilion is the most amazing of Philibert's creations at Anet. It has, says Blunt, neither predecessor nor successor—"a series of blocks of masonry, playing against each other almost in the manner of functionalist architecture." From its wide balconies, with their openwork balustrades, the court would observe the ritual departure for the hunt. The pavilion is crowned by an ingenious clock consist-

Visiting Anet: When to Go, Where to Dine

The château is open to the public between March 31 and November 1 every afternoon, except Tuesday, from 2:30 to 6:30; it can be opened for groups, by special request, in the morning also. Between November 1 and March 31, it is open Sundays and holidays from 10 to 11:30 and from 2 to 5. It is open to groups on weekdays by special request. Direct correspondence to: Château d'Anet, 28260 Anet, Eure-et-Loir. Telephone: (37) 41.90.07.

Mme. de Yturbe suggests two charming small restaurants in Anet: Le Manoir d'Anet (41.91.05) and Auberge de la Rose (41.90.64). At Ivry-la-Bataille, a mile away, is the Moulin d'Ivry (36.50.51), a delightful mill, which sits between two branches of the Eure River. According to *The Best of France*, by Gault and Millau, who are famously hard to please, the chef there has perfected a cuisine of "strict, grand classicism."

To the south, near Maintenon, at Saint-Symphorien-le-Château, is the beautiful Château d'Escimont, built in 1543 in a magnificent classic park and now a first-class château-hotel. Telephone: (37) 34.15.15. At Maintenon, where one can visit the famous château of the marquise de Maintenon, first mistress, then second wife to Louis XIV, there is the comfortable old Hôtel l'Aqueduc. Telephone: (37) 27.60.05.

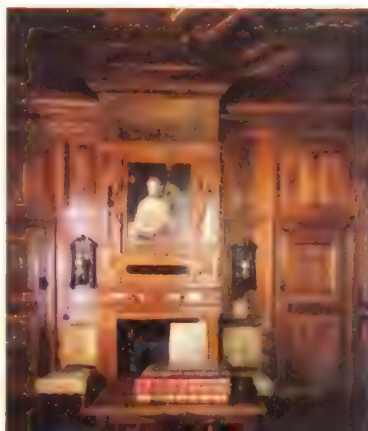


Immensely rich, Diane patronized the finest craftsmen.

ing of a great bronze stag and four hounds who command the countryside below. At the striking of the hour the stag would strike a forefoot on the ground, and as the chimes sounded the mouths of the dogs would open as if baying. The original sculpture was melted down after the Revolution; the present group was cast to replace it in the nineteenth century.

To the left of the main château, Diane began to build a funerary chapel, completed after her death, in 1566, by her daughter and grandson. The rectangular building of stone and brick houses her solemn effigy at prayer on a black marble cenotaph. The brief idyll at Anet had

Above: Diane's dressing room, in a turret off her bedroom. Below: Her library. The portrait shows her naked and young, as becomes a goddess.



lasted less than a decade, ending with Henry's death in a tournament just seven years before Diane's. No longer protected, Diane retired from court, while the king's widow helped herself to Chenonceaux, with its lovely bridge spanning the Cher that Philibert had also built for Diane.

After her death, a medal was struck, showing her as the duchesse de Valentinois on one side, on the other as the goddess of the moon—a singular tribute to a royal mistress. The funerary chapel was pillaged during the Revolution; her gorgeously dressed body was reburied in a trench, and her golden hair divided among souvenir hunters.



The young king's alliance with Diane was one of the great royal love affairs.

being despoiled, the chapel served as a woodshed. The Yturbes have restored it to its original state—one of the accomplishments of which they are proudest.

Unlike the landed Englishman, who often considers his country seat an extension of himself and rarely goes up to town, the French prefer city life, with long weekends and summers in the country. So it is with Charles and Laurette de Yturbe. Their summer apartments are in the west wing. Its paneled dining room, open to visitors in the afternoon, will be hastily prepared for dinner when guests arrive from Paris or neighboring estates for family parties. In the southeast corner of the terrace, the Pavillon de la Venerie, once the quarters of Diane's huntsmen, provides them with a suite of rooms for informal winter weekend. The handsome vaulted chamber where game was once cleaned and dressed has become a dining room. But the hunt is not forgotten. In winter, the local pack hunts stag twice a week in the surrounding forest, with thirty or forty people following on horseback and many more on bicycles.

"Having people around one's house all the time doesn't really pose a problem," Charles de Yturbe says. He manages Anet with a small staff, including the guards who come in from the town by day. Mechanized lawnmowers, leaf blowers, and hedge clippers, mostly American imports, have eased the work out-of-doors. Two men supervise the care of lawn, park, and vegetable and cutting garden, hidden behind a sixteenth-century

wall, with an occasional extra hand. Tulips and peonies, delphinium and foxglove fill the house and royal chapel. Laurette de Yturbe arranges the lovely bouquets for the altar in the chapel, where Friday mass is celebrated with some thirty visitors and townspeople in attendance.

Both buildings and site are designated

Above: Diane's tomb (left), pillaged during the Revolution, now restored, with her effigy kneeling on the cenotaph; some of M. de Yturbe's faience (center), displayed in the dining room; coffered dome of the royal chapel (right). Below: Staircase added by the duc de Vendôme in the 1680s: "breathtakingly beautiful in its arrogance." Opposite: Anet's present mistress, Mme. de Yturbe.

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"Monuments Historiques." While the state forbids owners of such historically precious properties to alter them or undertake repairs without the approval of the *architecte en chef des Monuments Historiques*, it will provide financial help. Its contribution runs as high as half the total cost, for certain restoration projects. The workmen are chosen by the state and they usually come from Paris. "The local people," says Charles de Yturbe ruefully, "are not considered competent enough."

Shortly after its completion, in 1554, a contemporary architect, Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, wrote of the château in his book about the most beautiful buildings in France: "[Anet] is situated on a plain, with everything needed to make a

place perfect—park, woods, canals. The late Madame much enriched it with buildings and other beauties. . . . The round chapel is well worth seeing for the fine manner in which it is laid out." Little other work by Philibert de l'Orme survives, for the magnificent palace of the Tuileries, which he began for Catherine de Medici in 1564, was burned down during the Commune in 1871. Philibert brought together the building traditions of Rome, the Italian Renaissance, and his native North, setting a durable, quintessentially French style in which structure played a greater role than ornament. Charles and Laurette de Yturbe are preserving and presenting Philibert's monument with impeccable skill and taste. □

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O, VITTORIO!

VITTORIO GASSMAN'S PASSION FOR THE ART OF ACTING



Vittorio Gassman appears even larger in real life than he does behind the footlights or extending across a thirty-foot-wide movie screen. "Onstage and off, I have never been upstaged," the sixty-two-year-old Italian actor claims. The smile, full-toothed, symmetrical, fierce, is set off by an unusually piercing gaze, which creates a somewhat disquieting effect: perhaps he is too used to projecting his persona to large audiences. "Even as we are sitting here, chatting amiably together, I am aware that one small part of me is listening to me talk," he admits. "I am never entirely relaxed, but that is the way it should be for an actor."

An unchallenged star, famous on both sides of the Atlantic (for his professional rigor and for his personal excesses), Gassman has performed in 125 plays and 110 films; founded a theater and an acting school; written several plays and a best-selling autobiography; married three times; and fathered four children. The hectic pace of a career that spans more than four decades shows no signs of slackening. This fall, American theatergoers will have a chance to renew their acquaintance with the versatile protagonist of *The Glass Wall*, *Rhapsody*, and *Big Deal on Madonna Street* (in Europe he is better

known for his interpretations of Shakespeare and classical Greek drama). *Viva Vittorio!*, which opened at the end of August at the Mark Taper Forum, in Los Angeles, will travel this month to the East Coast. A multilingual dramatic tour de force, it includes pieces by Kafka, Sartre and Dumas, Pirandello, and Codignola.

"Acting in another language is a challenge within a challenge," Gassman says, adding shrewdly, "but often a foreign accent is not a handicap at all: it lends color and charm to the improvisational parts of a show. Occasionally I even force my accent a little—it pleases the audience."

To trained ears, Gassman's English reveals middle European rather than Mediterranean influences. This, he explains with a note of pride, is a legacy of his father's German roots. In an illuminating passage in his autobiography, he recalls the painful intertwining of his father's death with his own first brush with acting: "I vividly remember the last stretch of the road leading to the cemetery. I was wearing a perfect dark-blue suit, my hair was nicely combed, and I was walking right behind the hearse. I was one of the principals in the ritual. I thought of my father intensely, I wondered when the liberating flow of tears would come, but at the same time I was acutely aware of all the casual encounters on our way: people stopping for an instant, taking off their hats; an old lady giving me a quick, sharp glance of pity.

The pain was not effaced but removed, because I controlled it even as I suffered. My ego gently split in two: one part docilely following the bier, the other letting its fancy rove. . . ."

To this day, whenever he must express sorrow, Gassman summons the image of his father "to my heart, my mouth, my tear ducts." He is conscious of the chilling quality of his observations: it is this split personality that lies at the heart of performing.

"My profession is based on a pathological, almost schizophrenic process," Gassman explains. "The actor must cultivate this basic character flaw; it is his most precious asset." The performer, he says, is both sublime and obscene by nature, a cocktail of psychological opposites; he is an alchemist's caldron in which disparate elements are mixed to produce gold—or at least something that glitters. "The actor is a cross between a whore and a priest," he continues, "because the craft partakes equally of the physical and the spiritual." He also compares an actor's origins to those of a witch doctor, whose intuitive capacities are counterbalanced by a network of little deceptions; in much the same way, a gifted performer calls on his talent to create illusions.

One should not be deceived by the impression that Gassman is a man of his gut. He is a man of great intellect and the kind of thoughtful, disciplined training that the Academy of Fine Arts

Vittorio Gassman, left, made his own translation of *Macbeth* for his portrayal of that play's title role (above) last year.



In Hollywood, in 1954, Gassman starred with Elizabeth Taylor in *Rhapsody*.

Rome. At twenty he made his debut, having learned overnight the role he was to play. He takes it as a point of honor to know all of his lines by the first day of rehearsals and is visibly intolerant of young actors who proceed otherwise. Auditioning aspiring members of the Bottega Teatrale, the acting school he founded four years ago in Florence, he will ask, "How many hours of poetry do you know?" The wretched examinee, having stumbled through a sonnet, vows to commit the *Divine Comedy* and *Les Misérables* to memory. Gassman's reply is brisk: "That's not nearly enough."

Voice projection and physical comportment are the twin pillars of the actor's craft

as taught at the Bottega. Himself a vocal virtuoso, Gassman tries to instill in his pupils a musical, almost operatic sense of diction: "It's all a matter of volume and breath—remember, you're a contralto here—sustain your phrasing—watch those attacks."

His eloquent yet extremely controlled gestures (which some critics find too stylized) are the hallmark of his performing style. He often recalls the words of a great Italian actor, Ermete Zacconi: "You are an actor when you are no longer aware of having elbows or knees."

The example of Edmund Kean, a theatrical giant of the early nineteenth century, has exerted a strong influence on

Gassman's artistic development and accounts for several of his most lasting successes. He has repeatedly staged the Dumas/Satre play *Kean*, and he has composed his own original work, *O Cesare o nessuno*, about the English actor. Biographers report that Kean used a particular theatrical gesture of which an exact description has not survived. "I, too, frequently use a gesture in the theater which I believe carries the same ambiguity," says Gassman. "In *Othello* I feel my hands instinctively assume a position that seems to implore mercy or to reveal astonishment, while expressing defiance or fury."

Gassman basks contentedly in the warm rays of recognition. "Success is impor-

Gassman rehearsing with a recent graduate of his actors studio in Florence: he is known to be a very demanding teacher.



DIPLOMA/ALFRED MONTAUDO



Above, a scene from the 1953 movie *The Glass Wall*; his next film is about theater acting.

tant," he says, not scanting his own. "It is the gas that fuels the actor's means of communication with the public." In fact, problems start when a performer takes himself too seriously: "Self-criticism and irony are indispensable for the actor; they prevent him from becoming too disgustingly actorish."

In maturity, Gassman enjoys being a father almost as much as being an actor. He takes his children to museums, supervises their reading, and composes special poems and ballads to honor their birthdays. "With my last two children, Alessandro and Jacopo, who were born after I reached the age of reason, I often find myself acting as *mamma*," he reveals. "I am discovering in myself vague areas of feminine intuition, even passivity, which are enriching both professionally and personally." Mindful of his well-deserved reputation as a Don Giovanni, he hastily adds, "Don't get me wrong; I like women in the most traditional way imaginable." Indeed, his dalliances have kept readers of Italy's illustrated weeklies enthralled for years. In a celebrated passage of his autobiography he rated his lovers' physical attributes—eyes, breasts, hands, skin, legs, and general overall sex appeal.

It is not unusual for a per-

former to travel with a small coterie of admirers. Gassman likes to be surrounded by his family and friends onstage as well as off; relatives frequently turn up in his productions, a practice that began years ago—his mother, at the age of sixty, made her theatrical debut with him, reaping rave reviews. "The theater becomes a great, somewhat shameless feast organized for the pure pleasure of confessing oneself in public, of exposing oneself in an intellectual striptease," Gassman explains. If so, that pleasure apparently eludes his wife. During the seven months that Diletta toured with him in *O Cesare o nessuno*, she was plagued by such severe stage fright that before each entrance she fainted or fell ill.

Nonetheless, two of Gassman's children, Paola (Nora Ricci's daughter) and Alessandro (his son by Juliette Mayniel), have taken up acting.

Gassman is again trying out his hand as a playwright, collaborating on a dramatization of the life of the great eighteenth-century actor Luigi Riccoboni. The hardest part, he is finding, is to make "the characters become independent," as Pirandello said, hoping that they develop according to their individual destinies. They must force the author's hand."

Reflecting on his multifaceted life in the theater, Gassman insists, "I've never felt that I've done an honest day's work." It's not that he's spared himself, he goes on to

say. "I've touched all the chords; I've demonstrated tremendous eclectic breadth." With his usual zest for extending his art, he anticipates the challenge of the American tour: "If an actor is ambitious, he must master new fields, new talents, in order to guarantee the universality of his achievements." In his very Italian approach to life, as well as on the theater, the Italian actor is a distant cousin of the American delirious for life.

With Jacopo, four, Gassman plays the doting father.



Photo: J. C. A. P. U. I.

Photo: J. C. A. P. U. I.

Vienna

The Ambivalent City

A grand past, a ferment in the arts — the Viennese don't want to be sincere about it

By G. Y. Dryansky Photographs by Hans Verhufen

For a long time after it was no longer the Byzantium of the fin de siècle, Vienna was an intricate cake under a bell jar. Lately there have been great changes. The cake is still intact—in the form of pleasures for the visitor: extraordinary museums, unspoiled streets, a great indigenous cuisine, dollops of old-world charm, and gobs of nostalgia. In the inner city, glorious baroque palaces stand demurely under grime, evidence of the city's long, languorous lassitude. The dust in far neighborhood shopwindows, their dated graphics . . . If a trip backward in time is a luxury, Vienna offers it, with all the more usual luxuries thrown in.

But the lid has been lifted. A lot of young Europeans are coming to Vienna on a sort of pilgrimage, looking not so much for nostalgia as for inspiration. "Postmodern? Vienna has been steadily postmodern for a hundred years," says Peter Noever, one of Vienna's best-known architecture critics. The French arrive with Robert Musil (Vienna's Proust) and Stefan Zweig in their luggage. The Italians, clued in by such tastemakers as the designer Ettore Sottsass, go about with their necks craned, following the guide to important buildings in Christian Nebahay's *Vienna 1900*. Klimt, Schiele, Otto Wagner, Adolf Loos, Josef Hoffmann, Kokoschka—these painters and architects of the turn-of-the-century Vienna Secessionist movement are now at the height of style, dwarfing German Jugendstil and French art nouveau, with their greater ambition, their deeper tragedies and louder neuroses.

Which is not to say that the past holds sway: new things are also happening in Vienna. Painters, some in their twenties, are reaching toward international recognition, with styles that recall the emotion of the Secessionists and the formal toughness of some early postwar American painting. Though nothing impressive is being built in the city, Viennese architects are bringing an unmistakable Viennese

idiom to work they are doing elsewhere. Among the Postmodernists, the Viennese Hans Hollein stands out for his patience, his attachment to form beyond ornament and anecdote, and his respect for materials. The winner of numerous international prizes, Hollein took ten years to build his museum at Mönchengladbach, West Germany. His object, as the Viennese say, was to make the art superfluous.

In the bars and restaurants blossoming in the inner city's new "Bermuda triangle" of nightlife, there is a new, definitely Viennese style of interior design, pioneered by a man called Hermann Czech. Subtle, eclectic, devoted to hand details, Czech's work at the Wunderbar—with its broken Romanesque arches and carved hardwood and marble elbow tables—is more endearing than imposing. It avoids quaintness while looking as if it has always been there.

While café life in Paris may be dead as an ancillary of intellectual life, in Vienna it thrives. Vienna's youth is using its city rather than fighting it. All the same, Vienna has its own special griefs and ailments of the mind. Vienna is stimulating and oppressive at once, since everything in Vienna seems ambivalent. And the past, in this city where the Holy Roman Empire breathed its last, is a presence still so strong that everyone who comes here for more than eating and sightseeing must negotiate with it for room.

On the highest pedestal in the city, behind but far above the equestrian statue of Prince Karl Schwarzenberg, who crushed Napoleon at Leipzig, a bronze Soviet soldier with a machine gun looks down on Vienna. Copious bouquets from East bloc embassies lie wilting at his feet. In accordance with the usual fate of defeated great empires, he should be facing an archaeological

The rites of morning: the newspaper, coffee, and cake at the neighborhood café.

A baroque confection commemorating the plague.





...and such as
Hollein reminds
Well in his thinking and
...ive people, the Vien-
...produced the wonders and
...past does on, more or
... Even the Hapsburg monarchy sur-
...r-present point of reference: here
... the form of a bureaucracy essentially
unchanged in its processes for two hundred
years, there as quaint ceremonial manners, and
everywhere as an influence—as ecumenical and
paternalistic, as formally courteous and secretly
cruel and intriguing as it was when the court of
Franz Josef, who ruled for sixty-eight years, set
the tone for the city's social and political life.

A point on a rim
that was once a hub,
Vienna is now innocent
of contemporary
conflicts.

Vienna is a city without graffiti. There are no great, clamoring causes here now. In this country nearly free of labor unrest—the unemployment rate is one of Europe's lowest—the strongest recent protest has been against a hydroelectric project that threatens a forest. Instead of the old cosmopolitan countercurrents and antagonisms of the empire, today's Viennese engages in a personalized dialectic between the weighty, structured, communal past and an uncertain future.

horseradish. The young, like their fathers, go out to the *Heurigen*, the wine bars in the nearby hillside vineyards, for new wine, cold food, and a view of the sun setting on the city. The young go to the most old-fashioned, simplest *Heurigen*. They are the cityscape's fiercest defenders against violation, they mourn every café redecoration, and the new things they approve are installed, as already noted, with the tact of seeming already there.

The young painters attend the academies. "We get the most

Prince Karl Schwarzenberg, namesake of his ancestor the great field marshal, describes politics in the neutral socialist republic this way. "You are interested in it, but treat it with disdain." It is a viewpoint you hear stated over and over.

Burned by its ties with the Germans, bereft of its Jews, cut off from its important Slavic influences, yet stuck far out east, a point on a rim that was once a hub, Vienna might find its true hope in some truly fresh start. Indeed, the city is privileged by its innocence of contemporary conflicts. Yet Vienna's children have a fervent traditional side to them. It is the young who are behind the return to the *Beiseln*, the little local bistros, with their terraces sheltered by potted plants, their dining rooms with smoky walls, where time seems pickled along with the

A sense of bombast: Archduke Carl, who defeated Napoleon at Aspern in 1809, rides triumphant in bronze



Museums

1. Kunsthistorisches Museum (Art Historical Museum)
2. Museum für Völkerkunde (Ethnological Museum)
3. Neue Hofburg
4. Hofburg, Kaiser Apartments
5. Neue Galerie in der Stallburg
6. Österreichische Galerie (Austrian Gallery)
7. Graphische Sammlung Albertina (Albertina)

Collection of Graphic Arts)

8. Österreichisches Museum für Angewandte Kunst (Museum of Applied Art)
9. Akademie der Bildenden Künste (Academy of Fine Arts)
10. Belvedere Palace
11. Imperial Chapel
12. (arrow) Liechtenstein Park
13. Naturhistorisches Museum (Natural History Museum)

Hotels

14. Im Palais Schwarzenberg
15. Hotel Sacher
16. Imperial Hotel
17. König von Ungarn

Restaurants

18. Zu den Drei Husaren
19. Prinz Eugen, The Hilton
20. Mattes
21. Oswald und Kalb
22. Salzamt
23. Santo Spirito
24. Trzesniewsky

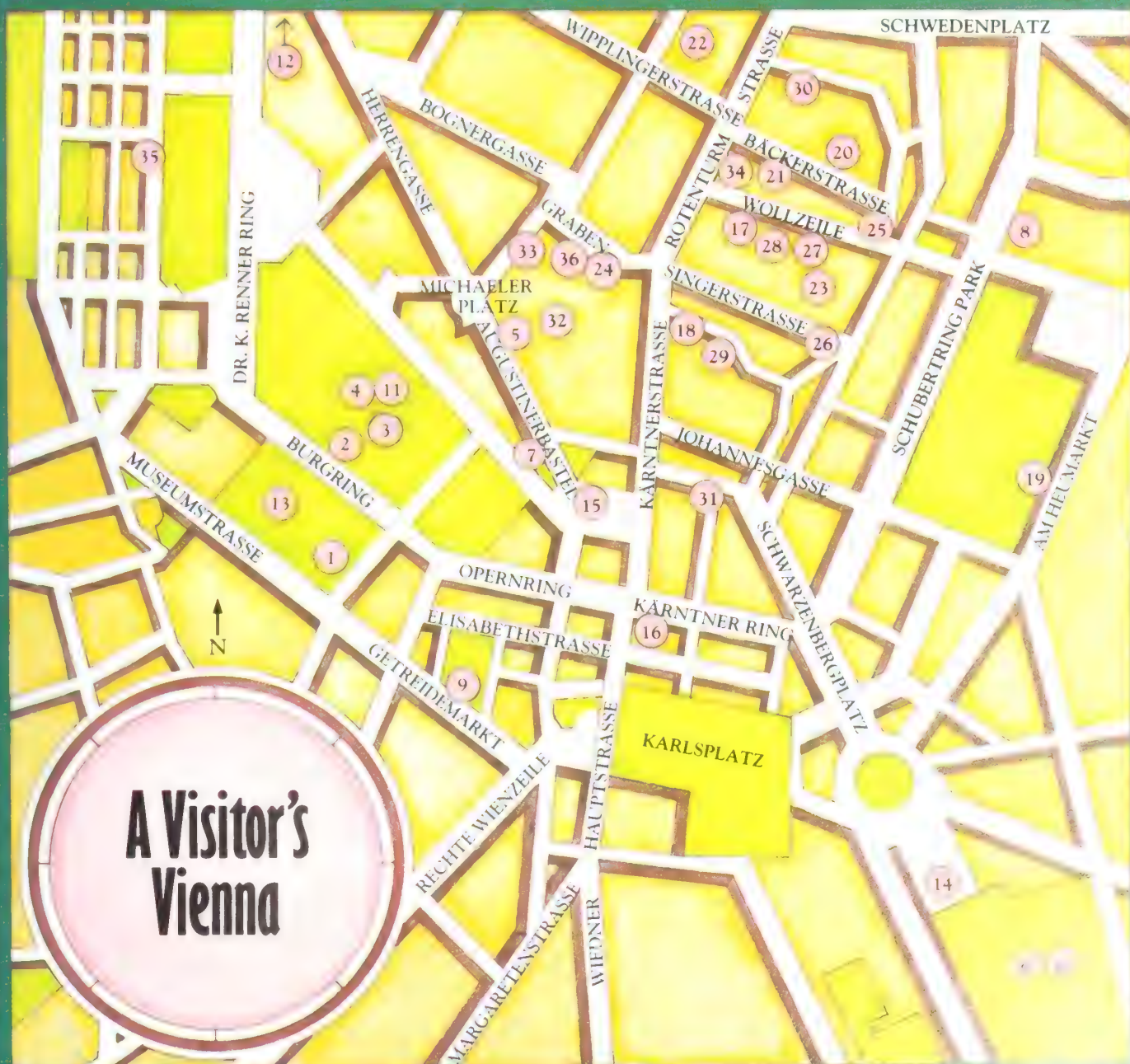
25. Koranda
26. Zu den Drei Hacken

Galleries

27. Nächst St. Stephan
28. Heike Curtze
29. Peter Pakesch
30. Grita Insam
31. Nebehay
32. Metropol

Cake Shops

33. Demel
34. Heiner
35. Sluka
36. Lehmann



only the worst attend to it." The influence of Secessionists is still vital in young Viennese painting, therefore it is as if the young were reaching for a tradition that would give orphaned Vienna the self-confidence to be cosmopolitan again.

All that said, be warned: Do not go looking for vibrant tradition in the most obvious places.

At eleven o'clock, during the ball of Vienna's St. Johann Club to benefit the Order of Malta, the guests leave the paper-covered picnic tables in the court of Eckartsau Castle, to descend upon long rows of delicatessen inside the undecorated hall. In a quarter of an hour, the cold cuts are gone, carried away in heaps. The steps of the grand staircase are littered with leavings. A distinguished lady in a lime-colored ball gown goes about picking up soiled paper napkins muttering, "*Schweine, Schweine!*" Upstairs, the five-piece band breaks into a rendition of Hitler's "Horst Wessel Lied," done to a fast, lindy beat—nothing Nazi seems intended, no hearts are stirred to salutes. Teenage nobs in gowns and cutaways dance like mad, while still another tidbit of the past is digested into banality. I recalled something the painter Ernst Fuchs said over dinner on the terrace of the Hotel Schwarzenbach: "We are protected by our indifference."

On another evening, Princess Putzi Windisch Graetz, great-granddaughter of Field Marshal Alfred Windisch Graetz, who crushed the revolution of 1848 and for whom humanity began "with the baron," gives a dinner for eight. It is in her small apartment off the Naschmarkt, and the princess greets her guests in her apron. She is making a chicken curry, and soon everyone sits down in her kitchen. One wall is crowded with the deer-horn trophies that once decorated a great hall in her castle; it is the only Renaissance castle in Hungary and the pride of the current owner, Kádár's government. At table are three persons who lost huge estates after Yalta: the princess, Count Gábor Széchenyi, and Baroness Tintin Richthofen, cousin of the Red Baron, a Prussian living in Vienna. Visiting from France is Princess de Croy, who still lives in her castle. She complains about Monsieur Mitterrand while the count's sister, Hanna, in town from Budapest, listens, arms folded, with a gentle smile. Hanna Széchenyi, now seventy-two, was once the loveliest girl in Budapest society, belle of the many balls. She now is housed there in a build-



The painter Ernst Fuchs at work, and his Salon Estéré (right).



ing where the government shelters transients from the Third World, the latest in that category being Libyans.

you, if you have a Slavic name, "Are you from somewhere in the monarchy?"—as if the monarchy were still on the map. Metternich said that Asia began with the Landstrasse, on the city's eastern edge. In 1968, you could stand on the border and hear the tanks firing on Bratislava. Today, the Soviet bloc begins forty miles from Vienna, at a mined frontier.

The monarchy may be an amputated ghost, but it keeps trying to gesture. Someone as young as Peter Pakesch, the twenty-seven-year-old owner of the gallery that is fostering Vienna's newest painters, can see the ghost in the Jewish Socialist Bruno Kreisky's political flirtation with Friedrich Peter, head of the Socialists' coalition ally in parliament. Peter belonged to an SS death brigade; he is an ex-Nazi. Pakesch explains it all easily: "Kreisky ruled by following the pattern of the all-encompassing monarchy, which absorbed all its communities."

After the monarchy, it was the Jews, of course, who got destroyed instead of absorbed. The Slavs still account for about half the Viennese population, but only 1,500 of Vienna's Jews—who once numbered 250,000 in a city of 1.4 million—have come back. "This is my culture, my language," says Arik Brauer, the half-Jewish painter who lived through the war in Vienna. "But I can never feel like just another Austrian again."

Yet in language, the key to thought, a strong Jewish influence survives. The Viennese dialect is full of Yiddish—*Chuzpe*, *Masel*, *Beisel* come from Hebrew, and so does *Schmäh*, one of the most important words to know for understanding the Viennese mentality. *Schmäh* comes from the Hebrew prayer word *Shemah*, "Hear!" A *Schmäh* is a line, a snow job, a rap, and a metaphorical approach to fact, in which sincerity is not always important.

The Viennese find the Germans frighteningly sincere. The *Wiener Schmäh*, on the other hand, is a way of playfully exploring reality. "It's like the feuilleton," says the critic Peter Noever, who, in the coffee-

Ah, symbolism: a huge Pallas Athene before the parliament building



houses where *Schmäh* is bought and sold, passes for a great *Schmäh* artist. "You talk around until you come up with new information that is not directly informative but closer to reality."

Freud's great scheme of metaphors for the workings of the human soul could pass for an exalted Viennese *Schmäh*. But like the good doctor of the Berggasse, who was irritated by Jung's lack of interest in scientific corroboration, the ambivalent Viennese are uncomfortable in their own world of metaphor. Hard reason keeps calling them to order like an Austrian father. So, Vienna also gave us Wittgenstein to hunt the meaning of meaning, as well as Kurt Gödel, who provided one of the century's great mathematical proofs, i.e., that not everything is provable.

A person's *Schmäh* is also his image, his *figura*. In Viennese conversations, the failure of Lorin Maazel to catch on as the head of the music establishment in Vienna is explained as a conflict of a certain New York *Schmäh* with Vienna's. His self-importance, they say, lacked the warmth (the *Schmalz*?) to impose itself here. The man and his cool way of conducting music were perceived as too "lacquered."

The Viennese are enthusiastic conservatives when it comes to music. When the composer Witold Lutoslawski conducted his

It's as if the young
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cosmopolitan again.

own experimental works for the Musikverein a few years ago, he was hooted by the crowd in black tie. Vienna is no longer an important center for the performance of new music.

Vienna's Burgtheater is expected to gain new life with the coming of its new German director, Claus Peymann, in 1986, but the best-known Austrian playwright, Peter Handke, lives in Salzburg. Vienna ignored its young writers a few years ago. It was the Residenz Verlag, in Salzburg, that published and promoted them. Since then, Salzburg has been a writer's town, and many Austrian writers live in the country.

Still, at the *Stammtisch*, or common table, at the restaurant Oswald und Kalb, there's always a crowd of painters, talking about trips abroad for their shows like truckmen at a diner talking runs. Painting is the Vienna scene. The city's

early postwar wave of "Fantastic Realists," such as Ernst Fuchs and Arik Brauer, followed by Friedensreich Hundertwasser, form an establishment of great commercial, if not critical, success. A second group of sixties and seventies people have turned away from their old happenings and installations and have associated themselves with what a gallery owner terms "the new lust to paint," spurred by what Vienna calls the "new wild ones," who are in their twenties and happen to be less wild than painterly.

In Vienna, unlike in Paris, intellectual life still thrives in the cafés; one of them is the converted Karlsplatz metro station.



Vienna Guide

Where to Stay

Im Palais Schwarzenberg, Schwarzenbergplatz 9. Phone: 78.45.15. This great hotel (partly designed by the great baroque architect Fischer von Erlach) makes you feel like the guest of a well-heeled family. The service is flawless, the rooms in period eighteenth-century. Only forty rooms, three duplex suites, and astounding salons for balls and



A Beisel, or local-style bistro.

parties. Very hard to get reservations.

Hotel Sacher, Philharmonikerstrasse 4. Phone: 52.55.75. Impeccable, cozy luxury. A family of four can have a baroque suite for about \$250 and can put the au pair in room 212, where there's a shower (but no full bath), for about \$40.

Imperial, Kärntner Ring 16. Phone: 65.17.65. A grand hotel without exceptional character. But in how many other places do the maids notice when your room, clothes, or shoes need attention?

König von Ungarn, Schülerstrasse 10. Phone: 52.65.20. This restored 1815 hotel, a walk from all the galleries, just behind the Kärntner Ring, is a

lobby is kitsch, but the rooms are pleasant, the location superb, the help charming; and all this for about \$50 to \$70 a room. The restaurant needs improvement.

Restaurants

Grand Zu den Drei Husaren, Weihburggasse 4. Phone: 52.11.82. This somewhat faded haven of Old Vienna baroque cuisine is still excellent. The Preiselbeeren omelette with praline sabayon is probably one of the world's most memorable desserts. You haven't eaten in Vienna unless you've eaten here. Go following the opera; they serve very late.

Prinz Eugen, The Hilton, Wiedner Hauptstrasse. Phone: 75.26.52. Gault Millau ranks this *nouvelle* place right under the Drei Husaren, but getting through the execrable Hilton lobby can make you lose your appetite.

Mattes, Schönlaterngasse 8. Phone: 52.62.75. Another GM favorite for "creative" cooking. Closed when we were there, however.

Trendy Oswald und Kalb, Backerstrasse 14. Phone: 527.07.93. The place for Vienna's intelligentsia. The food is hearty, simple.

Salzamt, Ruprechtsplatz 1. Phone: 63.58.32. Hermann Czech decor. Intellectual crowd. Food can be excellent. **Santo Spirito**, Kumpfgasse 7. Phone: 52.99.98. Irregular in cuisine, but the decor by the owner, Gunter Rupp, is worth a look in.

Trzesniewsky, Dorotheergasse 1. Phone: 52.32.91. The open sandwiches, which one eats while standing up or at a little table against the wall, are an authentic Old Vienna answer to the Big Mac.



Café Demel, famed for tortes.

Beiseln

These simple eating places, a little like what neighborhood bistros once were like in Paris, are all the fashion now among the young and the plugged-in. Koranda (Wollzeile 38) is a favorite Saturday-lunch Beisel. Zum guten Hirten (Pressgasse 26) is a sleepy place on a sleepy street near the Naschmarkt where a grandmother, mother, and daughter team produce good Viennese home cooking. Fasselwirth (in Alte fassl Ziegelofengasse 37) has a pleasant courtyard garden, and Zu den Drei Hacken (Singerstrasse 28) deserves its popularity.

Konditoreien

Does Demel make a better Sacher torte than Sacher? You decide. Demel (Kohlmarkt 14) definitely makes a delicious buffet lunch, but the place is generally filled with American tourists. The Viennese tend to eat their cake at Heiner (Wollzeile 9), Sluka (Rat-

hausplatz 8), or Lehmann (Graben 12).

Galleries

Contemporary Viennese **Nächst St. Stephan**, Grünangergasse 1.

Heike Curtze, Grünangergasse 12.

Peter Pakesch, Ballgasse 6.

Grita Insam, Kollnerhofgasse 6.

Secessionist

Nebhay, Annagasse 16.

Metropol, Dorotheergasse 12.

Shopping Tips

- Dorotheum (Dorotheergasse 17)—Vienna's auctioneers.
- Wiener Werkstätte crystal can be had in open patterns at Lobmeyr (Kärntnerstrasse 26).

- Joh. Backhausen (Kärntnerstrasse 33) has interesting upholstery fabrics, including some reissued Josef Hoffmann designs.

- Witzky (Stephansplatz 7) has a good selection of *Trachten*, traditional Austrian clothing, including handsome short jackets for women.

- If you're staying for a couple of weeks, Rudolf Scheer & Söhne (Bräunerstrasse 4) can make beautiful made-to-measure shoes, for about \$500 a pair.

The Hotel Sacher: tortes, and cozy luxury in baroque suites.





This sculpture decorates a house by the Secessionist architect Otto Wagner.

Hermann Nitsch is applying paint now as well as spilling blood onto the canvas. Arnulf Rainer has recently had a big one-man show at the Centre Pompidou, and Oswald Oberhuber a retrospective covering the first floor of Vienna's Albertina. The influential Holly Solomon Gallery, in New York City, recently held a show of the works of Siegfried Anziger and Hubert Schmalix, followed by a Vienna group show at the equally well regarded Brooke Alexander gallery. Five Austrians were chosen for the Museum of Modern Art's opening survey of contemporary painting, in New York. Peter Pakesch will likely open a branch of his gallery in Europe's important art-market city of Basel.

It is hard to say precisely why painting is flourishing in Vienna. Maybe it is because of the handful of very supportive galleries, maybe because the city is a cheap place for a painter to work. In the Mariahilf, Seidengrund, and Diamantengrund areas, a spacious loft can still be rented for from \$100 to \$200 a month. Maybe it is because Vienna grates less on the nerves than more active cities do. "In the shadow of its silence we can listen to old voices," says Ernst Fuchs, laying on some local *Schmalz*.

The outward calm of the city is deceptive. Anyone who listens will hear the silence being constantly interrupted by Viennese saying bad things about each other. "I have a thousand enemies and no friends," says Fuchs. He says it with touch of glee, after running down some other painters. "This town is a jungle," says Peter Noever, after pointing out that Ernst Fuchs is a fool. And

Peter Pakesch tells you, "If a Viennese seems to be getting sincerely friendly, something's wrong; you can be sure you've got something to worry about."

Professor Erwin Ringel, head of the Adlerian movement in Austria, and author of the best-selling *The Austrian Soul*, contends, "Outwardly the Viennese is very friendly, but he is deeply unreliable, full of mistrust, particularly of strangers." In his office at Vienna University Hospital's psychiatric clinic, Dr. Ringel goes on to describe historical factors in the local mentality. One of them, he believes, is the lingering repressive effects of generations of stern fathers: "Freud was the first to detect that the child was victim of the parents. He was the victim of his father, but in the end he saw himself as being the father, the victim of his children, his pupils."

To the parent factor, Dr. Ringel adds a further identity and survival problem: "From the turn of the century until 1945, all the people felt in their unconscious that they were going to be destroyed." Austria raced toward a suicidal pro-Germanism after 1918, for a protective identity, Ringel says. The debacle of 1945 drove the Austrians back to "making a good connection with it, with their own nation."

That evening in the Roter Engel bar, a young man with an electric guitar was singing for a room packed with Germans, German cars and German money, German culture, each stanza with a mocking "Wir sind alle German."

...are Berlin and Munich make it a point of the differences from here and there you see the Berlin style of dress, girls in used clothing and steel jewelry, but not much of that. You see a lot more square old folkloric *Trachten*, printed dresses with aprons, loden jackets. Recently, the Ring, a Berlin-style punk bar, opened in a former car salesroom, but as a young German sociologist said over a drink there, "This Berlin cool is only superficial here. If this were a bar in Berlin, suddenly three people would break out into a fight, and you'd think nothing of it. You don't feel that authentic Berlin electricity. If Berlin is cool, Vienna is laid-back."

As for Munich, the Viennese see it as the capital city of the *Schickeria*. Germany's "chic-eria" wears resort tans and all the right labels, but Austria didn't partake in the German "economic wonder." It prospered slowly after the war, and relatively solidly; as a result, it is not easy to make a hit in Vienna with conspicuous money.

"Germany felt guilty after the war," one young Viennese tells you, "and wanted to do something new. The Austrians saw themselves as victims and turned back to their history. They decided that the monarchy was the best they'd known, and this whole city developed a nineteenth-century culture. When the rest of the world had Abstract Expressionism and then pop, we had the 'Fantastic Realists,' derived from Klimt."

"The Viennese are such good talkers," Germans like to say, "they can make you believe that Beethoven was an Austrian and that Hitler was a German." But Hitler, as the Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal puts it, "was not an Eskimo. And other Austrians—though their country amounted to only eight and a half percent of greater Germany—committed fifty percent of the war crimes and accounted for eighty percent of Eichmann's staff."

For American readers, bringing up the Nazi issue in a story about modern Vienna might seem to be beating a long-dead horse. But like the rest of the past, the Nazi past still weighs on the city. Karl Lueger Platz, named for a man who inspired Hitler, is still Karl Lueger Platz. The art school, the Hochschule für Angewandte Kunst, stands on it.

In his Viennese office, crowded with documentation, Simon Wiesenthal can offer evidence that the old Nazis are Austria's current power brokers. The old Nazis are the party hacks and bureaucrats who served the Third Reich as they would have served the monarchy. They are in every party and helping to run the 40 percent of Austria's industry that was nationalized after the war: "The neo-Nazis are feeble and have no connections with the old ones. It will take ten years and lots of deaths for the old Nazis to lose their influence." Meanwhile, the psychiatrist Erwin Ringel tells you, "A common



Peter Noever, Vienna's best-known architecture critic.

that is sugared over, can also make soapstone of the heart. The heart lifts with all the stirrings of young life here, but Vienna doesn't let you forget that this was the center of the downfall of not only an empire but also great humanistic striving. There are too many relics. "The death component is everywhere," Hans Hollein says of this, the city that nurtured him, the city he loves.

I thought of all this ambivalence as I was walking through the Stadtpark while a lousy orchestra in the garden of the Kursalon pumped out waltzes for people drinking coffee smothered in whipped cream. Before me was Johann Strauss himself, in bronze, playing a bronze violin while stone nudes, simpering, gamboled in a huge stone wreath behind him. I had come from Johann Fischer von Erlach's Karlskirche, the city's masterpiece of baroque architecture and the great architect's supreme achievement—a church whose flanking columns suggest minarets. It was built in the first third of the eighteenth century to thank God for having rescued Vienna from the plague.

And I thought, this is the Viennese emotion: squeezed out of tension like toothpaste out of a tube. Emotion crying for—parental?—approval, with its mouth wide open, but afraid it has bad breath. Emotion looking over its shoulder like a Viennese Jew looking east, and making its case for room to live, trying to be *salonfähig*, able to look good in polite company. What did Vienna's two most famous outbursts of creativity—the fantastic fin de siècle and the glorious baroque—share, if not a common weak point: a compulsion to dissolve the hysterical in the pretty? And always the city's fathers kept asking for the *konsequent*, the grandiose. I think of Otto Wagner, the poetic Secessionist architect who became Otto Wagner, champion of businesslike functionalism, and died with plans for constructing vast monuments to art on a (Richard) Wagnerian scale.

Later, Herbert Brandl, the twenty-five-year-old painter, says to me, "I'm getting out. I don't know where I'm going but I'm leaving. Everything here is *überspitzt*."

Überspitzt: hypertrophic, or sharpened to too painfully fine a point. □

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A mosaic in Jugendstil at the Engel drugstore



A Sensual Education

What unifies the art museums of Vienna is a celebration of all five senses

By Thomas Hoving

Great art museums are like human beings: each has a complex personality. Some are half-hidden, yet every one is indelible. The British Museum is a stuffy colonialist who grabbed everything in sight and ran; the Prado is a close-mouthed grandee with marvelous if rather brittle, even cruel, taste; the Uffizzi is a self-centered Medici princess reveling in Italy's former grandeur.

The often-neglected Kunsthistorisches Museum, in Vienna, is the greatest of all. It is an unbridled sensualist with a keen eye for human flesh or anything else the five senses can devour. The grand "Art Historical," as the name would be translated, is the finest and richest museum of all, for while the Hapsburgs ruled and collected art, from 1282 to 1918, they managed to assemble the most exciting and the sexiest collections of paintings, sculptures, crown jewels, imperial implements, and bibelots in the world. Other museums and galleries in the West have their fleshly masterpieces, too, but none in such staggering numbers as the Kunsthistorisches. And some of the other museums of Vienna are almost that potent.

The Art Historical has its defects, of course. It is spread through seven buildings in the city, some hard to find. It is bewilderingly diverse. The hours can be erratic, so it's prudent to inquire at your hotel about the schedule. Every month, a detailed list of events in the city museums is published in German, but it's hard to come by. Since the museum's lighting tends to be primitive, evening is a poor time to visit. Sunny days are essential, and October offers plenty of them.

What works of art demand special attention in Vienna? More than anyone could possibly see during one visit, but here is a personal selection of indispensables. When you begin to flag, have a coffee or other restorative in the small basement restaurant, which isn't at all bad.

Kunsthistorisches Museum (Art Historical Museum)

The only way to start a visit is to begin across the street, in the Naturhistorisches Museum (Natural History Museum), which opens at nine, an hour before the Art Historical. There, in Room XI, you'll find the earliest sculpture known—the Willendorf Venus, made around 30,000 B.C. This sensuous image of Mother Earth is an eye-opening gauge against which to measure the timeless grace and universal power of femininity so abundant in the Art Historical.

The world's finest collection of paintings is on the second floor, in a series of vast halls marked I through XV. There are also twenty



Right: To the Hapsburg taste—Adonis stealing a kiss from a deliciously willing Venus. Painted by Bartholomäus Spranger.

unmarked, peripheral galleries with works no less carefully displayed according to nationality, and there is a "correct" itinerary.

One might as well begin in Hall I, with the Italian High Renaissance—with a detour into the first side room for the paintings of the trecento. Among hundreds of Italian masterpieces the following are beyond compare:

• Correggio's *Jupiter and Io* (#274). Jupiter the Thunderer surges down from Mount Olympus as a dark-gray cloud to embrace a gorgeous and compliant young woman. Boucher at his best never came close to this masterpiece of sensuality.

• Side Chamber: Andrea Mantegna's *Saint Sebastian* (#301). Few paintings so harmoniously sum up the Italian High Renaissance, with its perfect balance of classical antiquity and exultation in man's physical perfection. The inscription, in Greek, says, "This, I, Andrea, painted."

• Hall II: This is one of the most stunning rooms of paintings in the world, holding nineteen splendid Titians, including the portrait of Isabella d'Este (#83), with its incomparable harmonies of

blues, slate grays, flesh tones, and furs; and the juicy, lush, coloristic *Danae*, reveling in her shower of gold (#90).

In the entrance to the side chambers is an entrancing painting, *A Young Woman at Her Toilet*, by Titian's teacher, Giovanni Bellini (#97). Which blue is the more vibrant, that of the sky or that of the turban around her head? In the next side chamber is Giorgione's *Three Philosophers* (#111), one of the most moving and enigmatic paintings in history. Who are these beings, serene and human, who so confidently dominate the sunny landscape in which they sit and confront so fearlessly the dark cave's entrance? Three philosophers? The Magi? Perhaps they symbolize the mysteries of nature revealed and tamed by humanism.

• Hall III: Some of Veronese's best are here, including his brooding *Lucretia* (#1561) and, in the far corner, the enormous *Anointing of David* (#40).

• Hall IV: Here are no fewer than twenty-four Tintoretto's, all great, one truly sublime—*Susannah and the Elders* (#1530). The silhouette of a woman's body has never been delineated with more lustrous sensuality.

• Hall V: Caravaggio's monumental and compelling *Madonna of the Rosaries* (#147) dominates a hall full of spectacular works by some of his major followers. One of them, Orazio Gentileschi, produced the great *Rest on the Flight into Egypt* (#180). The pastel colors move from blue to golden orange like a magical sunset, and the gaze of the Christ Child forms an unbreakable bond with the onlooker.

• Side Chamber off Hall VII: Here in the Italian galleries it is surprising to find eight magnificent portraits by the Spanish master Diego Velázquez. Because of Hapsburg marriages into the Spanish royal family, they belong: Philip IV, his queen, and their children. Particularly charming is the youngest, Margarita Teresa, in her blue robe, holding a fur muff (#2130).

Halls VI and VII contain rather boring works by Italian masters of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, but in the side chambers are some beauties, especially Canaletto's *La Dogana* (#6331) and G. B. Tiepolo's radiant *The Post Boat* (#6424).

• Halls VIII through XV: In the remaining picture galleries of the Kunsthistorisches hangs the cream of the Dutch, Flemish, German, and Swiss masters, with a few English painters as well. In Hall VIII two tiny, jewellike Rogier van der Weydens painted back to back are as fine as anything on earth, but the masterpiece is Hugo van der Goes's diptych *The Temptation of Adam and Eve* and *The Deposition* (#5822 AB)—each panel only eight by six inches. The crafty, humanoid snake alone is worth the visit.



A detail of Paolo Veronese's luscious *Lucretia*, painted ca. 1580–83.



The first earth mother: the Venus of Willendorf, ca. 30,000 B.C.

The floor plan is such that it's easy to skip Hall IX, which has the Dutch mannerists of the sixteenth century. Don't.

- Hall X: The twelve astonishing works by Pieter Brueghel the Elder hanging here are among the most poignant, hilarious, cruel, invigorating, humble, universal, observant, poetic, scientific—and mad—images of humanity ever created. For me, the three best are *Winter* (the gray-green color of that ice! that flying bird!), *The Peasants' Wedding*, and *The Carrying of the Cross*.

Adjacent to the halls with the Brueghels, the Van Dyck, and the Jacob Jordaens are side chambers with amazing material. Here are spectacular paintings by Albrecht Dürer, including his *All-Saints Altarpiece* (out on restoration at the moment) and his captivating portrait *The Young Venetian* (#6440). Another contains no fewer than fifteen superb Lucas Cranachs. Yet another displays a dozen-odd fine Holbeins. And, in the side chamber, unaccountably marked 18, look for the peculiar German mannerist Bartholomäus Spranger, who produced such appealing, sensual works as *Venus and Adonis* (#2526).

- Halls XIII and XIV: Can any two galleries anywhere contain a more diverse and heady series of masterpieces by Peter Paul Rubens? For instance, the *Ildelfonso Altarpiece*, with its two wings (#678); *The Stormy Landscape* (#690); the gory *Head of Medusa* (#3834, in a side chamber); the provocative *Woman in a Fur Coat* (#688); *The Four Continents* (#526); and two giant altarpieces, marvelously theatrical, one depicting Saint Ignatius Loyola, the other the miracles of Saint Francis Xavier.

The side chambers off Hall XIV contain two superlative paintings. The first is Rembrandt's great *Self-Portrait of 1652* (#411). This handsome man hooks his thumbs into his belt, looking straightforwardly out at the world. He is not just the artist but all humanity, presented with monumental dignity and an appropriate dash of frailty.

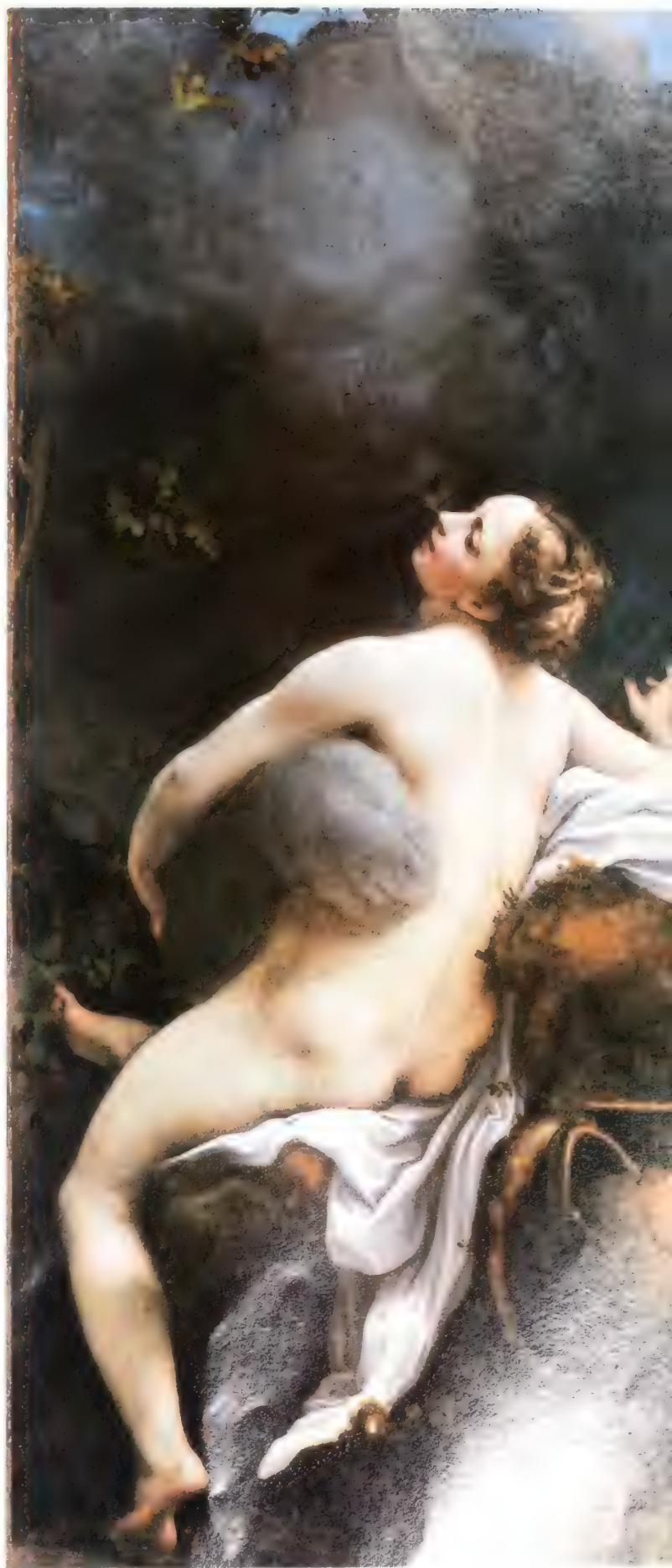
The second is Jan Vermeer's *Allegory of Painting* (#9128). Both subtle and flamboyant, it conveys a powerful overall impression despite hundreds of closely observed details, each miraculously rendered—a fitting conclusion to the preliminary grand tour of the sensory and sensual delights of painting in the Kunsthistorisches Museum.

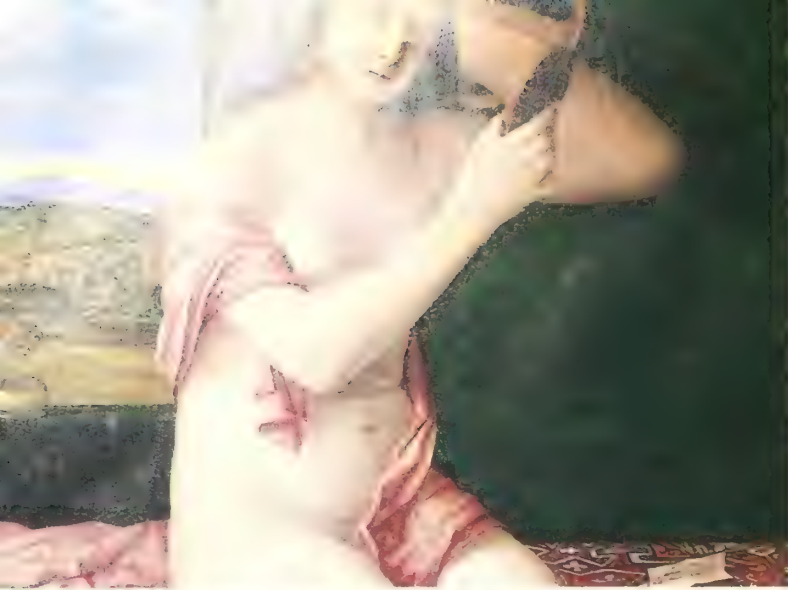
- The Main Floor: It is more effective to tour the decorative arts and sculpture collection in reverse, starting with Hall XXXVII (downstairs, mercifully, there are no side chambers). The Egyptian, Greek, and Roman objects are just fair; the world beaters are the German, Italian, and French decorative arts and the provisory exhibition of the imperial treasury, or Schatzkammer, which is breathtaking.

It would be easy to get lost in this magic forest of bronzes, marbles, ivory carving, jewels, and semi-precious stones, but here are my choices. Since only the halls and the individual objects are numbered—not the vitrines—they take some ferreting out.

- Hall XXXVI: The huge rock-crystal dish here (#2316), made in the

Below: Cellini's gold saltcellar for King Francis I (ca. 1543). Right: A great Correggio—Jupiter, as a cloud, ravishing Io.





south of Italy in the twelfth or thirteenth century, is certainly the most impressive in the world; and in the same gallery is a fantastic two-foot-high painted wooden sculpture by the Austrian Gregor Erhart, circa 1500 (#164). Called *The Allegory of Vanity*, it depicts with chilling vigor the three ages of man and woman from youth to death.

- Hall XXIX: In a case near a window are three fabulous late-sixteenth-century blown- and twisted-glass figures representing characters from the *commedia dell'arte*. Made in Murano, they are the most gorgeous and vibrant of the tens of thousands of such figures to have survived (#2705, #2711, and #2714).

An entire case is filled with Milanese and Florentine bibelots, fashioned in crystal, enamel, chalcedony, jasper, lapis, and the like, that beats most of the treasures in the Louvre's *Galerie d'Apollon*—which is saying a lot.

- Hall XXVII: Speaking of genius, feast your eyes on Benvenuto Cellini's great saltcellar, made in 1543 for Francis I. The attractive, earthy woman is, indeed, Earth; her partner, Water; and they seem to have an eager physical attraction for each other. The sculpture of gold and enamel is grandiose, yet it has a sense of humor. It is a universe—some eighteen inches high—of butter-colored gold highlighted with spare hints of vibrant blue, red, and green enamel. The gold is handled in a delightfully impressionistic way, lending a shimmering tension to the surface.

- Hall XIX: Here, handsomely laid out with effective modern lighting, are such choice selections from the imperial treasury as the imperial crown (#1), of the second half of the tenth century; the imperial scepter; the great Austrian "Kaiser" crown; the magnificent church textiles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and—easy to miss—a gold and enamel brooch of the mid-fifteenth century representing a young dandy and his girl.

- Hall XV: The last "indispensable" piece in the decorative-arts sections is the eagle cameo made for Emperor Augustus, probably the largest and most breathtaking of all ancient cameos (#IX A 26)—a magnificent finale for this fabulous visit.

Apart from the *Kunsthistorisches*, Vienna has some fifty museums, houses, memorial sites, and art collections. Not all are worthy of a visit. Here is a selection of the real winners.

Museum für Völkerkunde (Ethnological Museum)

Two pieces in this museum are extraordinarily beautiful: an Aztec fan and a ceremonial shield, both made from thousands of colored feathers, which came to Europe in 1519, doubtless as part of the fabulous treasure Montezuma sent to Emperor Maximilian. You'll find them in the Mexican halls, on the second floor. The singing coyote on the shield, "painted" in feathers and edged with gold leaf, is astonishing. Look at the back!

Neue Hofburg (Ephesos Museum)

Here, besides collections of arms and armor and musical instruments, is a series of Roman sculptures from the ancient city of Ephesos, with an impressive modern site plan of the ancient metropolis. On the first floor is one of the most beautiful Roman bronzes I've ever seen (#VI 3170), a large but delicate bronze lamp in the shape of an Ionic capital, made around the year one.

Top: Bellini's *A Young Woman at Her Toilet* (1515). *Center:* *The Temptation of Adam and Eve* (left) and *The Deposition* (right), by Hugo van der Goes. *Below:* *The Three Philosophers*, by Giorgione. *Opposite:* Velázquez's *Infanta Margarita Teresa in Blue* (1659).



Neue Galerie in der Stallburg

The rooms are long and the rooms innumerable. The Chapel is fabulous, particularly at 9:15 on Sundays and religious holidays, when the Vienna Boys Choir performs.

Neue Galerie in der Stallburg

Here is a small, attractive collection of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, none of them Austrian. (The Austrian material is perversely located in the Upper Belvedere Palace.) Deserving special attention are the excellent canvases and drawings by the Romantic painter Kaspar David Friedrich; the alcove with three flamboyant paintings by the German Lovis Corinth, which enhances Vienna's reputation for sensuality in the fine arts; and an amazingly poetic and limpid landscape of a lonely road in Catalonia by Pablo Picasso (on loan from a private collector), painted when he was sixteen.

Österreichische Galerie (Austrian Gallery)

Start at the Upper Belvedere and visit the galleries where the nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings are displayed.

Then stroll the quarter mile downhill through the imposing esplanade of the rambling "summer palace."

Like most nineteenth-century painters, the Austrians turned out either froufrou or pompous platitudes—and they are all collected in the Upper Belvedere. Bypass all of them except one: *The Triumph of Ariadne*, by the highly fashionable nineteenth-century baroque painter Hans Makart—talk about decadence! Better yet are the Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele galleries, up on the third floor (stairs only). Klimt has been overhyped, but there are some worthy pictures. Have a good look at the Hollywood-vamp *Judith and Holofernes* (it's fun to compare this with the Veronese back at the Art Historical); the dazzling early portrait of Sonia Knips; the famous Kiss; and the late, bright, and mature portrait of Johanna Stade.

As for Schiele, he died in the influenza epidemic of 1918, aged



John De Andrea's *Woman on a Bed*.

Pieter Brueghel's *Peasants' Dance*. These folk—eating, drinking, dancing, making music—represent man in touch with the earth.



twenty-eight, before he could mature artistically, but he was plainly a genius. Don't miss *Die Fenster* and *Sonnenblumen*.

Graphische Sammlung Albertina (Albertina Graphic Arts Collection)

This is one of the richest collections of old-master drawings in the world, and it includes the best of Albrecht Dürer's work (*Praying Hands*, the divine *Rabbit*), Rubens at his best, Watteau, Fragonard, and a host of other luminaries. For conservation reasons the originals are almost never exhibited, which is good for their longevity. It is bad, however, that the Albertina doesn't tell the visitor that the "masterworks" on display are merely reproductions. There is usually a decent exhibition on view.

Österreichisches Museum für Angewandte Kunst (Museum for Applied Arts)

Vast, jumbled, fascinating displays of everything from Hafner ware to art nouveau glass and Secession furniture. You will want to both browse and dash through these galleries.

Akademie der Bildenden Künste, Schillerplatz (Academy of Fine Arts)

The Academy of Fine Arts has a small and absolutely smashing collection of paintings. The lighting is frightful, so a bright, sunny day is required. Of compelling interest are these:

Hieronymus Bosch's *Last Judgment*, with sinful hosts being skewered, drowned, roasted, and scared to death, for eternity.

Titian's very late and surprisingly sexual *Tarquin and Lucretia*—to our eyes, a mixture of Claude Monet and Jackson Pollock.

Peter Paul Rubens's splendid *Boreas Abducting the Nymph Oreithyia*, which fully lives up to the Viennese fleshly traditions.

Jan Wouwermans's dynamic *Highway Robbery*, with a striking horse painted in blue tones—perhaps his best work.

Stift Klosterneuburg (Monastery of Klosterneuburg)

Though the monastery is a half hour's drive from central Vienna and involves an obligatory guided tour through overdecorated episcopal chambers, the journey is worth it, for in the crypt is one of the great works of Western civilization—the gold and enamel altar made by Nicholas of Verdun and dated 1181. The opulence of the Middle Ages is summed up in its breathtaking fifty-one panels, depicting scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Bring binoculars, since you can get within only twenty feet.

Contemporary Art

Until fairly recently, Vienna was not known for contemporary art. Painting and sculpture of the twentieth century are shown in different places: the sculpture (not very choice), at the Schweizer Garten; the paintings, out on the Fürstengasse in the gigantic, slightly tatty Palais Liechtenstein. The permanent collection of paintings is lackluster, but on loan from the German chocolates tycoon and art collector Peter Ludwig are top-notch examples of the work of Warhol, Segal, Lichtenstein, Schnabel, and Baselitz and, by John De Andrea, a particularly enticing "perfectionist" nude sculpture of a young girl whose every pore and filament of hair is precisely represented. Sensualist Vienna, that roué of an art collector, must love it. □

Gustav Klimt's *Judith and Holofernes*. Compare this narcissistic vamp with Veronese's troubled, introspective *Lucretia*.





THE FINEST MEN'S FASHIONS IN THE WORLD
START WITH AN ATTITUDE

ZEGNA

FROM A TO Z

BY PETER CARLSEN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDI FELLMAN

To an Italian, quality and luxury have always been defined in subtler terms than they have to other Europeans. The stiffness and heaviness that pervade most Western attitudes toward the rare and expensive—think of British shoes, French luggage, German anything—have no place in Italy. Here, it is a matter of lightness, suppleness, clarity, never opaqueness. That is perhaps why the byword at a company like Zegna, manufacturers of some of the most elegant and wearable of men's clothes, has to be flexibility—a word taken to mean delicacy and lightness not only in fabrics and cut but also in the way the company is run.



The Zegna dynasty has moved into its third generation now. The sober, minimalist showroom in New York City, which represents the company's first beachhead in the New World, is presided over by Ermenegildo Zegna, the twenty-year-old grandson of the firm's founder. Gildo, as he is known by his friends, the heir to the family title (count of Monfalcone).

Zegna class never hides the tiger within, as these
Left: A herringbone overplaid, with a
Above: Striped banker's gray, the image of

dedicated to maintaining a standard of perfection in fabrics—tweeds, cashmere, alpaca, and mohair. He is also the first member of the clan to make his base outside Trivero, an Italian village in the remote Piedmont hills, where his grandfather set up business in 1912.

Gildo talks fast, in perfect, idiomatic English. His thinking is pure postindustrialism. The gene lottery, which causes mercantile dynasties such anxiety, has dealt the Zegnas a winner here. "The world is changing quickly. For a company like Zegna, this means both danger and opportunity. It means first of all concentrating on what we do best, and then trying

to make it even better, starting, of course, with the fabrics. All our garments are completely natural. We would never use synthetics, not even in the threads used to finish a garment."

Specialization is one key. "Always remember what you're good at, and stick with it. It's the only way to keep a standard of excellence. So many designers who have licensed their names don't retain any authority over the nature of the merchandise that's sold under their name. That would never happen at Zegna—and neither would we bring in a 'name' designer."

Zegna will always stay small, vows Gildo. "If you grow too big, you lose the personal control, which is what really makes the difference in our sort of business. You can't respond quickly enough to economic and social trends if you get too unwieldy."

Finally, Gildo believes in continuity. "Never forget the origins of your business. The directions we go in will always be dictated by an inner logic."

The fall 1984 collection exemplifies the Zegna philosophy. Fabrics are soft to the touch but resilient. Tailoring is sober. The Zegna suit strikes a note exactly at the center of the fashion spectrum. The jacket has an easy, natural silhouette. The man in the Zegna suit looks at once conservative and open to innovation—not obsessive about high style, but committed to quality. In the United States, a Zegna suit retails for about \$700 to \$1,000, while a sports jacket is in the range of \$500 to \$800.

No company can survive without both resources and markets.



Aldo Zegna, an Italian-style technocrat, in touch with civilization.

One way that Zegna has ensured the former has been to establish an annual prize for the finest wool grown in Australia. Wool crops vary, much as vintages do, with local variations in the weather. (Harsher conditions produce a finer grade of wool than more temperate ones.) Zegna also awards a prize for the finest mohair. "We have always been known as the buyers of the best of the Australian wool crop, but in recent years it became apparent that, as in so many other things, standards were going to start drifting downward unless something was done to encourage a spirit of friendly competition among the growers." The Zegna trophies

are elegant, abstract sculptures, but the real incentive in the competition is the assurance that Zegna will purchase the winner's crop. This exceptional wool is the key to Zegna's achievement.

Gildo himself visits Australia regularly. There could hardly be a sharper contrast than that between the rolling, blue-green landscapes of New South Wales and Victoria, and the cozy hills of Piedmont, which seem to foster invention and perfectionism. Yet the breeziness and informality of Australia suit Gildo well—perhaps rather better, it is to be suspected, than the more regimented world of Italy. Despite his old-world manners, he has become a New World person in his business sense and ways of thinking.

Still, in order really to understand the Zegna story, one must return to Italy. It seems that the Italians are the only people in the world today—with the possible exception of the Japanese—who can match quality with reasonable quantity. There is the astounding diversity of the land itself, with its extraordinary jigsaw of overlapping political and economic entities, to help account for this. Virtually every small town considers itself an autonomous unit, with its own specialties in terms of food, industry, and craftsmanship. Four million artisans, highly productive

Where's the game? Get set to tailgate in Zegna style—an earthy three-quarter wool-cashmere jacket, coordinated with wool Donegal-tweed pants, bright wool-cashmere scarves, and an all-mohair blanket.





and often with a well-developed instinct for the luxurious and the sensual, work in this tradition. Thousands of small firms flourish throughout the country, each minutely specialized.

In this climate, the name Zegna carries a special resonance. Perhaps the firm is not so small by Italian standards—it registered sales of \$150,000,000 in 1983, an increase of 20 percent over the previous year, and a whopping 500 percent over 1973—but it does embody many of the qualities that have given Italy its current preeminence among Europe's fashion centers.

The journey to Trivero, the home of Zegna, begins at Malpensa, Milan's melancholy-sounding airport. Leaving the industrial plain of Lombardy behind, you reach Piedmont, devout and monarchical, dotted with the remains of early mills wherever there is a stream or even a rivulet to supply a little water power. Though a world apart from sophisticated Milan, the countryside is intimately linked to the city by hundreds of family enterprises.

Trivero is the Zegna dynasty's creation *ex nihilo*. Thanks to the fortunes of the wool trade, the hamlet of 1912 has been turned into a surprising model community. In America, we would call it a company town, and it might be considered an unhappy relic of a more primitive industrial age. In Italy, a country with what is probably the most Marxist-sounding constitution outside the Soviet bloc, Trivero prospers, its inhabitants seeming neither to know nor to care that they are living in a sort of enlightened feudalism. Given the houses and shops, libraries and a breathtaking public swimming pool (it may well be the world's finest) in a mix of art deco and Mussolini modern, why complain? Certainly life in Trivero seems infinitely preferable to existence in the drab public projects that ring Milan.

The vast white bulk of the Zegna complex, built in sections as the company burgeoned, dominates the heart of town. These days, the visitor enters through a vast marble hall trimmed with snippets of neoclassical motifs, vintage thirties decor that almost seems an excursion into Michael Graves postmodernism.

All this cool grandeur dissolves as one proceeds into what looks like a Victorian country squire's library. It is the office of Aldo Zegna, the son of the first Ermenegildo, and the president of the firm. He is also the uncle of Gildo in Manhattan, and the family's technocrat—Italian style: in touch with civilization. (His company, after all, produces a cashmere suit so refined that after each wearing it must be hung in a closet for six days so that the fabric may recover.) On Aldo's desk is a well-thumbed copy of Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*, that clockwork tale of medieval monastic mischief played out in the shadow of Monte Rubello, the mountain behind Trivero and the namesake of the family title.

"In 1912, my father was twenty years old," Aldo recounts. "It was he who really started the business, by buying discarded cloth and recycling it into rough but serviceable fabrics. When the company was founded, and indeed right up until the Second World War, England had a virtual monopoly on the finest wools in the world. No Italian gentleman—or indeed any other gentleman—would have dreamed of wearing anything else."

This state of affairs might have persisted a good deal longer had not Mussolini invaded Abyssinia, in 1935, with his dream of augmenting Victor Emmanuel III's title of king of Italy with that of emperor of Ethiopia. The king got his title, but the price was a worldwide boycott of Italian goods. Italian tailors and haberdash-



Wrap up for winter from the inside out. The jumpsuit liners—men's and ladies'—and socks (above) are all toasty silk. For lounging, Zegna offers bold mohair plaids. In the great outdoors (left), brave the icy blasts in this long-lined cream overcoat and bulky oversize scarf, thrown over color-flecked wool overplaid jacket and trousers.



QUALITY ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH IN THE FASHION WORLD.

ers retaliated by banishing fine English woollens from their shops.

"My father saw his chance to serve a market that was undeniably starved for quality," Aldo continues. "From the very beginning, he had a vision that was idealistic and was based on a rapport with workers. Everything in this business comes down to the pride each person takes in his work. And Zegna is still a company that is almost like an extended family. Everyone identifies with the excellence of the final output."

Northern Italy has been producing luxury textiles since the Renaissance: silks, damasks, velvets. Woollens, however, were by tradition fabrics for the lower classes. The raw materials locally available were not of a quality to compete on the world market. The great entrepreneurial feat of Zegna's founding father, Ermenegildo, was to unite the independent weavers of the scattered Piedmont valleys and to put their skills to work on woollens of a refinement unprecedented in Italy. When he started importing wools from Australia, South Africa, and South America, he lifted standards to international levels.

Yet, in a highly competitive world, quality alone is not enough. Ironically, the perfect case history is the near demise of Britain's wool industry. Quality remains, but there is no sense of stylistic innovation in color and texture. Quietly, without any trace of irony, the elder Zegna points out that today, Britain is his biggest European customer.

What counts above all is the balance between quality and innovation. To achieve it—and to stay in step with the times—the firm began, in 1970, to produce men's ready-to-wear. Though Zegna had heretofore made only the fabrics, the elder Ermenegildo was committed to the development of the Italian fashion industry as a whole. He was an early supporter of *Arbiter*, the Italian fashion magazine founded in 1935, whose fame endures as a repository of bygone elegance. The Zegna keynote, then and



Gildo, first Zegna to establish a beachhead in the New World.

now, was not flash but enduring excellence, first in fabrics, today in every aspect of the finished garment. In design as in the fabric, Zegna took a leaf from the British stylebooks, stressing a simple, classic line, avoiding all faddish excess.

The challenge for Zegna as the firm swung into its new venture, in the seventies, was to attain the same perfection in finished garments as it did in fabrics. In 1978, they set up a factory across the border in Switzerland, where communications are more efficient, taking advantage of the most advanced technology. "It was a question of striking a balance between the tradition of quality established by our existing production by hand and the realities of mass manufacturing," says Giuliano Angeli, the styling and promotion director of Zegna. "We were looking for a combination of high touch and high tech." Zegna was among the first to com-

puterize the cutting of patterns for individual orders (thus drastically reducing wastage) and store the personal measurements of hundreds of private customers all over the world: "Today a client in Tokyo or Düsseldorf can order a suit from our current collection, and we can make it to his specification and deliver it, all in just over three weeks." Computerized production is, however, combined with a high level of hand-finishing, performed in the classic style by Italian craftsmen who come over the border each morning.

"Zegna," says Angeli, "is still dedicated to the human factor. The survival of fashion depends on maintaining both creativity and quality. And Zegna can do this only by remaining relatively small and specialized." All the same, cautious diversification is in the wind. Having established itself as the ne plus ultra in classic men's fashion, the firm now also produces a sportswear line—and a small but significant collection for professional women on the move, featuring the same pragmatic styling and impeccable workmanship that put Zegna on the fashion map in the first place. □

The word is "irresistible": Zegna's pearly gray silk dress shirt and wool tuxedo—with a raspberry tie and cummerbund by Piatelli.

Peter Carlsen, who was executive editor of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, is an unusually well dressed writer.

NORMANDIE'S

EVERYONE THOUGHT THIS GREAT ART DECO LACQUER MURAL HAD

When it comes to elegant “floating palaces” of the nineteen-thirties, nothing can beat the *Normandie*. To Ludwig Bemelmans, that great bon vivant and traveler, the heart and soul of the luxury liner’s artistry was her Grand Salon, “a room full of silver, gold, and glass, large as a theater, floating through the ever clean, endless ocean just outside the high windows.” Passengers were overwhelmed by the beauty of the glass panels depicting navigation, by Jean Dupas (1882–1964), and the enormous gold-and-silver lacquered mural leading from the salon to the *fumoir* (smoking room), signed by both Dupas and the renowned Swiss master of lacquer Jean Dunand (1877–1942). Dunand and Dupas created thirty-two dazzling panels, each of them painstakingly painted and rubbed on fireproof gesso; together, they formed an entity measuring some eighteen feet high by twenty-six feet wide. It was called *Dawn, the Four Winds, and the Sea*, and its central sunburst seemed to shine as if illuminated by inner searchlights.

Five days after Pearl Harbor, the *Normandie*, then in New York, was seized by the United States for a troopship. During her transformation she burned, wallowed, and sank at pier. Fortunately, the more portable materials had been removed several weeks before the disaster; they were auctioned off by the U.S. government in about six public sales in '42 and '43. What bargains! Four charming wooden hobby-horses went for \$30 apiece; the distinctive life preservers—all 8,534 of them—fetched \$310; and in the early 1950s, 150 *Normandie* glass panels were sold for \$1,500. Today, some grace the restaurant of the Metropolitan Museum, and eight are in the Forbes collection.

As for the monumental lacquer cycles that lined the immense expanse of the *fumoir* and Dunand and Dupas’s *Dawn*, they simply vanished. Some people believed they had been destroyed in 1942. Only a few maquettes and isolated pieces of wooden lacquer by Dunand were known to

Composed photo of the Grand Salon mural.



SUN RISES AGAIN

DISAPPEARED FOR GOOD AFTER THE FRENCH LUXURY LINER WENT DOWN IN 1942



an... monumental
... and now.

... woman, president of the Newel
... New York, is one of the
... and most indefatigable hunters of
... native art in the business. He visits
Europe once a month, reads every letter
... with "Maybe it's not important,
but I have . . .," and hastens to return
every phone call, starting at 7:15 A.M.,
when he opens his six-floor gallery.

An enthusiast of art deco, Newman pur-
sued one family of discreet collectors in
Europe for years, saying he would like to
see the collection and perhaps do some
business. He was rebuffed time after time.
He happened to mention his frustration to
another art dealer, who not only knew the
family but promised to pave the way, and
did so.

The collection was on the outskirts of
one of Europe's great cities, and it con-
tained, according to Newman, "an amaz-
ingly eclectic collection." The family didn't
mind his looking, but they wouldn't
hear of selling. To "ease the way gracefull-
ly," Newman pointed to a grand Charles X
table and challenged, "Offer me a crazy
price!" They did. Newman coolly accepted
it, and that further paved the way.

He then spotted two lacquer panels,
leaning against a wall—"two superb gold
lacquer panels representing the sunburst.
Art deco at its finest." The owner proudly
let him know that there were thirty more.
"My heart gave three loud thumps," says
Newman. Casually, the owner added that
they were masterpieces by Dupas and Du-
nand and came from the Grand Salon of
the *Normandie*. Newman's heart "gave
four louder thumps."

He rushed to a warehouse, where the
pristine panels were in their original
crates. Where had the family found them?
The Générale Transatlantique company,
builder of the *Normandie*, had auctioned
them in 1962, mislabeling them as coming
from another ocean liner, the *Ile de France*,
at Le Havre on the first of August—not
one of the more fashionable auction ven-
ues or banner-sale days. They fetched
slightly more than \$500.

They have appreciated in value since
then. Bruce Newman had to pay, he says,
"a horrendous price" for them, although
he haggled for months. "The mother of
the family never came out of her office to
see me, and one of her sons, an interna-
tional banker, was there all the time." Finally a deal was struck. Newman's asking
price today: \$2,500,000.

The lacquers from the *Normandie* Grand
Salon are probably worth that much. They
are the masterworks of Jean Dunand, the
man who raised the medium to a new
height starting with his collaboration with
Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann at the historic
Exposition Internationale des Arts Décora-
tifs et Industriels Modernes, of 1925. He
was, in fact, one of the few artists to flour-
ish during the Great Depression. What
especially distinguishes Dunand's *Dawn* is
a sweeping elegance and joie-de-vivre
created by a perfect host of details, all exe-
cuted in an amazingly low relief of only a
quarter of an inch.

Dunand once wrote, ". . . there exist
labors of pure patience, such as lacquer,
which I love so much! . . . Twenty
coats are needed, no forty . . . In fact it is
not forty operations that are needed but a
hundred . . . after each coat, the sur-
face must be rubbed and before each of the
twenty coats there is involved a drying
process lasting four days. What may sur-
prise you is that the drying is done in a
humid atmosphere in a dark room with
constantly running water, and the finest
results are achieved during the full moon."
In spirit, at least, the *Normandie*'s panels
were clearly finished at an hour when the
moon was full. —T.H.

Left: "Dusk," her robe shining with stars. Right: The south wind blows. Opposite: The relief is but a quarter of an inch thick.







A LIFE OF THEIR OWN

ELIZABETH GAGE'S JEWELS ARE
MADE TO BE WORN AND ENJOYED

BY JANET WATTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DMITRI KASTERINE





Opposite: Elizabeth Gage and her new shop, on Albemarle Street. Above: Pearl brooch and earrings made with antique Cretan seals.

Elizabeth Gage sits in her drawing room in a mews house near Hyde Park Corner, in the heart of London, trying two extraordinary rings on her fingers. One is the size of a crab apple, a huge, pointed purple amethyst circled in green enamel set with smaller cabochon amethysts; the other—she calls it her “Charlemagne” ring—holds a giant, lustrous, creamy baroque pearl studded with rubies, tiny diamonds, and deep-green tourmalines. “These are not modest pieces,” she admits, half-proud and half-defiant. “They are special rings, for a lady with the personality to carry them off. Some women might feel daunted by them. Other women could wear them every day.”

Their creator is herself a woman of the latter sort. She points out that her jewels are “not so extravagant that people have to lock them away in the bank. They are jewels to wear and enjoy—to work in the daytime, to theaters and balls in the evening.” Miss Gage never goes without jewelry herself, except in bed at night. Even then, she sometimes sleeps in her rings.

This unusual woman is at once an artist and a craftswoman in precious metals and stones, and a capable businesswoman who in every detail runs her own show. She

researches and designs her own jewels; chooses their stones and other elements herself; sometimes makes them herself but usually supervises their manufacture by a team of specialist craftsmen; and sells them through her London shop to a wide range of international clients. She has only one other retail outlet in the world, Marie Leavell of Dallas. Her prices begin at \$325 for a simple ring; an elaborate necklace could cost \$13,000.

Miss Gage carries off her dual role with smiling aplomb, though she concedes that its development has not been easy. “In the beginning, it was a lovely idea just to design jewels and not to have to bother about the planning of anything. But you soon learn that to succeed you have to create your own market, choose your own stones, see you have enough money in the bank, organize the people who work for you—above all, see that the client is being properly looked after.”

Elizabeth Gage’s clients have not yet included the royal families of Europe, but they undoubtedly soon will. (Some of her most beautiful necklaces are chokers, for which the Princess of Wales’s fondness is well known.) In 1979 she bought a tiny, once-derelict old house hidden behind rampant ivy plants at the back of a shop in fashionable Beauchamp Place, and since

then her business has expanded beyond recognition in popularity and volume. She has just moved it out and up front to a fine eighteenth-century house in Albemarle Street, just off Piccadilly. In Beauchamp Place you might not have noticed her discreet nameplate, framed in curly ironwork on a yellow-painted porch; but her name is now blazoned in gold letters over her Albemarle Street windows, replacing that of Cartier, whose boutique this was for many years.

There is something about Elizabeth Gage’s jewelry that instantly identifies it as hers. Her pieces attract, dazzle, tease, and surprise the eye. The simple shapes of her designs—circles, ovals, diamonds, and squares—contain an intricacy of detail, an opulence of color, luster, and tone; and they carry atmospheres and overtones that defy investigation and analysis. There may be echoes of history—something classically antique, medieval, or Renaissance in spirit; they may suggest other countries and cultures—Indian, Persian, Egyptian, Byzantine, Russian, Greek. “I like to use my stones and stones of other cultures,” she says. “I like to use my stones and stones of other cultures.” “I like to use my stones and stones of other cultures.” “I like to use my stones and stones of other cultures.”

Janet Watts, a portrait painter on the staff of the O’



(usually eighteen and sometimes twenty-two karat) has the richness achieved by hours of heating, beating, and fashioning by hand.

"Her work is like the best architecture: it's never a compromise—always a statement," says a (male) client, an architect. "You feel she wants to say something. There is a boldness which, as in architecture, comes from her feel for her materials, her sense of detail, and the talent with which she puts things together." Certainly one feels that only Elizabeth Gage could find tanzanites of a particular soft blue and combine them with rubies of a delicate rose-red in one of her "flexible" rings in finely sculpted gold. Or discover some eighteenth-century intaglios of dark-brown glass and make them the centerpiece of a choker of rows of shining rose-quartz beads. Or focus a necklace of twisted rows of lapis-blue beads with a round pendant of green enamel circled in gold, at its center a small, perfect Roman coin.

She was born in 1937 into the Gage family, who have been English landowners for the last five centuries "at [unclear]" and who still occupy [unclear] stral territory, in the

southern county of Sussex. Last winter a superb John Singleton Copley portrait of Mrs. Gage, the American-born wife of the commander in chief of British forces in North America during the Revolution, made news when it was sold in London for a reported \$1.4 million. She was Elizabeth Gage's distant relation, and there is a fam-

"ELIZABETH LOOKS AT YOU. SHE KNOWS YOU, AND SHE MAKES SOMETHING EXCEPTIONAL TO SUIT YOU."

ily resemblance. Miss Gage's mother is a painter and poet, her father a retired army officer and stockbroker.

Elizabeth Gage's work began in a small,

quiet, private, and personal way. At a time early in the 1960s when she was doing some historical research in the British Museum, a friend asked her to look for a ring she would like to have as a present. "I tried to find one that I loved, that was different and unusual. I couldn't find anything." One day she went up to the

museum's medieval room and looked at the rings there. What she saw moved her to design a ring for herself, and she asked a jewelry manufacturer she knew to make it for her. But that would have cost

too much. So, having "always been rather interested in making things with my hands," she enrolled in a silversmiths' course at the Sir John Cass College, in London, in 1963.

Here she made a butterfly brooch—"huge and quite unwearable"—and decided to move on again. "I didn't want to make beakers and spoons; I wanted to make jewels." She went to work with a goldsmith at the college and spent altogether six years there, learning processes like enameling and diamond mounting as well as working with gold.

Her career had begun, though she didn't know it: "I'd always loved jewels, and I

Above: Bracelet watch of hammered gold with granulation and gold wires.

Below: Craftsman soldering bracelet sections together



wanted to improve my skill, but I never thought of becoming a jeweler or goldsmith, because in those days I didn't think of a career." She made her first ring in the design of a purple and green drum, with amethysts and peridots. "I thought it was going to be a very modern ring. But when it came out, it looked like a Persian carpet." She made and wore more pieces.

People saw my things and wanted them. I soon found I couldn't make them quickly enough, and it was better to have experts to make my designs." It was not easy to find her craftsmen—they had to be highly skilled, but not too traditional, to do what she wanted—but she is now well pleased with her team, whom she has used for about ten years.

Elizabeth Gage is an attractive woman, with enough flamboyance in her clothes and style to wear her own jewels to advantage. But there is also a deep reticence and restraint. Her prominence and success have happened almost in spite of herself. "The jewelry is itself so distinctive that everyone notices it," says Elaine Rawlinson, the wife of a former British attorney-general, who is one of Elizabeth Gage's oldest friends and has also worked with her both in Beauchamp Place and in Albemarle Street. "This ring, for instance"—a deep-gold band sculpted with a flaming sun, a diamond at its center—"every time I wear it, it's commented on. People have seen Elizabeth's things—on her, and on her friends—and her business has built up entirely by word of mouth, through personal friendship."

There has also been a lot of serendipity. A chance meeting in New York with someone at Cartier led to a commission to design a collection for the firm in 1968, a major breakthrough. Then she met "a marvelous man in Paris, who had lots of girlfriends and was very generous to all of them. He loved my things and had the money to let me use different and expensive stones, so he was a great patron."

Her circle of clients has now expanded far beyond her original social circle, and she has many contacts in the Middle East as well as in Europe and the Americas. But the personal feeling is still there in all her work. A long-standing client says, "Before I knew Elizabeth, I was a very good customer of all the best-known jewelers—Cartier, Bulgari, Tiffany. They have beautiful things, but Elizabeth always makes something exceptional. She looks at you,



she knows you, and she makes something to suit you."

This interaction between jeweler and client is a delicate one. Elizabeth Gage says, "It's no good if clients come to me with a fixed image of what they want. What I prefer is a short conversation in which they soon give me a sense of what will please them. Some women like tailored things and don't want color. Others like very flowery, feminine things. Others love lots of diamonds. But I'm here to create the ideas."

The medieval period has always inspired her. "There is a sensuousness, a sumptuousness in those pieces—they were regal jewels, and I always loved that." She has explored many other times and places that have produced great jewels. She lived for a time in Crete and learned there the ancient technique of granulation in gold. And the stones themselves are an endless source of creativity: "The unusual stone usually appeals to me greatly." She loves baroque pearls, with their irregular shape, especially if they have something gray or pink or yellow in their color, and she uses a lot of tourmalines because of their extraordinary color range—pink, red, brown, green, blue. Some of her most successful pieces have grown around antiquities that have caught her eye, like the dark-gray carved seals she bought in Crete and fashioned with gold into a stunning pin. "People have wanted to buy this endlessly," she said when she showed it to me, "but I would never part with it."

Yet her feeling about her jewels is not possessive. "I always want to like the things I'm producing, but I don't necessarily want to keep them, have them for myself. I see a jewel and enjoy it and pass it on. I'm sad to say good-bye, but I'm happy that someone loves it. I like people who buy my things to be really joyful about them. Jewelry is to me essentially an investment of pleasure."

We come back to the heart of her belief in her work. In creating her jewels, Elizabeth Gage has a sense of creating a living thing. "A lot of care and attention go into handworked things, and it seems to me—though I can't explain it—that they have a life of their own; and just as a pearl necklace that's worn has a luminosity that pearls that have been locked away don't have, I feel that jewels that are worn used and loved rather than as mere objects, take on the quality of the wearer. And that's what I like about jewels," says Elizabeth Gage.

Top: Sodalite beads with an enameled gold pendant containing a Roman coin.

Center: Silver ring with a tourmaline and a pearl with eighteenth-century jewelry.

THE GREAT BUDAPEST HEIST

HOW INTERPOL REALLY WORKS

BY PAUL CHUTKOW PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD KALVAR



On November 6, 1983, the Telex machines in Interpol headquarters, at St. Cloud, just outside of Paris, carried an urgent message. Just before midnight on November 5, there had been a spectacular heist at the Hungarian Museum of Fine Arts, in Budapest. The take: Raphael's *Esterházy Madonna*, considered a Hungarian national treasure and valued by the museum at \$20 million; Raphael's *Portrait of a Young Man*, at \$10 million; and five other important paintings worth perhaps \$1 million each.

Suspects: none. But to all appearances the job must have been done by an international hit team, cool pros with inside intelligence, working with local operatives. Leads: two footprints, a smudged fingerprint, and a dropped screwdriver marked "Parana USA PV68SQ."

With an old police reporter's instincts, you chase the story, which quickly takes you to Interpol's unglamorous, concrete-blockhouse-like headquarters, and more particularly to one Rainer Schmidt-Nothen, the fortyish West German in charge of monitoring international art theft. When you show up, you feel he knows only too well what the theft means to his office. The Raphaels and possibly all the other stolen paintings would carry price tags big enough to put them immediately on Interpol's next edition of its list of twelve most-wanted stolen art objects. That would mean high priority, high visibility. The newspapers were going to be all over the story. In addition, Hungary had come into the Interpol network only the year before, and the top brass would want to make a

Left: Interpol's Rainer Schmidt-Nothen earnestly tracks international art thefts.

good showing there—doubly so because it was an East bloc country. That could only lead to higher priority, higher visibility.

Interpol would not like the exposure. Out of choice, the agency operates with as little publicity as possible. It is not a flashy outfit with teams of agents swooping around the globe, nor does it employ hot-shot mavericks. Rather, Interpol is a big, gray bureaucracy. Its work is liaison, which demands discretion. Field investigations (and public relations) are the responsibility of member agencies. Interpol itself monitors international crime and sends out circulars on stolen goods and wanted suspects. It coordinates international investigations, pools intelligence on crime, drugs, and terrorism, and tries to unravel the mysterious trends of international crime. Now, after this big heist in Budapest, Interpol's art unit is in the unwanted spotlight. Any failure on its part would be very, very public.

Maybe that was why Schmidt-Nothen granted an interview to a reporter—"no questions about specific investigations, understand." He is a man who demands results, from himself and others, a man who detests failure. You can imagine his secretary's hanging between blind devotion and mortal fear. He is ruled in part by an implicit German faith in the power of organization; you could sense that from the strict order of his office, right down to the studied whimsy of the exotic plant on the corner of his desk. Everything about him is disciplined: look at his tightly muscled chest and arms; listen to the



The agency's main function is unglamorous—liaison among national police forces.

deliberate way he handles French, English, Spanish, and Italian.

You can sense that he wanted to be on the scene in Budapest, leading the investigation into the theft. But he was chained to a desk, and you know he feels a little helpless, reduced to talking to an interviewer. "It's a big market, stolen art," Schmidt-Nothen sighs. "Art objects are an investment asset, safer than many others. Stolen art often doesn't take up much space and is easily transported. The more valuable a piece is, the more likely it is to cross national borders."

Is there a vast, interlinked network dealing in stolen art treasures? "Certainly

not," he replies. "But there are many small networks, gangs of professionals, using stolen art to clean money or bankroll the drug market."

Is there a discernible flow to the traffic in stolen art objects? "It goes where the big bankrolls are: the United States, Germany, France, South America. There's a heavy traffic in archaeological artifacts from poor countries who don't protect their art treasures."

What is being done about it? "The UN and UNESCO are trying to promote the return of objects to their countries of origin, and they're seeking legal instruments. There is a statute of an international nature, but it's leaky, and not every country wants to participate. Many need the money, and in any case stopping the trafficking is beyond their means."

Now is the time to edge into the Budapest affair: "Big heists are becoming more common, aren't they?" Schmidt-Nothen does not take the bait. "Lesser-quality items are the bulk of the traffic," he says.

Try again: "But don't most art thieves know precisely the object they're after? Take Budapest, for example."

To Schmidt-Nothen, this was child's play: "No, that's a very restricted category of offenders. Burglars open a house and take what they can find. And then they take it to a 'fence' or flea market, or to a legitimate dealer. If it's a painting, a specialist dealer would buy it, or a furniture or an antique dealer."

Surely stolen paintings are the most difficult to track? "Not always, but those people who steal them are often very intelligent. Still, import

STOLEN MASTERPIECES

Raphael's Portrait of a Young Man (1503) and the Esterházy Madonna (1508).





Jean-Louis Darfeuille, the unlikely cop.

get rid of, either because they're known about or just expensive. That's when stuff travels, to get it out of notice, and sometimes people will wait years before trying to sell a stolen painting."

So, how do police go about tracking down stolen art? "Traditional police methods," Schmidt-Nothen says—meaning information gathering, use of informants, surveillance, stakeouts, seizures, and arrests, all done by local law-enforcement agencies, of course. "When goods are seized, you need to prove they're stolen. That's where Interpol's circulars become important. Darfeuille's the man to talk to on that."

You go down the hall to see Jean-Louis Darfeuille, and he turns out to be a nice young fellow: bookish, timid, on leave from the documentation service of the French police. On his walls are posters of works by Manet, Bonnard, van Gogh, Botticelli, Toulouse-Lautrec. He soon tells you he's "passionate about the fine arts." Right, but you wonder what he's doing in this concrete blockhouse.

He is indispensable. As soon as a major art theft is discovered, local authorities notify Interpol headquarters. Darfeuille opens a dossier on the case. When he receives the particulars on the object, and

a photograph if there is one, he prepares a formal circular to be distributed to all relevant agencies and national services. In turn, they are expected to circulate it to museums, art dealers, auctioneers, art journals.

You raise a key question: How much stolen art described in these notices is actually recovered? Darfeuille does not have the statistics, so you go to see Boumedién Berouiguet, Interpol's man with statistics. From 1978 to 1982, he says, the number of the circulars that Interpol sent out doubled, reflecting the fact that more and more art is being stolen. But—and it is an important "but"—the recovery rate has remained stable, at about 12 percent per year.

Back to Schmidt-Nothen with the obvious next question. If the recovery rate is holding steady at about 12 percent, then perhaps Darfeuille and all that paperwork are hardly adequate weapons to combat art theft? Schmidt-Nothen barely bats an eye. There is sometimes a "lack of priority" toward art theft, he admits. But that's understandable, isn't it, given Interpol's responsibilities regarding the ever-increasing amount of other types of international crime?

"Of course we need more money and qualified staff," he continues. Nothing would please him more than to see a special fund created for art-theft investigation, the way one was set up to combat drug traffic. He would also like to see some sort of international mechanism set up to inform the public about the battle against the theft of cultural treasures.

But since Interpol's role is principally one of information and communication,

you ask, shouldn't Interpol be fully computerized? Why isn't it?

"We're working on the computer problem," Schmidt-Nothen replies quietly. "But you realize it's not quite so simple as just computerizing Interpol headquarters. To be at all effective, the national agencies and liaison offices should be computerized as well. Imagine the cost."

That would also require compatible computer programs and equipment across the entire Interpol network of 135 member nations. Then there's the language problem that must be solved, and finding a way to codify the descriptions of stolen objects, so they can be retrieved by the computer. It's an easy job when you're talking about an antique car, or other objects with a serial number, but you see how difficult it might be with something like a painting."

You see, all right. You also think you wouldn't bet a nickel on Interpol's chances of recovering the Esterházy Madonna. Never mind. You pack in your notebook and stick out your hand: "Thanks. Good luck with the Budapest heist."

Wrapping up the story is strictly routine. You go to the French Interior Ministry and listen to the French heap praise on the Interpol boys and lament their own lack of resources to fight big-time art theft. They, too, are overworked and understaffed; their top brass are busy with drugs and terrorism and have no spare change for art sleuthing. Sure, they need a computer, and one is in the works, but you can't imagine the problems involved.

Just as you start to translate all that legwork into prose, you hear that the Buda-

The fingerprint files form an indispensable part of Interpol's attack on crime.



APPREHENDED



The conspirators included (top row) the Italians Ivano Scianti and Graziano Iori, together with (from left, bottom row) Gustáv Kovács of Hungary, Giacomo Morini of Italy, József Raffai of Hungary, and the gullible young translator Katalin Jónás.

pest police have traced the screwdriver and some other clues to Italy and have sent their Italian counterparts the names of all Italian visitors to Budapest on November 5, 1983. Then, on December 16, the news comes that Raphael's *Portrait of a Young Man* has been recovered in Budapest. It was buried in a yard in the suburb of Törökbalint. And that the Hungarian authorities have picked up a seventeen-year-old girl who had been listed as missing. Katalin Jónás was an eager student of Italian, preoccupied with the idea of a rich Italian who would sweep her from her life in Hungary. But there, the leads run out.

Despite the break, you are convinced that Interpol will not find the rest of the paintings: the works are too easy to hide, and the world is a large place to hide them in. All that remains is to get it together on paper. So you sit down at your war-scarred typewriter, and you're just getting into the story when your ear picks out of the background noise a BBC correspondent reporting from Budapest. Raphael's *Esterházy Madonna* and the five other paintings have in fact been recovered safe and sound, placed in a monastery in Greece, of all places: "... three Italians arrested and warrants out for two more.

Three Hungarians, believed local operatives, also arrested . . ." Jubilation in Budapest; rapturous Hungarian officials praise the men at Interpol headquarters, up in Paris.

You get back to work on the phone. Details are sketchy, but it seems the Italian police, following up on leads, found one

shady character who was in Budapest on November 5, then went to Greece. The Greek police linked the suspect to a magnate named Efthimios Moschochlaides, who made his bundle in cooking oil and apparently developed a taste for Raphaels along the way. When the net tightened, an anonymous tip led investigators to the monastery—and the paintings.

So that was it. You thought you had the story—the truth about old-fashioned, under-equipped Interpol. How poor Schmidt-Nothen, chained to desks and Telexes, had to battle international art thieves with Darfeuille and paper bulletins. How Interpol usually loses. But in this case, anyway, you didn't have to tell the story. The Interpol method, with its unglamorous, old-fashioned police work, coupled with sophisticated cooperation among police forces in different nations, paid off—at least this time. To hear Schmidt-Nothen tell it, the only heroes were the locals in Budapest and the one deserved was for its strength." It had all 1 procedure. Routin

The canvases return home to Budapest.



*Paul Chutkow, a
interviewed the
1983 issue of*

8
DIRECTOR'S
GUIDE
TO THE
HOME-
FURNISHINGS
MARKET

PRODUCED BY
NANCY HOVING

WONDERFUL AND ACCESSIBLE

Let's admit it. Some of our best friends are purists whose passion for furnishing their homes with antiques is exceeded only by their disdain for reproductions of the genuine article. But what about the rest of us who cannot afford a house full of great originals? We believe there is room for superb reproductions, too. We've recently taken a look at the extraordinary range of home furnishings available in the United States today. In the process, we tagged an astonishing number of things that have great quality and are exciting and fresh this fall. Here is our selection from what we think is the best market in years!



Right "Kimberley" is a fresh and appealing traditional pattern from the Hungarian porcelain works of Herend. • As for the fork and knife, they are a breakthrough in design and tableware engineering for Yamazaki. The twenty-four-karat raised-gold flower motif—"Adena"—has been fused onto stainless-steel flatware. • "Noailles," an aristocratic fabric from Clarence House in rose with a pattern of bouquets and ribbons, hauls the best French look.



From far left: There's timeless beauty and the authority of skilled craftsmanship in this spider-back chair from Heritage Furniture. • Swedish glass by Orrefors, with its gently curved shapes, evokes the purity of classical Greece and the sinuosity of Renaissance Venice. • Lu Barge, the preeminent house of mirrors, continues to perfect these exquisite hand-painted framed mirrors in classic Chinese motifs of cherry blossoms, clouds, and mist.



...can
 ...ticated taste for an
 ...The newest in
 ...to come from the
 ...is this two-liter
 ... • Right, top:
 ...Cannon Mills, dubbed
 ...are of luxurious 100
 ...cotton in myriad textured
 ...and luscious colors. • Right,
 ...center: Laura Ashley's sprightly line of
 ...plump couches and chairs for small
 ...can be found at Henredon. •
 ...This year the well-dressed bed will be
 ...sporting Fieldcrest's romantic "Dam-
 ...ask" pattern, by the eminent designer
 ...Geoffrey Beene.

CLEARLY, THE DAY OF THE SKILLED AND CARING CRAFTSMAN IS FAR FROM OVER.



Opposite page, counterclockwise from top: To warm cool nights and enliven the bunk-room look, dotted bright red and blue sheets, by Liz Claiborne for Burlington Mills. • If you don't have a Roy Lichtenstein on your wall, the limited-edition tea service he designed for Rosenthal will do. It merges the utilitarian with decorative arts. • Modern classics from White in the Chippendale manner are appropriately entitled "Whitehall."





Counterclockwise: Rare design in tableware by Jack Lenor Larson for Dansk melds a classic porcelain idiom with contemporary weaves. • Yves Saint Laurent's nostalgic country look for J. P. Stevens. • Dolls from Lenox China are the best we've seen. • Scalimandre's fabrics come in shades of faded elegance yet are arrestingly fresh. • A poetic Perry Ellis creates a bed of feathers for Martex.





NO MATTER
WHERE
THEY ORIGINATE,
THE CLASSICS
ARE ALWAYS
IN FASHION.



From top: The chef d'oeuvre of the John Widdicomb series "Treasures from Around the World" is the re-creation of a Chinese altar table. The original was imported to England ca. 1702-15, in Queen Anne's day. • A hand-cut lead-crystal perfume bottle from Towle gleams like a gem. • The great house of Baker continues to introduce dramatic new lines of reproductions, none better than the stunning "Palladian" collection. We've singled out the magnificent dining-room pieces, with their particularly lovely burl'd surfaces and rich wood veneers.





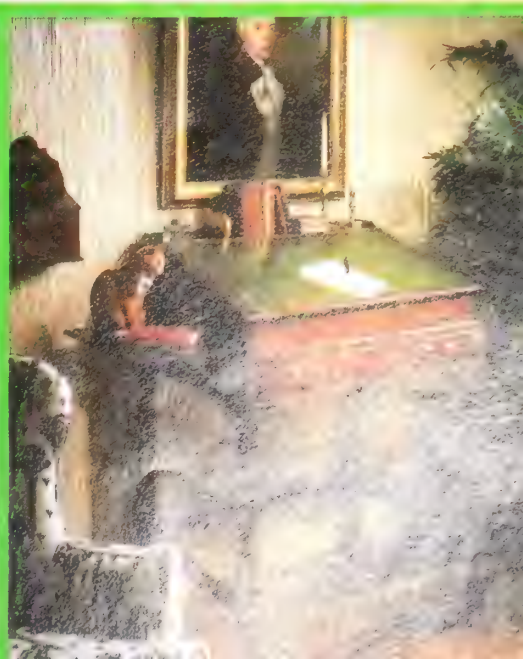
ANYTHING
YOU DESIRE,
IN ANY
STYLE—
NEVER HAS
THE MARKET
BEEN
RICHER.



Left: From Henredon's new "Villa Borghese" line comes an impressive display cabinet of solid maple with myrtle veneer. The mirrored interior and carefully lighted glass shelves fairly beg for worthy objects to display. • In style, authenticity, and craftsmanship, the American eighteenth-century reproductions from the small firm of Sutton rank among those of America's leading furniture makers. This gorgeous Philadelphia tea table in Honduras mahogany is a joy to behold and a pleasure to run one's fingers over.



Counterclockwise from top left: Mottahedeh's cabbage flower, from an early nineteenth-century Derby piece, for kings and other choosy souls. • Schumacher's fresh floral palette, inspired by Monet's garden. • Here's Christofle's silver and ebony art deco coffee service, made originally for the Normandie (see page 118). • Outstanding is this stand-up desk in Chippendale style, by Kittinger. • What's the newest superbly crafted reproduction in the Kindel "Winterthur" collection? This New York sideboard, ca. 1800. • Quality radiates from the Howard Miller mantel clock at right.



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BORDEAUX 1981

great as the 1982s, the vintage offers a baker's dozen of gems.

By Robert M. Parker, Jr.

Connoisseur introduces a new bimonthly feature in this issue which will offer our readers the lowdown on fine wines and wine values. Robert M. Parker, Jr., who writes it, has been publishing *The Wine Advocate* since 1978. An independent consumer's guide to wines, it has grown from 600 subscribers to 10,000 worldwide, while Parker has given up his career as a corporate lawyer to devote full time to tasting and evaluating over 3,000 wines a year and writing about them. He visits European vineyards at least three times a year and California at least once. He is a contributor to *Food and Wine* magazine and a regular wine columnist for the *Washington Post*. The *Wine Advocate* is available by subscription for \$25 a year (1002 Hillside View, Parkton, Maryland 21120). Sample copies may be had on request.

The major wines from Bordeaux's 1981 vintage have finally arrived. What can you expect?

I have followed this vintage closely since its inception. Visits to Bordeaux and major tastings of the wines in March and June of 1982 and 1983, and March 1984, have reinforced my original opinion that 1981 is a good, sometimes very good, but very rarely exceptional vintage. There are a dozen or so really excellent wines, followed by a horde of good, medium-weight, balanced, somewhat lean wines that stylistically resemble many of the Bordeaux wines produced in 1979 and 1978. The Bordelais call the 1981s "elegant, classic, typical wines with finesse," descriptive terms that certainly do justice to the top wines but seem overly generous for those that are just too light and shallow.

The most-favored appellations for top-

quality wine in 1981 are the two Médoc communes of St. Julien and Pauillac. Next comes Pomerol, followed far behind by Margaux and Graves. The St. Estèphes are patchy, and a surprising number of St. Emilions are deficient in the chewy, fleshy, fruity components that give St. Emilions so much appeal.

Notwithstanding the deterioration of the value of the French franc, the wines

petits châteaux, cru bourgeois, even Bordeaux supérieure wines that are being bottled now, that will sell for \$4 to \$8 a bottle, and that are superior to many of the 1981 classified growths. The Bordeaux wine trade, as well as those merchants who have laid in large quantities of 1981s, will go to great lengths to avoid comparisons of major 1981 classified growths with lesser-known, lower-priced 1982s from cru bour-

geois châteaux, but the final arbiter is taste. The 1982s are one of the greatest vintages of our lifetime and are vastly superior to virtually all of the 1981s, save a dozen or so brilliantly made wines at the apogee of the 1981 quality hierarchy. My advice is to shop for the best 1981 prices and buy only the very top wines, top values, or "sleepers"—or save your money for the 1982s.

Tasting notes and ratings are compiled from notes on both barrel and bottle tastings. I tasted the 1981s from



A sampler of fine Bordeaux. Price range: from \$10.99 to \$49.95.

tend to be rather expensive. Much of the wine trade did not jump into the Bordeaux futures market in the spring of 1982, when the wines were first offered for sale, largely because of the reports that rain during the vintage had caused a diminution in quality. Those merchants who did buy at opening, or *première tranche*, prices got very good bargains, even though the franc was then trading at 6.75 to the dollar. Merchants and importers who jumped in to buy 1981 Bordeaux later in the summer and fall of 1982, after the vintage's good quality was established, paid much more.

Should you buy good 1981 Bordeaux, with an extraordinary vintage like 1982 waiting in the wings? The truth of the matter is that there are innumerable 1982

the barrel on four occasions and have sampled bottled wines in comparative tastings both abroad and here. Being in Bordeaux at least twice a year, I have built up quite a collection of tasting notes for the same wines. So, after each I have listed the number of times I tasted it and whether my notes are consistent. In most cases there is a high correlation between the barrel-tasting notes and the final bottled product. Finally, I have awarded each wine a number, on a scale of 50 to 100: 96–100 is extraordinary, 90–95 outstanding, 80–89 very good.

THE TOP THIRTEEN

Certan de May (Pomerol) (\$15.95–\$22.95) 90



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For true students and connoisseurs of Bordeaux, the wines now being made here are worth the effort to find. The estate is tiny, the age of the vines high, the wine making very traditional, aimed at making *vins de garde*, with plenty of extract. The wine in vintages like the 1981 and the sensational 1982 come close in quality to the great Pétrus at one-third the price. The 1981 is similar to the excellent 1979, only a trifle fatter and deeper, and marginally less tannic. Deep, dark ruby in color, with a big, spicy, black-currant bouquet, full-bodied, powerful, with very concentrated flavors, the 1981 Certan should not be missed. Tasted five times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Cheval Blanc (St. Emilion) (\$37.95–\$44.95) 89

I had this wine several times from the barrel, and also twice in comparative tastings before bottling. I never gave it more than average marks. Tasted three times after bottling, it is a different wine, relatively rich, spicy, plummy, with soft, silky, layered flavors, good concentration, and moderate tannin. It can be drunk now but ideally would beg for three to five years of cellaring. I paid the price for my unkind and unfortunately incorrect assessment of this wine on last month's visit to Cheval Blanc: I was bitten by the château's nasty

little dog and verbally blasted by the owner, M. Hébrard. *C'est la vie!* Tasted seven times; inconsistent notes. *Recommended.*

La Conseillante (Pomerol) (\$15.95–\$19.95) 90

A great success for La Conseillante, this wine does not have the weight, power, and authority of Pétrus, Certan de May, or Trotanoy in 1981, but it is a remarkably elegant, balanced wine, with layers of gorgeous, plummy, sweet, spicy, ripe fruit. The right touch of new oak adds complexity without overwhelming the rich, savory, supple, lush fruitiness. A lovely wine for drinking over the next six to eight years. Tasted six times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Ducru-Beaucaillou (St. Julien) (\$19.95) 88

An excellent success for the vintage, the 1981 Ducru-Beaucaillou will require eight to ten years of cellaring because of its tannin, but offers deep, dark ruby color, plenty of concentrated black-currant flavors, a deft touch of oak aging, and an expansive, very long finish. A superbly crafted wine. Tasted six times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Gruaud-Larose (St. Julien) (\$10.99–\$17.95) 88

A great success for the vintage, the 1981 Gruaud-Larose can even challenge the

1982. Very dark ruby color with a full-intensity bouquet of ripe black currants, spicy oak, plums, and violets. Very concentrated on the palate, with rich, tannic, lingering flavors, this full-bodied wine has great length and character. Age it for at least a decade. Tasted five times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Lafite-Rothschild (Pauillac) (\$35.95–\$49.95) 93+

The 1981 Lafite is outstanding and potentially the best wine made at Lafite since the wonderful 1975 and 1976. It was the last wine made by Jean Crété, the talented manager who retired after this vintage. Very dark color with a bouquet loaded with aromas of black currants, spicy oak, anise, and violets. Deep, rich, very concentrated, very long in the finish, quite full-bodied for a Lafite, this big wine needs a decade of cellaring. Tasted five times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

La Mission-Haut-Brion (Graves) (\$34.95–\$37.95) 91

As everyone knows by now, La Mission was sold to the American company, but as Jean Delmas, the firm's, the style of the wine, ent, starting with the great success for the purple in color

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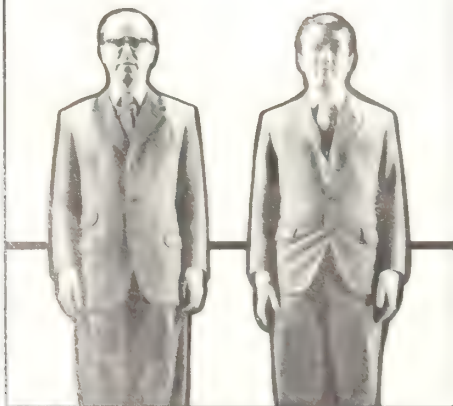
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WINE

rich wine, with oodles of fruit and tannin, that will take a decade to mature. I rank it behind the 1975, 1982, 1978, but better than the 1979, 1974, 1971. Tasted six times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Latour (Pauillac) (\$39.95-\$49.95) 90
I suspect I may have my visiting privileges taken away, but I am convinced that the style of wine making at Latour has changed since the midseventies. Despite denials there, the 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, and

The Bordelais themselves classify these wines as "elegant, classical."

1982 are remarkably supple and velvety for young Latours. Incredibly, the 1981 has more in common with the "ultrasmooth" style of Pichon-Lalande than anything produced at Latour in the pre-1975 period. Not that this is a malevolent occurrence, because the excellence, complexity, and richness of the wine are still present, but to change the personality and character of Latour because the wine-drinking populace wants early-maturing wines is, in my opinion, foolish. Nevertheless, I do like this *nouveau*-style Latour. The color is dark ruby; the bouquet offers plenty of ripe cassis and spicy oak; the flavors are generous, silky, moderately tannic; and it is long in the finish. This full-bodied wine should be mature in six to eight years or, put another way, about fifteen or twenty years before old-style Latour would be ready. *C'est la vie moderne!* Tasted four times; consistent notes. *Recommended.*

Léoville-Las Cases (St. Julien) (\$19.95) 88

At present, Las Cases is making superlative wines. The 1981 will no doubt live in the shadows, given the herculean effort turned in by Las Cases in 1982, but make no mistake about the 1981: it is very, very good. Quite dark ruby, with a spicy, oaky, ripe-berryish bouquet of moderate intensity, this big, tannic, full-bodied, amply endowed wine has outstanding length and concentration. It needs a decade of cellaring. Tasted seven times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Margaux (Margaux) (\$35.95-\$39.95) 92
If you haven't heard it enough already, Château Margaux is consistently making the best wine of all the Médoc first growths. In weight and texture, the 1981 is close in style to the 1979 but seems a trifle more precocious and perhaps more complex. Last March and June, I even

thought the 1981 was superior to the 1982, but when they were tasted again last June, side by side, the incredible 1982 simply outreached the excellent 1981. Nevertheless, the 1981 is quite stunning. The bouquet suggests ripe cassis fruit, spicy vanillin oakiness, and violets. On the palate, the wine is very concentrated, tannic, and extremely long in the finish. Give it a full decade of cellaring. Tasted six times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Mouton-Rothschild (Pauillac) (\$37.95-\$48.95) 88+

This is a very fine Mouton. I prefer it to the 1979, 1978, and 1976. It is not nearly so rich as the 1975 or 1970, and of course it will, like every other Mouton produced this century, save for the 1929 and 1945, take a backseat to the already legendary 1982, a wine now considered by R. Blondin and staff the best produced since the 1893. As for the 1981, the Mouton people liken it in style to the 1971. The 1981 has a dark ruby color, a moderately intense, leathery, fruity bouquet, tough, tannic, austere flavors, full body, and a biting finish. I would give this wine at least six to eight years of cellaring. Tasted twice; consistent notes. *Recommended.*

Pétrus (Pomerol) (\$65 and up) 95+
A monumental bottle of wine, and unquestionably the wine of the vintage, the 1981 Pétrus is the best wine produced by the property since 1975. Christian Moueix likens it to the marvelous 1971, but it tastes bigger and more tannic. The color is dark ruby/purple; the bouquet explodes upward from the glass, inundating the nose with ripe cassis scents, spicy vanillin oak, grilled almonds, and toffee. Incredibly rich, viscous, and full-bodied, this amazing, multidimensional wine will need a good fifteen years of cellaring to mature fully. What fun millionaire collectors will have twenty years from now, comparing the 1981 to what appears to be the wine of the century, the 1982 Pétrus. The 1981 has been tasted five times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.*

Pichon-Longueville, Comtesse de Lalande (Pauillac) (\$14.95-\$18.95) 91
This outstanding dark ruby wine is lusciously fruity and concentrated, with a gorgeous balance of spicy new oak, deep cassis flavors, and the complex scent of violets. It is precocious and quite supple, so I would not hesitate to drink it over the next six to seven years. It seems to resemble the 1979 more than the 1978, only it is softer and fruitier than the 1979. An excellent wine. Tasted seven times; consistent notes. *Highly recommended.* □



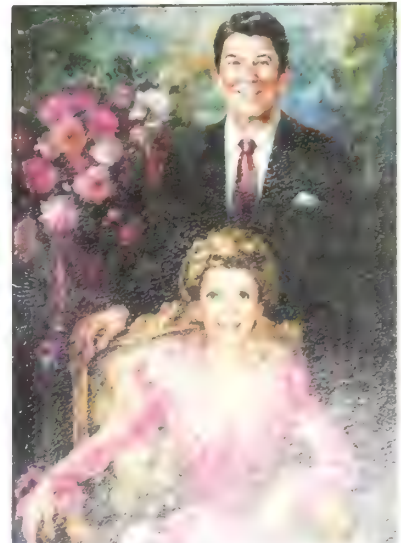
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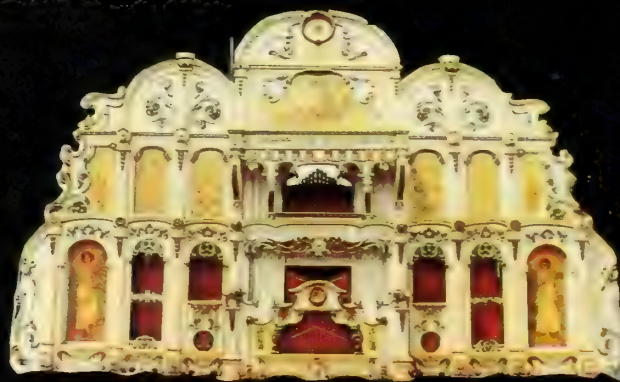
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CHARLESTON OFF SEASON

Fall is the perfect time to go to Charleston, even though it means missing the springtime garden tours and the three-week Spoleto Festival U.S.A. The South Carolina weather is heavenly now, and the brand-new Planter's Inn is almost worth the trip, if you need an excuse. The rooms (\$70-\$95 for a single, \$85-\$110 for a double) all have high-quality reproductions of the Federal and Georgian furniture you find in the house museums—and the carpets and luxuriously fitted Italian travertine bathrooms you don't. The service, from a young, attractive staff, is good, if sometimes overenthusiastic. Silks, the house restaurant, serves the best grits in town.

Equally elegant is the Lodge Alley Inn, a few blocks away, a converted warehouse that opened in its present guise just a year ago. The imaginative use of exposed brick, wide-plank hardwood floors, and other original structural elements make for inviting rooms. All have sitting areas that make them feel like suites. The accommodations overlooking the courtyard are a bit more expensive than those facing the street (\$95 as against \$85) but are quieter, prettier, and well worth the difference.

Food is a big topic of conversation, and much of it is good. Chad's, in the touristy collection of shops and restaurants known as The Market, serves memorable she-crab soup and French bread, but everyone's favorite new spot is Le Midi. It's in what looks like a very recently refurbished luncheonette, on King Street, the slightly seedy main street, and is run by a very French, very young chef. If no one you know is having a party catered by Stephen Duvall Associates, visit their retail shop on East Bay Street and get a container of delicious shrimp or chicken salad to go.

Many Charlestonians offer bed and breakfast, which is a terrific deal. (For information, call Historic Charleston Bed and Breakfast; 803-722-6606.) One room we saw, in a house in the historic district, had recently been decorated with an Empire bedroom set and handsome posters of the (what else?) Spoleto festival. The

landlady was Beth Sparre, a salty patrician who knows everything going on in town—everything. The natives are very friendly to visitors, if not always to each other.

FLASH

Last month, we reported on the daring robbery of magnificent antique silver from Woburn Abbey, the ancestral seat of the duke of Bedford. Our story mentioned the police's prime suspect, "Mr. Big," a shadowy art collector who may have commissioned the heist. Fortunately, the entire stash of forty-seven items, reportedly valued at \$6.6 million, has been recovered, found in a plastic box at a water-utility station twenty miles away. It is going back to Woburn Abbey, where it will again be on display—better-protected, one hopes, from Mr. Big and others of his ilk.

A GREEN THUMB

"Our guests like to see change," says Eric Jacoby. As the director of visual florals for New York's Grand Hyatt Hotel, he provides plenty of it. The four-story atrium lobby is abloom year round with over five hundred brilliant varieties of flowering plants. Some keep as long as three weeks, some no longer than three days. The bill for orchids alone tops \$50,000 a year.

The flora changes with the seasons. Last spring, the dogwood trees by the cascading crystal fountain, potted with fiery red tulips, were a special glory. For summer, the theme was tropical, with twenty-to-thirty-foot palms and hundreds of bromeliads crowded among exotic cymbidium and anthurium. For fall, there are marsh grasses, live birches, and spectacular harvest displays. Trimmed Alberta spruces and other rare evergreens will set the scene for Christmas.

The tall, burly Jacoby, thirty-eight, who used to design fashion displays for Ohrbach's and Bergdorf Goodman, has never taken a course in floral design or botany. He learned gardening in his parents' and neighbors' yards, and builds his designs to suit his own taste. What with drafts, inadequate light, and "hostile" air ducts, the conditions, says Jacoby, are "horrible." Worst of all are marauding

patrons. "They sit in front of a display with their hands behind them, looking innocent. Sometimes they even dig up whole pots." Nevertheless, the plants prosper, thanks, Jacoby says, to "a lot of prayers." The dirt under his nails reveals to whose hands he leaves the work.



GUMP'S GETS GOING

Gump's had been in the hands of its founding family since 1861 and seemed for a long time to be "aging gracefully," in the words of one veteran salesperson, "with our customers." In the late sixties, the San Francisco dowager retailer of fine china, crystal, and Orientalia changed hands.

The old management would countenance no such vulgarity as the opening of branches. Business as usual, however, was no game plan for success in the freewheeling last quarter of the twentieth century. The new owner, Macmillan Inc., the international conglomerate, brought in a new president, Robert Leitstein, former of Neiman-Marcus. In a democratic convention, he has just sold a million into a market-smart 1980s the San Francisco brass and spin. Also overseen, in the last three years, the opening of the

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with a fourth in Chicago likely to follow. Gump's pays out only for the prime location: in Beverly Hills, it's where Wilshire meets Rodeo; in Houston and Dallas, at the fulcrum of the Galleria shopping centers. In every case, the new Gump's goes head to head against Tiffany, the East Coast rival that Gump's executives hope to unseat. Still, the house style is classic understatement. The lavish displays seem to say, "Please try not to touch."

Gump's is proud of its made-to-order lampshades, its respected San Francisco gallery of Californian artists, its Lalique and Baccarat collections. The big news this month is at the "great wall of china," that bulwark of the bridal registry. There, as a highlight of the Italian exhibition, also featuring a treasure trove of Verdiana and Venetian dolls, they are introducing the new "Granduca" line, \$265 the five-piece place setting. Selected and exclusively produced for Gump's by Richard-Ginori, the Italian ceramics house, the line reproduces a cheerful floral pattern of special distinction (1745-50). The originals are at the Doccia, Ginori's museum outside Florence. You can compare the copies with the 120 original pieces, which will also be on display. Gump's is purring

loudly about it all. Ginori has never before allowed their classic patterns to be copied, or sent the originals out on tour.

Every classy retailer claims that staff training is a high priority, but at Gump's no one has to say so. The proof is on the floor. High-, medium-, and low-price items are displayed side to side. Any query elicits informed, helpful answers. "You seem to be an expert," we overheard one admiring customer compliment a clerk in the paperweights department. "Well, sir," came the answer, "we're all expected to be sort of experts on everything in our departments." It was said with a smile, and not a soupçon of condescension.

MAXIMIZING MAXIM'S

"It's really just a copy of Paris," says Monty Zullo, the general manager of Maxim's New York, which will open its doors at 680 Madison Avenue late this fall. The same is true of Maxim's Singapore, Maxim's Brussels, Maxim's Rio, and Maxim's Peking. Could it be that the owner, Pierre Cardin (who even now is scouting further locations in Bombay and Moscow), is thinking of this Parisian outpost of fin de siècle romance as a yuppie McDonald's?

Cardin and his decorator, Pierre Por-thier, are banking entirely on their powers of mimicry. The mahogany walls, pink-shaded table lamps, maroon-velvet seats, mirrors, stained glass, and art nouveau that have attracted *le tout Paris* to Rue Royale since the 1890s . . . they will all be there in loving facsimile. House specialties such as quail's eggs with caviar and velvety billi-bi will grace the menu, just as in Paris. There will be some concessions to contemporary traffic patterns—for example, a brasserie bistro, with salads and a charcoal grill, to cater to casual diners. The real focus, though, is on the serious hedonist. Maxim's will offer dinner (about \$150 for two) in the main dining room, and there will be dancing every night, plus a black-tie soiree once a week. "This is a return to Paris and *amour*," coos Zullo, who hopes eventually to clone Maxim's all around the United States.

The original Maxim's, which opened on April 23, 1893, under the ownership of the corpulent barkeeper Maxime Gaillard, didn't take off until the vaudeville star Irma de Montigny was refused *her* table at nearby Weber's. Into Gaillard's unknown eatery she stormed, with her sportsman friend Comte Arnold de Contades in tow. More *grandes cocottes* and their protectors began frequenting Maxim's, among them



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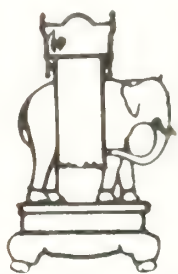
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the future Edward VII and Belgium's Leopold II, as well as such artists as Sarah Bernhardt and Marcel Proust. "The ghosts," one of the establishment's former proprietors once declared, "are the invisible assets." Sure, but will they come to New York? Not to mention Singapore, Brussels, Rio, Peking, Houston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Des Moines . . .

OPUS NO. 1

Readers wanting literate and authoritative commentary on recorded classics have had practically no place to turn ever since the monthly magazine *High Fidelity* fired James Oestreich, a year ago. He was such a fine classical-music editor that when he left, his distinguished critics jumped ship, leaving *High Fidelity* critically high and dry.

Now the old gang is back with a new bimonthly. Late October will see the debut of *Opus*, published by Historical Times, Inc., in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and edited out of New York by none other than James Oestreich. The contributors will range from the courtly David Hamilton to the cantankerous Conrad Osborne and include Andrew Porter, Nicholas Kenyon, Will Crutchfield, Harris Goldsmith, and *Connoisseur's* own Dale Harris—names music lovers have learned to trust. Technology will be treated as a regular but second-order topic. *Prima la musica.*

FIRST PRESSING

This month, Custom Cuisine, the Manhattan wholesaler and caterer at 290 West Twelfth Street (telephone: 212-691-7141), introduces a brand-new gastro-

nomie winner. It is an extraordinarily light and flavorful cold-pressed extra-virgin olive oil from Lagnes, overlooking Avignon in the southeastern region of France known as the Vaucluse. The shipment of a hundred one-liter bottles of Huile d'Olive du Jardin (\$25 each) is from a first crop that has been long in coming.

The story really begins a quarter century ago, when a heavy frost killed off vast numbers of olive groves. Only a few scattered trees survived. In 1973, the psychiatrist Dr. Jean-Jose Baranes and his wife, Martine, a photographer, bought hillside acres where ten living olive trees stood amid fields of lavender. Determined to cultivate this precious patrimony, they called on the Mathieus, a nearby family of fruit growers, and on seed and plant specialists from Nimes. With their advice, the Baraneses grafted Italian varieties onto their trees and waited until this year for a harvest. We've had an advance sampling of the oil and want you to be the first to know. Honey-colored, fragrant, yet never overbearing, it is fit for the gods.

THE GOOD NEWS

As luck would have it, when lightning struck York Minster on July 9, some of the cathedral's treasures—the York Virgin and the stained-glass *Legend of Saint Nicholas*—were in safety in London, prize attractions of the glorious English Romanesque art exhibition at the Hayward Gallery; no individual tombs or important statues or altarpieces were significantly harmed.

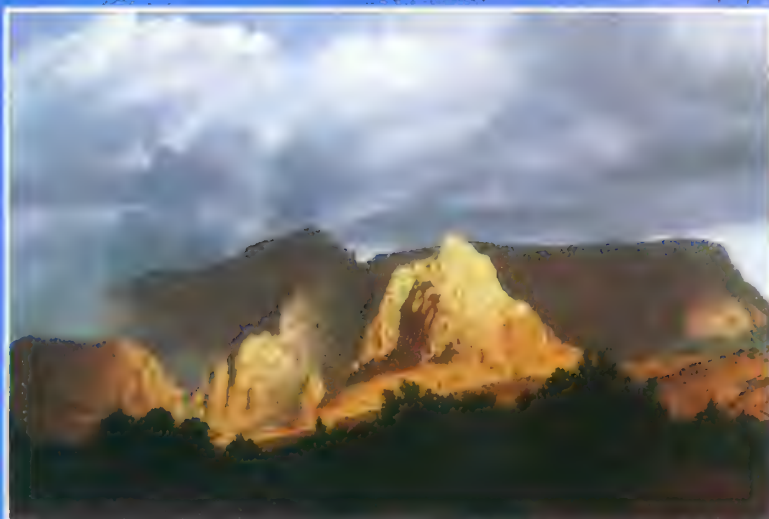
We wouldn't want to make light of the losses. Not long ago, in the shell of the

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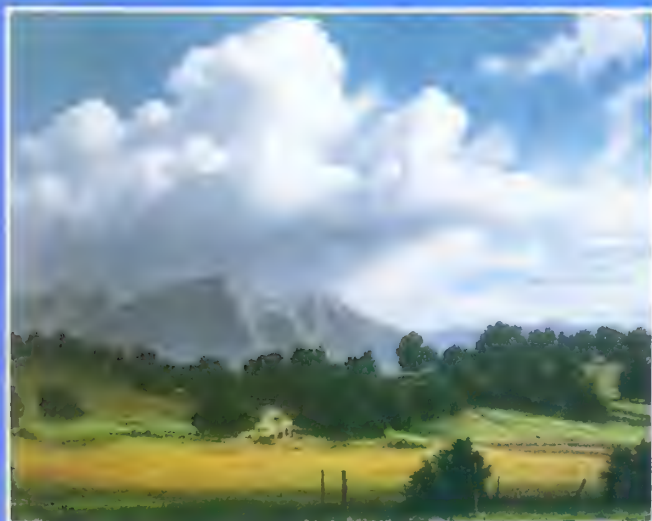
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PRIVATE LINE

ruined south transept, a friend of ours met Peter Gibson, who has looked after the York windows all his life. He had just counted 140 cracks in a single piece of glass smaller than a postcard. The great rose



window, put in after the wedding of Henry VII and Elizabeth, of the house of York, in 1486, has 8,000 such pieces, releaded in 1970. If they had not been, they would have fallen and smashed in the fire. As it is, the glass can be saved. Thanks to the knowledge gained in a previous restoration completed in 1979, the medieval roof, too, can be restored, accurate down to the last boss and beam. Bob Littlewood, the superintendent of works on York Minster, got busy with his devoted team of craftsmen the morning of July 10.

The fire repairs—and measures to prevent damage from future lightning strikes—will interrupt for several years a thirty-year restoration project that already consumes 300,000 pounds annually, from donations from the public. The new projects will add a minimum of one million pounds to the restoration bill.

Right now, private largesse is urgently needed. American gifts to the York Minster Fund Project of the Foundation for the Preservation of the Archaeological Heritage (tax deductible, as provided by law) are being handled by Frederic Safer, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, 23 Wall Street, New York, NY 10015.

As for the technical side, the experts are on the scene, and confidence is high. After all, York Minster has weathered a disaster or two in its time: there's Roman masonry in the foundation. □

Contributors: Lucy Beckett, Kevin Krajick, Corby Kummer, Mark Matousek, Colette Rossant, Barth David Schwartz
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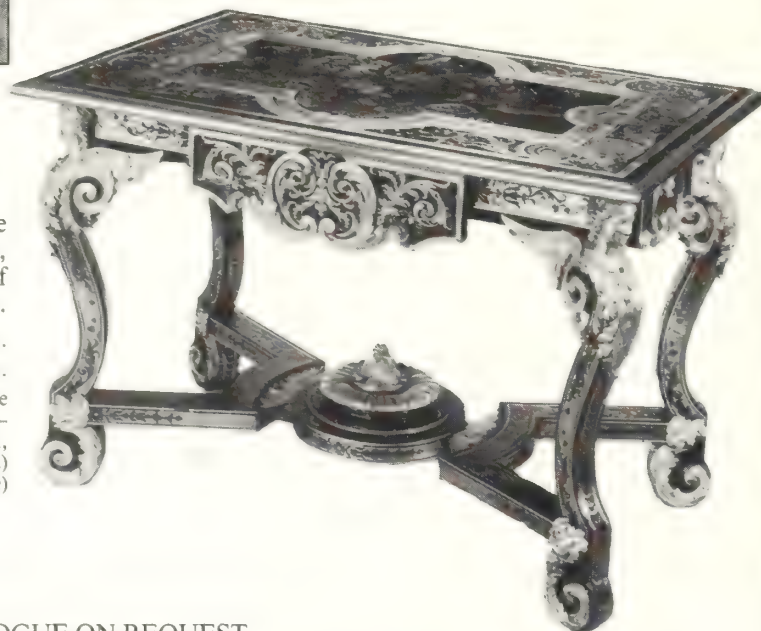
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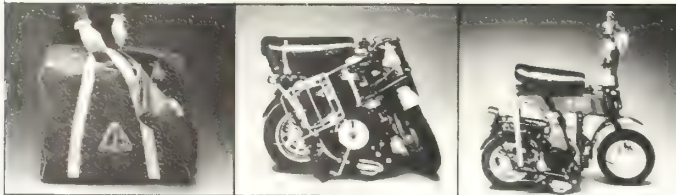
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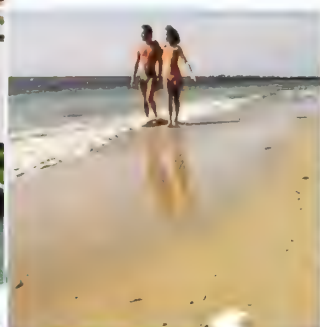
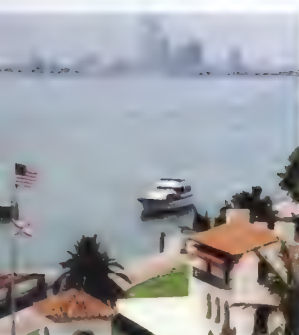
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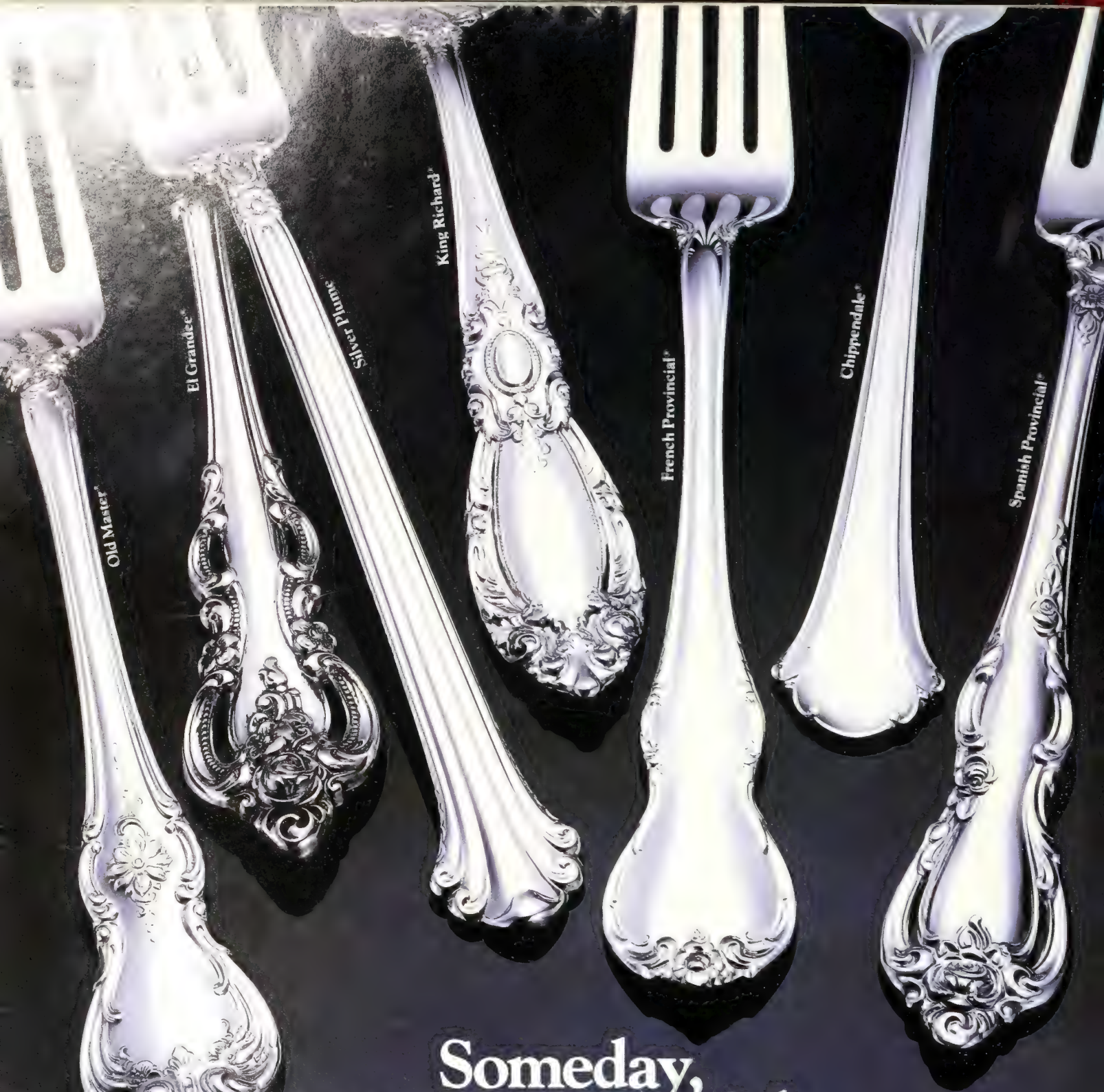
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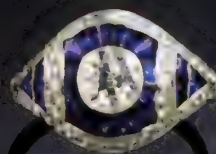
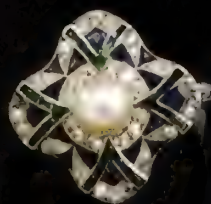
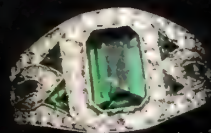
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MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

ELECTIONEERING ART

It's almost over and in less than two weeks we go to the polls. A few more debates, promises, compromises, wifflings and wafplings, a plethora of television commercials, and it's over. We've gone through a lot this time: oratory, rhetoric, and bombast; half lies and half-truths; a tragedy; and a few triumphs. Every conceivable issue and nonissue has been clarified and obscured; every special-interest group has been mollified, angered, encouraged, or had its hopes partly dashed. Now the vote.

As I wander into the polling booth, I'm not going to be thinking only about politics; I'm going to be thinking also about art. These are some of the works of art that for me symbolize the progress of the campaign:



- At the Met there is an absolutely gorgeous fragment of Egyptian sculpture in jasper, depicting just a pair of closed, lovely lips—and no head at all.

- *Fur Traders Descending the Missouri*, by George Caleb Bingham: This splendid image of rugged frontiersmanship has to evoke the independent vote.

- The poverty issue: as always, Honoré Daumier's *Third-Class Carriage*.

- *Apocalypse*, by Albrecht Dürer: What each candidate threatens will happen if the other one wins.

- Andy Warhol's unopened Campbell's soup cans: the hunger issue.

- In every campaign there's a gap—whether credibility, budget, or gender. The work of art that most perfectly sums up all gaps is Kasimir Malevich's *White on White*, at MoMA. It depicts the vastness of nothing.

- *The Sleeping Gypsy*, by Henri Rousseau: The best of all possible worlds. Dream on!

- The plight of the blacks in American society today: Winslow Homer's unforgettable image *The Gulf Stream*, with the young black man at sea in a mastless boat, like so many young urban blacks adrift in the perilous waters of unemployment.

- For some candidates the impossible dream can come true. A Joan of Arc on the front at last! How thick is that dreamed-of armor by Jules Bastien-Lepage?



- *Autumn Rhythm*, by Jackson Pollock: The tangled and confused mess of the impenetrable governmental bureaucracy that's choking us all.

- *The Forge*, by Goya: This indelible image of the two sweating workers pounding away with sledgehammers graphically describes how I feel after the constant blows of political TV commercials.

- *The Horse Fair*, by Rosa Bonheur: Any campaign's a real horse race—and when you get a lot of horses together . . .

- *The Gates of Hell*, by Rodin: Where the missile race is leading us. We need a "Thinker."

- *The Rocky Mountains*, by Albert Bierstadt: This idyllic painting, with its magnificent mountain scenery, pure waters, bountiful wildlife, thick forests, and the most verdant grasses, is like a campaign poster. It can be seen two ways: either as a once-beautiful environment now destroyed, or how "our party has cleaned up America."

- The budget deficits are admirably summed up by Hiroshige's *The Great Wave*, where the tiny crew members in a little boat are about to be engulfed.

- *American Gothic*, by Grant Wood: The farm lobby. Natch.



- *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, by Emanuel Leutze: This brave and dynamic "historical" scene that never happened sums up the hype of the campaign.

- Urban issues: Edward Hopper's grand, lonely views of New York's old-law tenements.

- The last week of the campaign: everybody: Claes Olden's ice bag.

- Jasper Johns: After the week—and the glory of America to. And it's over. VOTE! □

INSIDE THE AMERICAN HOTEL TALLEYRAND

Despite its grandiose location, on a corner of the Place de la Concorde, the Hôtel Talleyrand doesn't usually bring a lump to the throat of patriotic Frenchmen. To most, the severely elegant façade just marks that boring place where you wait in line for a visa to New York. But for anyone who mounts the great staircase inside and ascends to the gilt-and-white first floor, the picture changes from the boredom of bureaucracy to the glory of France's past. One can appreciate this now, more than ever, because the Hôtel has just been carefully renovated—a process that took three years and cost \$9 million. Pacing the splendid salons, with their view over the Tuileries Gardens, a visitor may easily imagine himself in the footsteps of Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, diplomat *extraordinaire* and the most famous of the Hôtel's residents.

This very grand, historical house was designed by Gabriel, Louis XV's architect, and Chalgrin, whose later triumphs include the Arc de Triomphe. After Talleyrand, the Hôtel (French parlance for townhouse) was occupied by several other notable personages, including Czar Alexander I and several of the French Rothschilds, whose home it was from the mid-nineteenth century to World War II. The building's fortunes took a sinister turn during the war, when it was requisitioned by the German navy and its cellars held not wine but prisoners.

These later events did little to improve the Hôtel's looks (one façade is still pockmarked by bullet holes), nor did the place flourish after the war, when the American



embassy made it the headquarters for the Marshall Plan. What had been a princely residence was turned into office space for the United States visa, cultural, and information services. The great salons of the first floor were chopped into cubicles; strip lighting replaced chandeliers; and the rooms from which Talleyrand once manipulated the fate of Europe—in which the great chef Carême once catered to Czar Alexander, and to which Rothschild gathered the glittering aristocrats of Paris—now housed functionaries and their Telexes, telephones, and typewriters.

With the restoration, much of the glory has been revived. Partitions have been cleared away to reestablish the original proportions of the rooms, while lighting and heating facilities have been tucked out of sight. The woodwork and decorations are now meticulously refinished, and the large reception rooms on the first floor will be used for official functions.

A grand reception room by Gabriel.

What does look odd, as one strays into parts of the building where the real consular and cultural work still goes on, is the way the new offices have been conceived. Set in rooms impeccably renovated, they consist of curious, fabric-covered cubbyholes where people work not only out of sight of each other but out of sight of the rooms they are, supposedly, meant to enjoy. The architect responsible for the renovation, Hugh Jacobsen, talks of his desire "to force future tenants to stay in the center [of the rooms] and save the architecture and its quality of light." It seems incomprehensible to have made such fine improvements, then to spoil them for the people actually working there. The ghost of Talleyrand might well enjoy the uncluttered run of his salons again, but surely some thought should be given to the living.
—Michael Henry

GIFT OF OOMINGMAK

Early Arctic explorers who christened the shaggy musk ox were wrong on both counts. This hardy, tundra-grazing animal is a closer cousin to sheep than to oxen, and it produces no musk at all. Eskimos call it *oomingmak*, "the bearded one," because of its long, unruly hair. But beneath that tousled coat lies a downy layer called qiviut, one of the rarest and finest of all luxury wools.

Qiviut handknits are as soft as angora or cashmere, yet even finer, so light and supple that a four-foot-wide qiviut scarf can be drawn easily through a wedding band. In spite of its



A qiviut scarf: so fine you can draw it through a wedding ring.

delicate feel, qiviut is fully eight times warmer by weight than ordinary sheep's wool. It keeps those who wear it as snug as it keeps the musk ox during the long, bleak winters of the North.

Unalakleet, Alaska, an Eskimo village of about 1,000 people, is the only place in the world where musk oxen are raised for their wool. Great, puffy clouds of qiviut are hand-combed from the herd each spring as the animals shed their winter underwool, and then the ash-brown fluff is shipped to a mill in New England and pro-



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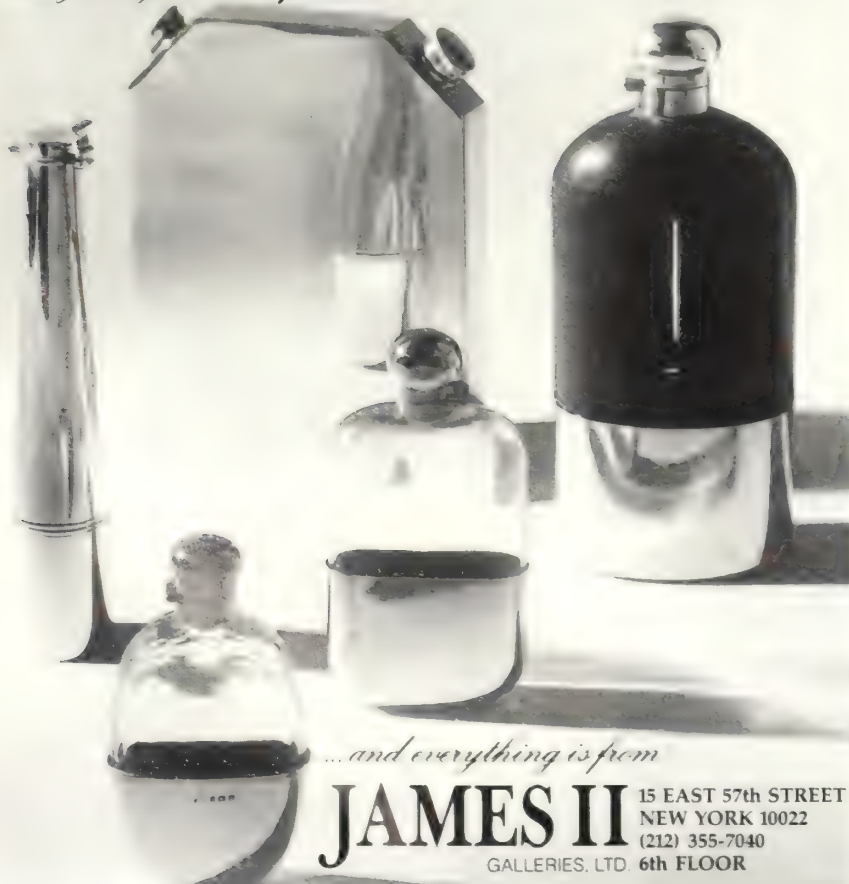
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

cessed on cashmere-spinning machines. By the time it returns to Alaska as yarn it is worth about \$600 a pound.

The yarn is then flown to far-flung coastal villages, where Eskimo knitters of the Oomingmak Musk Ox Producers Cooperative work the qiviut into lacy scarves, stoles, and featherweight cowls known as "smoke rings."

Headquartered in Anchorage (for information, call 902-272-9225), the cooperative fosters a rich diversity of traditional crafts. Each member village produces its own, distinctive pattern. Mekoryuk, on Nunivak Island, in the Bering Sea, bases its angular design on a 1,200-year-old ivory harpoon head. The Arctic village of Shishmaref uses a star motif on their beaded mukluks, the boots made of seal. Other regional patterns are taken from fur parka trims, a grass basket, an ancient mask, and a carved ivory tusk.

The qiviut knitters, by marrying the wool of an exotic ice-age animal to the traditions of native Alaskan art, have created an exclusively Eskimo livelihood. Outlets in the "lower forty-eight" have opened in New York (The Alaska Shop, 31 East Seventy-fourth Street; 212-879-1782) and in Seattle (at The Snow Goose; 206-362-3401, and Host International—The Northwest Shop; 206-433-5641).

Qiviut may come from the Arctic, but qiviut woolens rival the latest fashions. Headgear ranges from chic cloches and cuffed caps to baby hats with miniature ear flaps. There is also a hip-length, sleeveless tunic with softly gathered shoulders called a *taqmaq*. All items are made in the natural, dusky-brown qiviut color. Unlike other fine woolens, they will never shrink or shed. Just wait until the haute couture designers get their hands on qiviut.

—Heather Lockman

MARKIN' ON THE TWINE

"She said all a body would have to do there was to go around all day with a harp and sing, forever and ever. I asked her if she reckoned Tom Sawyer would go there, and she said not by a considerable sight. I was glad about that, because I wanted him and me to be together."

And so they are, Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer together forever in the world of literature and dreams, floating endlessly down their mythical Mississippi. Millions have floated with them, on the grace of Mark Twain's genius. This November 30,

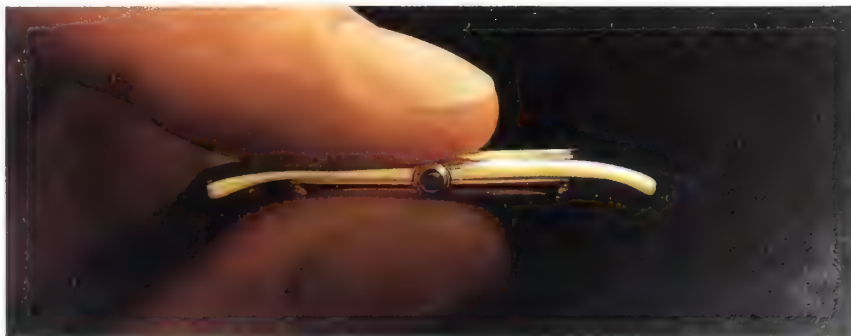


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Mr. Clemens at ease on the "Ole Miss."

the old steamboat pilot is on the eve of his one-hundred-fiftieth anniversary, and you can be sure that in the coming year a number of special editions of his work will pop up. His shade will be called forth, grumbling, no doubt, but smoking one good cigar—the famous "one" he always smoked as a matter of discipline, having vowed never to smoke two at a time.

Mark Twain's great stories and scenes will be shining again, and we'll all rediscover just how extraordinary are such moments as when Huck hears the town clock strike in the distance at midnight, with ghosts out prowling. He waits, there in his room in the Widow Douglas's house, and presently hears a twig snap and a cat meowing. "I put out the light and scrambled out of the window on to the shed. Then I slipped to the ground and crawled in among the trees, and sure enough, there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me."

Has there ever been a beginning to compare with it? I came to it as a boy and quivered with excitement, and I come to it now and am still fired up by it. I know by heart all that is to follow but it doesn't matter, because a raft is waiting to carry Huck and me beneath the stars on a mighty current. One could say it is the current of Twain's mind, but really his mind was one with the Mississippi—as a licensed pilot he had to know every changing inch of it day and night—and it is this natural force we feel in his writing, a power that draws its greatness from the flow of the elements. You marvel at the depth, the swiftness of this stream, and you can no more fully understand or encompass Mark Twain than you can the Mississippi itself. They were both given to us as gifts of nature, to float upon and cheer us. Recall the oath of Tom Sawyer's gang: "And if anybody that belonged to the band told the secrets, he must have his throat cut . . . Some

thought it would be good to kill the families of boys who told the secrets." But poor Huck hasn't got a family to kill: "I was most ready to cry; but all at once I thought of a way, and so I offered them Miss Watson—they could kill her."

I have laughed at this for forty years. I've laughed at the raftman who calls himself the Child of Calamity, owing to his fierce disposition. "Contemplate me through leather—don't use the naked eye. Hold me down to earth, for I feel my powers a-working!" He is then promptly flattened and given two black eyes by a quiet, unassuming raftman named Little Davy. This scene and thousands more live with exquisite life each time we return to them. Mark Twain could paint blowhards and boors better than anyone, and the greatest liars in literature inhabit his books, and he includes himself among them.

He was raised on the exaggerated talk of the rivermen, and he turned it into an enduring tale of a time that is gone now—a slow and winding time, when America was younger and scenery did not rush past, but glided gently by. Feeling it in his books, I've sought it, and found echoes of it still here and there in this land. But that morning on the river nonetheless has vanished, and we've had no other pilot quite like him.

—William Kotzwick

CHOICE AUCTIONS

New York—Christie's, November 7, 1984; Christie's London, November 13–14, 1984. **Chinese export porcelain.** If North American separatists in the eighteenth century did not want George III and Parliament mucking about in their buoyant emergent economy, that by no means meant they had renounced their own aristocratic ambitions. Trade ships from Shanghai and Canton beat a steady path to America laden with these porcelains, to satisfy the aristocratic aspirations of the haute bourgeoisie. The extraordinary success of the Christie's sale last February suggests that this instinct is still an important part of the American psyche. And the stuff is still reasonably affordable, so gather ye instant heirlooms while ye may.

London—Christie's, November 28, 1984. Important gold boxes. In May 1904, Christie's London dispersed the remarkable Hawkins collection of gold boxes, one of the all-time great sales in this field. Contemporary readers may not ap-

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precipitate their significance, but in centuries past they had enormous cultural, political, artistic, and often private meaning. The Christie's auction will include the splendid 1761 Louis XV enameled specimen that was a highlight of the 1904 Hawkins sale.

New York—William Doyle Galleries, November 15, 1984. Important nineteenth- and twentieth-century European painting and sculpture. This sale shows how most people will pay more for "comfortable" pictures by lesser talents than for more cerebral or "difficult" pictures by greater and more enduringly important artists. Two works make my point. *Port de Mer*, by Marquet, who in fifty years will be Trivial Pursuit material, is estimated at \$60,000–\$80,000, which is the same as for a late Léger, *La Chaise Noire*.



Wine coolers by P. Storr, Sotheby's London, November 22 (est. \$91,000–\$117,000).

London—Phillips, November 20, 1984. Victorian painting. The "Dutch" quality, not only in subject but even more in the tonal effect of light, in many British paintings of this period is well illustrated by F. G. Cotman's 1894 *Steaming Into Lincoln*. As representative of one of the lesser luminaries whose works offer modest and affordable pleasures, this one carries a presale estimate of \$5,200–\$9,100.

New York—Phillips, November 7,

Left: Louis XV's enameled gold box, at Christie's. Center: Richard Dadd's *Caravan Halted by the Sea Shore*, at Sotheby's. Right: A "perfect" Sèvres vase, at Phillips.

1984. English and continental furniture and decoration, and Russian works of art. A good general selection of period and "style" stuff; but the real finds are the enormous Sèvres vases with exceptionally good ormolu mounts from the late nineteenth century, when it was fashionable and profitable to create quite-good copies of late Louis XVI–early Napoleonic ceramic extravaganzas. "Breathtakingly perfect," in the words of Phillips's specialist Christopher Hartop, these vases languished ingloriously for years, flanking a Coke machine in a Montreal air-conditioner factory because the consignor's wife would not let them into the house. The condition comment is important since at Sotheby's New York less than two years ago, an identical, restored pair shot way beyond an identical presale estimate of \$15,000–\$20,000 to a surprising \$46,200.

New York—Sotheby's, November 1, 1984. Paperweights. A quiet corner of the market is the field of paperweights, but many major glass factories and artists achieved great things with paperweights. Sotheby's New York has cornered this market; and their recent offerings of the Jokelson collection, last December, and part 1 of the Schuell collection, in May, were virtual museum-class shows. This sale, maybe the best yet, comprises over 160 lots from the Corning Museum of Glass, the Turner collection, and part 2 of the Schuell collection.

London—Sotheby's, November 21, 1984. Important British watercolors. November 27, 1984. Important nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Most likely, among the top lots will be three Turner watercolors originally from the collection of his patron Walter Fawkes. Since Turner's *Seascape Folke-*

stone hit an unthinkable \$10 million-plus in July, it is possible to project that these pictures will surpass their own hearty estimates of £40,000–£100,000 (\$52,000–\$130,000).

No less interesting will be the market's reaction to Richard Dadd's rather banal *Caravan Halted by the Sea Shore*, dated 1843, his only work known to have been painted shortly before his notorious patricide. Last March, Dadd's *Contradiction—Oberon and Titania* (see *Connoisseur*, March 1983), from his certifiably wacko period, fetched about £550,000 (\$830,500). While *Caravan* carries the same presale estimate of £100,000–£150,000 (\$130,000–\$195,000), any bidder who pushes this clearly inferior picture even to the estimate may want to have his head examined.

THE PATRIARCH

Anyone who has entered the sumptuous world of a Gucci store may well wonder whether the name Gucci refers to anything or anybody. Actually, there is a family behind the enterprise, headed by a patriarch of great energy and charm. Indeed,

The empire builder with "Connoisseur" bag.





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Shown Actual Size

as Aldo Gucci sees it at seventy-nine, the world is most like an enormous banquet table over which he presides. With houses and galleries and shops in every major city and acquaintances among British royalty and Italian tenors and Hollywood stars, his presence commands the attention of the most celebrated personalities everywhere. "It's very easy to have an audience when you have the voice," he says casually, "and permit me to say that Gucci has the voice."

He calls Italy home but is said to have vague troubles there. His three sons and five grandsons oversee the luxury leather firm's Italian operations, while the elder Gucci "must tend the herds" in the rest of the world. His favorite haunt is the new *galleria* above his flagship store on Fifth Avenue, in New York, an exclusive retreat where he displays favorite jewels amid pieces from his eclectic art collection. Though he is most partial to Italian Renaissance art, he will happily juxtapose a sixteenth-century Medici tapestry depicting the triumph of Venus with a commissioned comic-strip painting on the same theme by Roy Lichtenstein, surrealist canvases by de Chirico, and abstract sculpture by Pasticci. Gucci is nothing if not confident in his taste. He boasts of a style and taste "innate in Italians," and in the same breath apologizes to a photographer for wearing socks that clash with his suit—and, of course, gets away with it.

On elegance—and on the women who possess it—he claims the final word. "In Japan I was asked, in which country did I find the most elegant women," relates Gucci, throwing up his hands. "I said,

'When we speak of elegance there is no passport.' Any woman who expresses a certain quality in what she wears is elegant. Of course, in my heart, I have to say it is the Italians."

Gucci has the experience to back up his opinion. It was he who did most to transform the pigskin and calf-saddlery founded in Florence in 1906 by his father, Guccio, into an international success. When Aldo took the reins, in the mid-1950s the company was still a relatively modest operation. "My father was very conservative," Aldo recalls. "He'd always say, 'Wait a minute, now—to expand you need a lot of money and we don't have that much money.' In Italy you are raised thinking you never have enough money. When he died we had stores in Florence, Rome, Milan, and London, but not Paris or America. So I started my march like in the Olympic Games." First stop: New York. Aldo had noticed as a young man the American tourists who came to Europe before the war. "They traveled with enough wardrobes to fill a train car and they were tourists of class. We decided to come to America to see what they were like in their own country, and when we found so many Americans in the United States, I said, 'I think we have to bring our products here.'"

Since then, Gucci has picked up Hong Kong and Tokyo and by now has more than 300 outlets worldwide. The septuagenarian may run out of countries to conquer before he runs out of passion for conquest. "I'm planning a close-of-the-century celebration," he says, "and maybe a little something for later."

—Joyce Pendola

FOCUS ON PRESIDENTS

Not long ago, Robert A. Mayer, director of the International Museum of Photography, at the George Eastman House, Rochester, New York, thought up a new way to mark the presidential elections. Delving into the vast Eastman House collection—conservatively evaluated at \$100 million—he created a show called "Photographing the American Presidency." The resulting exhibition, which will be on display through January 20, 1985, shows the evolution of photography through the portraits of presidents.

Presidents posed not only for a record of their passage through history but also, it became clear, to create and fuel the engine of their popularity—through the marketing of multiple images that the new



Roosevelt, in 1906, already mounted.



President Polk and friends in a daguerreotype from 1846, seven years after the introduction of photography in America.

medium made possible. Mayer's exhibition consists of ninety photographs, including seventeen First Ladies and William Henry Harrison, even though he served only one month before dying of pneumonia. All but the first five presidents who preceded the age of the camera are represented.

Still, there is a lag that Mayer can't explain, between the 1839 introduction of photography in the United States and the first presidential portrait, a lost daguerreotype of John Quincy Adams taken in Utrica, New York, in 1843. Martin Van Buren, the nation's eighth president, was in office when photography arrived in America, but he was photographed only later. His two immediate predecessors, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, also were photographed as ex-presidents. The first to be photographed in office was John Tyler, and though the image in the show is not a vintage picture, it is one of the most interesting, according to Mayer. As a lantern-slide copy of an 1844 daguerreotype, this image, which could be projected before large audiences, proposed the terms that photography would subsequently pursue. The Eastman House owns two of the slides, and on both is inked a two-dollar price tag, written in the hand of William and Frederick Langenheim, early American photographic entrepreneurs from Philadelphia.

Most of the major photographic processes and many of the major photographers in America are represented: Mathew Brady, Alexander Gardner, Timothy O'Sullivan, Napoleon Sarony, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Edward Steichen, Margaret Bourke-White, Nickolas Muray, and David Kennerly.

Within the conceptual confines of the chief executive's office, the show displays the periodic technical leaps between gen-

European Works of Art at Sotheby's



This extremely rare Spanish gold ring, set with diamonds and a brilliant emerald, early 17th century, is among the precious objects included in an auction of European Works of Art, Tapestries and Furniture Friday and Saturday, November 23 and 24 at 10:15 am and 2 pm each day.

For catalogues and further information, please contact David Wille at (212) 606-7250. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue at 72nd Street, New York, New York 10021.

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744

"Too much
playin' around."

"Grandpa,
how'd your fur
get that grey?"



Grandpa, the original Teddy bear (here, a replica) started a tradition of cuddly bears back in 1902. Even his cuddly son has been around since 1930. But his fur is still wet behind the ears. All, made with the craftsmanship of St.



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erations of picture makers. Thus, the stiff formality of Daguerrean portraiture, taken under the stern requirements of pictorial propriety and the purely photographic constraints of the fledgling format, stands in sharp relief to the more casual, grab-shot style of the contemporary photographer, with his 35-mm motor drive.

The exhibition will travel to the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library and Museum, in Austin, Texas, in the spring of 1985, and plans are in the offing for the show to go on, in the fall, to the Theodore Roosevelt home in Sagamore Hill, Long Island. Thereafter it will become a part of the International Museum of Photography and of the George Eastman House Traveling Exhibition Program.

An ironic footnote to the presidential exhibit is that the entire collection of the International Museum of Photography may well become a part of government itself. Pleading escalating costs and conservation and space problems, the museum's board of directors is negotiating with the Smithsonian Institution to move the collection to Washington. But as discussions continue, a Rochester-based protest has been registered, and pressure to consider alternatives is mounting. No one expects a fast decision.—Anthony Bannon

THE HILLSBORO VOTE

Just about everybody in Hillsboro will turn out for the election on November 6. And at the same time. But it won't be any trouble, and the cheese and crackers are good. Hillsboro (pop. 115) has sixty-five registered voters and is proud to be the next-to-the-smallest town in the state of Virginia.

They don't have to stand in line to vote in Hillsboro, either, for the voting station at the schoolhouse will, as required by law, stay open for thirteen hours. No one even has to give his or her name; the ladies officiating know everyone. In spite of the rule against loitering, most people linger on to chat and to sample the buffet that the ladies assemble.

Four years ago at a local election they taught the citizens how to use the new voting machine that has taken the place of a perfectly good wooden ballot box in which votes for Lincoln had once been cast. Voters eyed the contraption without enthusiasm. Everyone's first question was "How do you write in?"

Probably few city voters know it is possible to "write in" a name on a voting machine, but everyone in Hillsboro knows

Pre-Columbian Art at Sotheby's



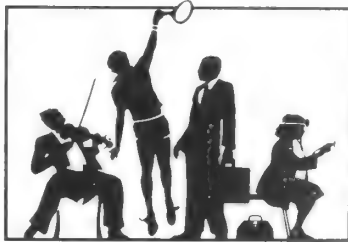
This Costa Rican gold figure of a captive warrior, circa 700-1550 A.D., the property of Alexander Acevedo, N.Y., is among the gold objects included in an auction of Important Pre-Columbian Art Tuesday, November 27 at 10:15 am and 2 pm and Wednesday, November 28 at 10:15 am.

For catalogues and further information, please contact Fatma Turkkan-Wille at (212) 606-7328. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue at 72nd Street, New York.

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1. Gold & Lapis Bangle by Giuliano, c. 1880
2. Diamond & Ruby Pin, c. 1870
3. Diamond Bracelet, c. 1810
4. Gold Emerald & Garnet Bracelet, c. 1810
5. Gold & Turquoise Pin, c. 1850
6. sold
7. Turquoise & Diamond Locket, c. 1840

8. Gold & Enamel Watch by Patek Philippe
9. 19th c. Gold & Enamel Watch by E. Huguenin
10. 19th c. Gold & Enamel Watch by Vacheron & Constantin

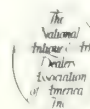
11. Diamond & Ruby Cuff Links, c. 1920
12. and 13. sold
14. Gold Vinaigrette, c. 1820
15. 18Kt. Gold Box, London 1811
16. Diamond & Sapphire Bow Pin, c. 1920
17. Gold, Emerald, Pearl & Pink Topaz Bangle, c. 1840

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how to push back the awkwardly placed covers over little slots and, writing at a slant, insert a name with the pencil that is kept hanging from a string in the booth.

This is a needed skill, for often the local candidates forget to file. Six months ago, when Hillsboro elected a new mayor, five members of the town council, and a recorder (an elective office in Hillsboro), there were only two names on the ballot. None of the other candidates had made the ten-mile trip to the clerk's office at the county seat in time to file.

It would be a mistake to assume that because such things happen—and they do, frequently—local elections are not pas-



sionate affairs. They are. But as local custom requires, they are simply conducted with such decorum that time has a way of slipping by.

No one solicits votes for public office. Candidates wait to be asked. Once approached and assured of support they sit back quietly to mull over their chances. One never knows what may happen. Two years ago two candidates for mayor were tied. It was easily settled: a county official drew one of the names from a bowl.

Six years ago a novel and never-since-repeated approach was tried. On election day the wife of a popular candidate stood in front of the school in front of the schoolhouse holding a modest sign recommend-

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

ing her spouse. He received only six votes. A newcomer, inexperienced in the town's ways, asked what happened. A neighbor enlightened her. "Why, don't you know," she said, lowering her voice discreetly, "he campaigned."

Reagan, Mondale, Bush, and Ferraro, take note.
—Byron Farwell

FRACTURED FAIRY TALES

If the Brothers were forced to watch their own immortal tales reduced to gimmicky video images on TV, they'd have reason to feel grim. But Shelley Duvall's Faerie Tale Theatre has shown that a little production

clothes he dons when transformed into the prince, but the way both he and Susan Sarandon, a rather mature virginal Beauty, look so distressed when they smile. When her patient love has turned the Beast into Prince Kinski, Sarandon's awkward expression seems to say, "Loving the creature was a piece of cake. But spending my life with a man who doesn't know how to dress and looks like a gnome? That's asking too much!"

Still, compared to the standard television menu, this series proves how much more is possible. Spurred on by Shelley Duvall's remarkable blend of innocence and gumption—remember, she played Olive Oyl to Robin Williams's Popeye—show-business connections have brought



company with a big idea can succeed in Hollywood. By now, the series, aired on Showtime Cable Network, has become something of a must for youngsters and their parents.

The Grimms knew that the power of a story resided half in the written word and half in the reader's imagination. Television does not leave much room for either. Thus, Klaus Kinski's resemblance to Liberace in FTT's new production of "Beauty and the Beast" struck this viewer as too unsettling. It wasn't just the foppish

Susan Sarandon's Beauty coming to terms with Klaus Kinski's Beast in mufti.

together the best talents in acting, directing, musical arrangement, and set design. The result? TV's flickering blue, night-light versions don't quite have "the deep formative impact of the wondrous figures and events of fairy tales" that the psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim speaks of, but they are promising.

The list of shows premiering from November to March makes the heart flutter

with hope: Dick Shawn, Art Carney, and Alan Arkin, in "The Emperor's New Clothes"; "The Pied Piper" with Eric Idle; Eve Arden and Jean Stapleton, in "Cinderella"; Ben Vereen and Gregory Hines, in "Puss and Boots"; Lee Remick, in "The Snow Queen"; and that glorious personification of the wrong stuff Jeff Goldblum, in "The Three Little Pigs."

Yet for all the quality that goes into the production of the shows there is still the Kinski factor to consider—too much aggressive smartyness. The scripts are not adaptations but rewrites, which often lose the subtlety, honed through centuries, that makes the old stories resonate.

In last season's "Sleeping Beauty" (now being offered as an encore selection), the woodsman says, "That ending stinks. You ever heard of poetic license?" The prince replies, aghast, "What? At the cost of truth?" He knows fairy tales have power because their poetic license is distilled into unconscious truths. That is why they live, happily, ever after. —Kalia Lulow

WELL-BURIED TREASURES

Even if you've never heard of Chichén Itzá, the great Maya-Toltec city in northern Yucatán that flourished between A.D. 800 and 1250, the legend of the virgins thrown into its sacred well as brides of the rain god is sure to ring a bell. The notion is so compelling that it persists even after repeated dredgings of the well have proven it false. Besides, the well's contents—artifacts and skeletons—have been practically buried in the basement of Harvard's Peabody Museum for the past eighty years, so the myth has been kept alive all this time.

Reached by a causeway from the Great Plaza of the ancient city, the sacred cenote, as it is called, is the largest sinkhole in northern Yucatán, 200 feet across and 60 feet deep. Bishop Diego de Landa, a sixteenth-century Spanish missionary and chronicler, first identified it as the most sacred pilgrimage shrine of the ancient Maya, and the site of sacrifices of humans and precious objects in times of drought. Edward Thompson, an explorer-archaeologist, read Landa's account and determined to explore the treasure trove. Under the auspices of the Peabody Museum, he began explorations in Yucatán; in 1904 he set up a derrick and dredge at the edge of the cenote and for the next seven years plumbed its secrets.

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Above: Three face ornaments of sheet gold, A.D. 800-1000. Below: A Maya lord enthroned in jadeite, A.D. 675-725.

Now, a major new exhibition, cosponsored by the Peabody and the Science Museum of Minnesota, that opened in St. Paul in October and will tour the United States until 1987 should set the record straight. The show offers 300 select artifacts out of the more than 30,000 gold, copper, jade, stone, pottery, wood, rubber, and textile objects from the well—mostly trade goods and war spoils from as far afield as Panama, Costa Rica, and central Mexico. Among the more spectacular offerings are carved jades, hammered gold discs, cast-gold figural pendants and body ornaments, decorative copper bells and rings, scepters, and copal, the resinous incense used in cenote rituals.

And the sacrificial victims? The dredgers did discover forty-two skeletons, alas. Most were children, with some adult males thrown in—and only a few women. So much, finally, for the virgins theory.

—Barbara Braun



THE PRIDE OF NAPLES

Cleveland—"Bernardo Cavallino of Naples, 1616-1656," Cleveland Museum of Art, November 14-December 30, 1984. Virtually unknown and rarely seen before his "rediscovery" in the twentieth century, Cavallino is now emerging as the major talent from seventeenth-century Naples. This is the first exhibition fully to assess his significance, with sixty of his eighty known works assembled from all over the world and including his best-known, the altarpiece *Saint Cecilia in Ecstasy* (right). The bunch of grapes at the donkey's feet are a uniquely Cavallinesque touch in *The Meeting of David and Abigail* (below).



BEAUBOURG BLUES

Rumors of internal strife at the Pompidou Center, in Paris—defecting curators, disconsolate administrators—have so far been largely silenced on the spot. The government did not want the reputation of its arts complex to be sullied. Similarly, *Opération Extension Beaubourg*—a program of renovations and additions to the center—has been conducted on the quiet, to avoid controversy.

Controversy has swirled around the complex ever since 1977, when the Pompidou Center went up in the Beaubourg. At first the Erector-set architectural design was ridiculed by some as better suited to an oil refinery. With time, however, the initial public resentment passed, and

now the colorful edifice has become a favorite of Parisians—except for those who work there.

The trouble is that while the architects' original theories—making the building "transparent" and putting the escalators, halls, and air-conditioning ducts on the outside—ultimately succeeded aesthetically, attracting 20,000 visitors a day, much of the building's functional space has proven impractical. The museum suffers from such ills as uneven lighting, a confounding, mazelike layout, and not enough wall space for pictures. In the view of Beaubourg's sensitive staff, the "American style" offices are the worst offense. Their particular grievance: an Olympic-size typing pool divided by panels painted an especially bilious shade of green. Some

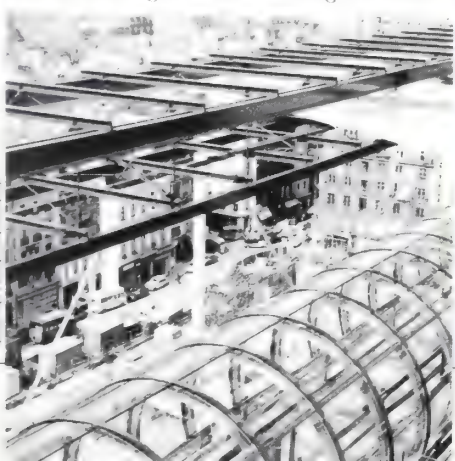
time ago, a medical inspector deemed the obnoxious color a hazard, liable to cause rashes, vomiting fits, and eye problems. A few partitions were consequently white-washed, but the complaints continued.

Because the original architects have gone their separate ways, the expansion project was assigned to the Japanese architect Nouri Okabe. Okabe is faithful to the building's spirit of culture for the masses and is tampering as little as possible while adding two modest extensions. "There was no mistake in the concept," he says. "After all, we didn't set out to build a church. We are not changing anything essential, but correcting."

The most visible addition is the new entrance and glass wing for the Galeries d'Art Contemporain, on the south side, facing the piazza. "In the past, people who came into the old galleries, on the ground floor, didn't know where they were going; the galleries led nowhere, and they really needed more space," Okabe points out. The north-side extension involves a 350-seat "Cinéma des Nations" behind a smoked-glass façade, flanked by bright-blue air vents. The cinema, which will specialize in foreign films, is an integral part of the center; it is meant to complement the old, 150-seat theater on the fifth floor, a branch of the Henri Langlois Cinémathèque Française. "The fifth-floor site was too small for showing popular films," Okabe explains. "And the exits were a problem, especially for late-night movies in a center that otherwise closes at ten P.M."

The fourth-floor museum is also being renovated, with a different scheme, one that offers more wall space for art shows. There will be other changes in the future—pianissimo. One that the staff certainly favors involves turning the second floor into a setting for seminars, but first the administration will have to move to other quarters—someplace where there will be no green walls. —Joan Dupont

The Beaubourg's exterior moving sidewalks.



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FORTUNY IN THE ROUND

Popularity of Mariano Fortuny (our cover-story subject in June 1983) continues to rise in Italy. To commemorate the thirty-fifth anniversary of his death, a stunning exhibition entitled "Fortuny nella Belle Epoque" recently opened in the Palazzo Strozzi, in Florence, and will run through December 2. Here, for the first time, visitors can appreciate the full variety of Fortuny's many talents.

Though posterity has enshrined Fortuny as a dress designer, and though he himself started out as a painter, he owed his early successes to his innovative stage decorations and home furnishings. By 1896, when he was twenty-five, he had made a name for himself with a sort of proto-psychedelic lighting system for the theater. He invented a vast cupola, measuring about 100 feet across, against which ever-changing scenes of skies and landscapes were projected with a lantern. Toscanini had the Scala, in Milan, fitted with a Fortuny cupola; Max Reinhardt ordered one for the Kroll theater in Berlin. "Audiences accustomed until that time to gaslight



A designer who started out as a painter.

stage illumination were left breathless," recounts Aldo Rostagno, who with his American wife, Helen, organized the Florence tribute. Today's viewers may find the cupola quaint; but Fortuny clearly was an innovator. His indirect-lighting lamps were developed fifteen years before the Bauhaus popularized the idea. He also designed a *moderne* chair that Charlie Chaplin would have loved: it unfolds into a kneeler, which folds into an armchair, which then refolds into a stepladder.

In 1906 Fortuny turned his mind to fashion and textiles, with revolutionary results. His light, fluid gowns, with their speckled patterns, sometimes weighed only six ounces: Proust was reminded of

butterfly wings; and Isadora Duncan, Martha Graham, and other leaders of fashion did much to liberate women from the heavy, corseted dresses of the day by wearing Fortuny's weightless sheaths. Admittedly, notes Rostagno, "You've got to have a ballerina's body to carry off most of his creations. And even a mole shows through those fine fabrics."

To further the illusion of stepping into Fortuny's fin de siècle world, the exhibition features strains of his favorite music—Debussy, Wagner, Saint-Saëns—and wafts of lily-of-the-valley fragrance permeate the gallery. In the late afternoon, liveried butlers serve goblets of champagne to all visitors.

The Rostagnos hope that "Fortuny nella Belle Epoque" will do more than merely promote a reevaluation of Fortuny's work. He is said to have left a cache of archives, rumored to contain patents and other documents chronicling his career. "There is still much to be discovered about Fortuny's work," Rostagno muses. "We have only revealed the tip of the iceberg." What he would like is for fans of Fortuny to be so inspired by the show that they will help bring to light the hidden portion of this genius's work.

—Patricia Corbett



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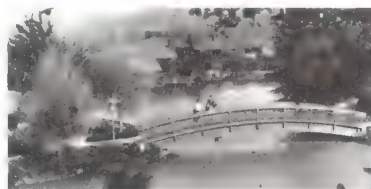
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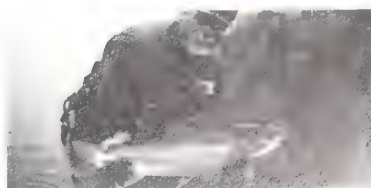
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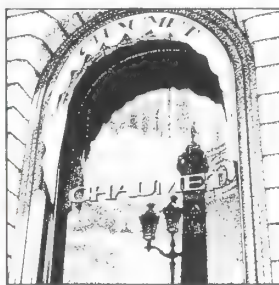
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VINTAGE VIDEO

The pleasures and frustrations of collecting shows from TV's golden age.

By Richard Lacayo



Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, Vivian Vance, and William Frawley in "I Love Lucy."

Video recorders are everywhere, twirling their take-up reels even in the dead of night, making a nation of informal archivists of everyone who records a rerun of *Casablanca* or Joan Benoit in the women's marathon at the XXIII Olympiad. But for collectors of vintage television programming, the VCRs of today are of little help in retrieving lost treasures of yesterday. Many thousands of TV programs have simply vanished during commercial television's forty-five-odd-year history. Fondly remembered dramas, like Reginald Rose's *Twelve Angry Men* and *The Verdict*, *A Visit to a Small Planet*, are wholly or partly missing. Even Johnny Carson's first year as host of the "Tonight" show is unaccounted for. Strictly speaking, broadcast waves never "die."

Richard Lacayo, a staff writer at Time magazine, is interested in film and video.

now the Goldbergs are sailing somewhere through the Milky Way. However, that doesn't do much good here on earth, where only one complete season of their six-year series has been preserved.

The explanation for this apparent cultural oversight is simple: in the early days, TV's reputation as a repository of the inane and trivial hurt prospects for program survival. Few were inspired to save a world in which Speedy Alka-Seltzer dwelled beside Edward R. Murrow, and Loretta Young pirouetted eerily in a make-believe drawing room. Before the late 1960s, old programs rarely found their way into the shelter of museums. Most fell victim to network economics. They were taped over, burned, or tossed into storage closets. Kinescopes—films of live shows made by pointing a camera at a monitor during the broadcast—were often melted down for their silver content. Shows sur-

vived mainly for sentimental reasons; copies were kept by their creators, or they were retrieved from the trash by station technicians who didn't have the heart to see them perish.

Steve Allen's three years as the host of the "Tonight" show were dumped into a furnace—NBC had run out of shelf space. Among the shows burned was ninety minutes with Carl Sandburg. "He recited poetry. He told stories of Lincoln's childhood and of his own childhood," Allen recalls now. "He talked about Edward Steichen." Even the Groucho Marx quiz show "You Bet Your Life" was slated for the flames, according to Allen, until the show's producer discovered the plan and intervened.

The private television collection that many archivists describe as the nation's most important was plucked from an Iowa popcorn factory. Peter Vest, a makeup man for DuMont Television (a now-defunct network that produced the groundbreaking "Ernie Kovacs Show," the famous science-fiction serial "Captain Video and the Video Rangers," and "Cavalcade of Stars," featuring Jackie Gleason), rescued hundreds of kinescopes. When DuMont went bankrupt in 1955, Vest took the films to his home on Long Island, New York, and kept them on his porch. After Vest's death, his brother-in-law took the reels to the family's popcorn factory in Iowa. There they remained until 1969, when Donald Zimmerman, then working for an Iowa educational-television station, married Peter Vest's niece. At dinner one night with members of his new family, Zimmerman was invited down to the basement to inspect a "movie" of Captain Video. "I unreeled a bit of it," he remembers, "and said to my wife's cousin, 'This isn't a movie; it's a kinescope.' To which he replied, 'Well, we watch it on a projector like all the others.' I said, 'What others? How many of these do you have?' And he answered, 'A warehouse full.'"

After gaining permission from the Vests to take charge of the collection, Zimmer-

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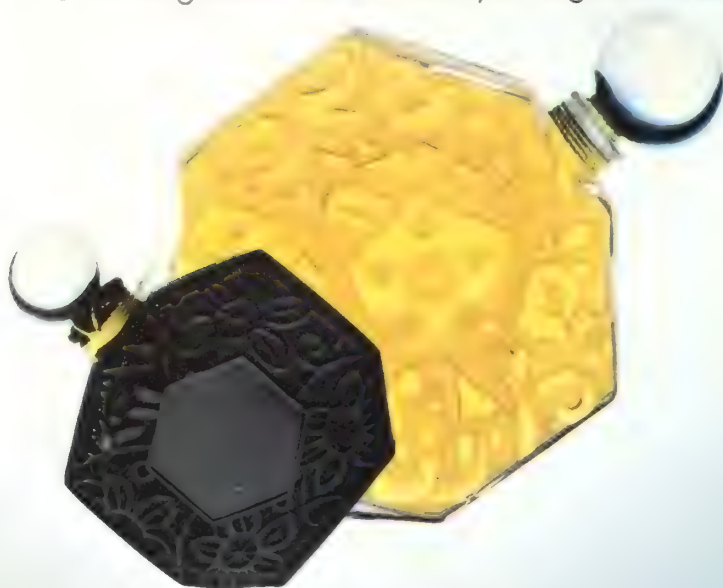
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C/11/84

BRIEFING PAPER

man moved it with him when he assumed a teaching post at Washington State University in Pullman. In 1976, he received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to transfer the kinescopes to videotape. Last May, he presented copies of his collection to the Museum of Broadcasting, in New York, which added them to their inventory of more than 8,000 programs.

The Museum of Broadcasting is one of dozens of places now collecting television

TV's reputation as a repository of the inane hurt program survival.

programs with the vigor and meticulousness associated with curators of Oriental porcelain or illuminated manuscripts. Some have immense holdings, like the more than 23,000 programs housed at the University of California, Los Angeles, by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences Foundation, or the significant collection at the Library of Congress. Others are more specialized. Since 1968, Vanderbilt University has been taping the nightly news of all three networks, selections of which are also held by the National Archive and the Library of Congress, in Washington. The Jewish Museum, in New York, has programs relating to Jewish life and Israel, everything from that single remaining season of "The Goldbergs" to a complete videotape record of the trial of Adolf Eichmann.

Similarly, nine years' worth of "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" is safe at the Chicago Historical Society. The late Rod Serling's work, including *Requiem for a Heavyweight* and "The Twilight Zone," is held by Ithaca College, close to Serling's hometown of Binghamton, New York. The networks themselves preserve their news, sports, and public-affairs programs—virtually the only shows they actually own, the rest being the property of independent production companies that actually make most shows.

Then there are the private collectors who have saved fragments of TV's legacy in the same way that ardent *cinéastes* like Henri Langlois, whose collection bloomed into the Cinémathèque Française, salvaged reels of film history before it was recognized that there was such a thing. For nearly thirty years Julian Kanter, an Illinois collector, has gathered political-campaign commercials. Today he holds over 10,000 items from national, state, and

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BRIEFING PAPER

local elections (and even school-board races—he is a true collector). He loves best his Lyndon Johnson campaign from 1964, the animated spot that Walt Disney made for Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, and his rare material from minor parties. Kanter says that in presidential-election years he may devote forty hours a week to the maintenance, acquisition, and, when time permits, enjoyment of his treasures. His devotion costs him several thousand dollars annually, mostly for postage and

Devoted amateurs conduct a lively trade in videocassette copies.

shipping. He hopes eventually to place his tapes in an established archive. "I began this as a hobby," he says; "acquiring the new materials gives me pleasure. But equally gratifying is the knowledge that I have put together a body of material of real historical and academic value. There's nothing anywhere to compare with it in scope and range."

Other people really act as caretakers of

personal memorabilia, like Edie Adams, who safeguarded the work of her late husband, Ernie Kovacs, and Ann Sothern, who has donated a large selection of her shows to the academy archive at UCLA. While gathering material for the "Golden Age of Television" series, the producer Sonny Fox located over 400 shows across the country, often through industry veterans with cherished selections from the past. "It's a tender undertaking," he says. "One leads you to another who leads you to another, and with some you have to knock three times and say 'Joe sent me.' People are afraid they're going to end up in jail for unlawful possession or that somebody is going to steal their shows or copy them."

Another group consists of devoted amateurs who may not have access to original materials but who conduct a lively trade in videocassette copies. Steve Schechter, a New York City collector, says, "I even have a certain number of taped shows that I never watch, but keep for trading value. One is a series from the early 1970s called 'Friends and Lovers,' with Paul Sand and Penny Marshall. I never watch it, but I

HOW TO BEGIN COLLECTING

Relatively few vintage TV shows have been issued on cassettes for the home-video market. Crowd-pleasing comedies like "The Jack Benny Show" are among the first programs available. An exception to the comedy rule is a well-produced, six-cassette series called "The Golden Age of Television"—eight of the best-known live dramatic shows of the 1950s, including *A Doll's House* (with Julie Harris), Rod Serling's *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, and Paday Chavetsky's *Marty*.

Probably the largest mail-order distributor is Video Yesteryear. Its catalogue (write Box C, Sandy Hook, CT 06482) of roughly 150 old shows is full of offbeat selections, ranging from the 1949 "Quiz Kids" to a 1965 British production of *The School for Scandal*, Richard Sheridan's eighteenth-century comedy. The Nostalgia Merchant, specializing in feature-film cassettes, also includes some TV shows in its catalogue, among them episodes of "The Liberace Show" from the early 1950s (The Nostalgia Merchant, 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 1019, Hollywood, CA 90028).

Television's ventures into the fine arts are hard to come by. Balletomanes with VCRs can take solace in eight cassettes of filmed performances of the Bolshoi and

Kirov ballets (available through Video Arts International, P.O. Box 153, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023).

Another path to acquiring fondly remembered TV shows is the trading circuit, video enthusiasts who contact one another through classified ads in small newspapers—such as *Movie and Film Collector's World*, 700 East State Street, Iola, WI 54990—and even smaller newsletters—like *Bob's Videomania*, 115 Stanton Street, Ripon, WI 54971. Visual quality of traded material is not always high. Furthermore, since the sale of videotaped programming, as opposed to the exchange, is illegal, you will have to have some tapes of your own to offer in return.

Many thousands of old broadcasts are available for viewing, if not for purchase, in the video archives, museums, and university collections around the country. Start the search with *Factfile #15—Broadcast Television: A Research Guide*, a sixty-two-page rundown of the major collections, reference works, and research tools in the TV field. Send a check or money order for \$5.00, payable to the American Film Institute, to *Factfile*, Education Services, The American Film Institute, 2021 N. Western Avenue, P.O. Box 27999, Los Angeles, CA 90027. —R.L.

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BRIEFING PAPER

have a feeling that somewhere down the line, I'll come up against someone who will have something that I want, and he's going to be crazy for this show."

The key word here is *trade*. Last January, the Supreme Court decided that taping programs off the air was legal, so long as those copies were not sold or shown to a paying audience. Those who sell taped copies of programs are in for trouble if the material they have taped is copyrighted—as are nearly all programs these days,

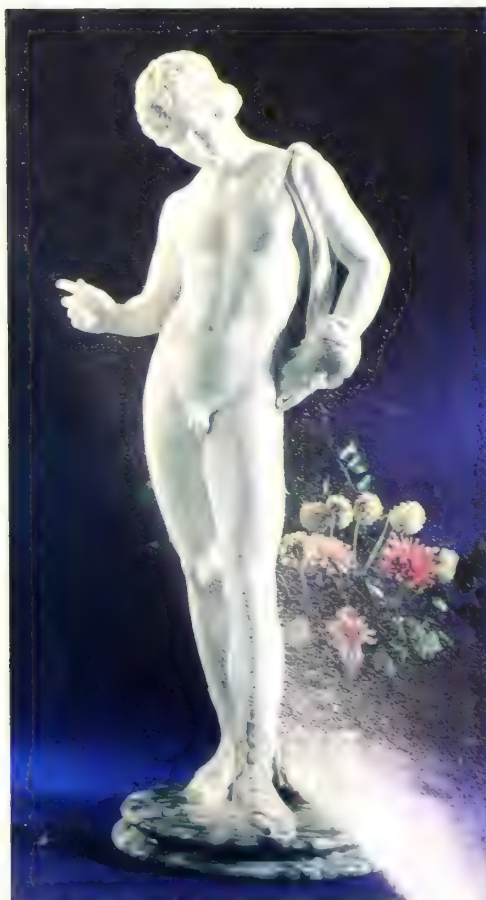
Tapes of reruns, edited to fit in extra advertising, are least desirable of all.

although many older shows were not. Trading, however, is legal, although many such collectors prefer to keep a low profile. What causes problems is the original sources of some of the tapes. Employees at film laboratories or broadcast stations make duplicates of the shows on hand, putting some into private caches and others on the trading circuit. Recent attempts by federal agents to track down film pirates has had a ripple effect among TV collectors, even those who believe their collections are legal. "I find that traders these days are more paranoid," says Schecter, "less willing to enlarge their circles than they were a few years ago."

The picture quality of shows taped off the air doesn't satisfy the more demanding collectors, who prefer copies made directly from the original broadcast tape. Shows taped from reruns, which are often re-edited to fit in extra advertising, are least desirable of all.

Traders make contact by word of mouth, or through classified ads in periodicals and newsletters (see box, page 78). They are as likely to go after the complete saga of "Happy Days" as after all Toscanini's concerts. More likely—they tend to be young and think that TV's golden age began with "Star Trek."

While collectors are, naturally, TV lovers, the real inspiration that leads them to gather their stores of old shows is the same one that fills button boxes and the Louvre—the sheer impulse to collect. "I was originally a record collector," says Schecter. "When I went to buy a VCR, my friends said, 'You're going to be with videos the way you are with the records.' I said, 'No way.' Now, a scant three years later, I find myself with five hundred videotapes in my apartment, and the shelf is growing daily." □



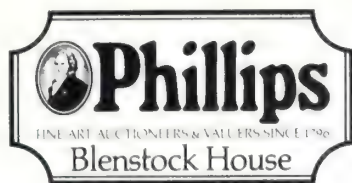
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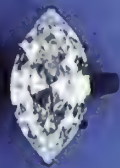




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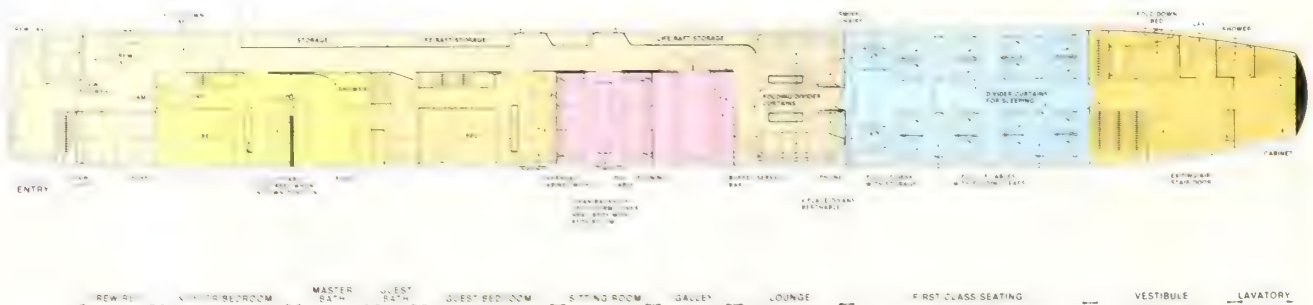
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TURNING POINT

Maria Calegari's case reveals,
the evolution of a dancer is not an orderly process.

By Susan Reiter

Maria Calegari makes her entrance in New York City Ballet's brand-new hit *Brahms/Handel* standing tall and proud, borne aloft by a group of men. Suddenly they pitch her boldly forward and into the waiting arms of attendants. Then the young dancer plunges fearlessly through a series of subtle and surprising balletic feats during which not for a moment does she shed a scintilla of her natural radiance and aplomb. The choreographers Jerome Robbins and Twyla Tharp have fashioned a role that brilliantly displays her versatility.

For several years now, Calegari has fascinated choreographers; prior to the entrance of *Brahms/Handel* into NYCB's repertoire, she was featured in two premieres earlier in 1984—Peter Martins's *A Schubertiad* and *Antique Epigraphs*, by Jerome Robbins. Once buried in the corps de ballet, she worked at her own pace, gradually acquiring the indelible identity that makes a performer instantly recognizable to an audience. No longer anonymous, Calegari blossomed into a ballerina.

The precise moment when Maria Calegari came into her own is hard to determine. Many dancers show early promise, take charge at an impossibly early age, and never look back. Calegari needed more time. One aspect of the wisdom and perception of the late George Balanchine, who cofounded and directed NYCB, lay in his ability to help individual dancers find and live up to their talent. That this did not mean making things easy for them is something that Calegari, a member of the company since 1974 and a principal dancer since last year, knows firsthand. "He had a very hard job, knowing how to handle people," she says, speaking of Balanchine. "He dealt with extremes; he wasn't in the business of placating. Being nice in that sense wasn't important to him, and it shouldn't have been."

Calegari, a twenty-seven-year-old native of Bayside, New York, is a glorious

An eloquent portrayal of the Swan Queen revealed the young dancer as an artist.





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THE PERFORMER

paradox. The first impression she conveys is one of delicacy, even fragility. She is among the thinnest of NYCB's notably slender women and has fine, pale skin, along with strawberry blond hair that seems to float. Yet there is a steeliness underneath, and she dances roles that call for great strength and force—in Balanchine's *Agon* and *The Four Temperaments*, for example. And she can dance with liquid abandon, the supple, beautifully sculpted arabesque that has become her personal trademark. Then, too, there is a glamorous, alluring side: in a role Jerome Robbins created for her in *Gershwin Concerto*, and as the bewitching "Girl in Green" in his *Dances at a Gathering*, she becomes a beguiling, sensuous woman.

Strength beneath a lyrical surface is a quality that is not confined to Calegari's dancing. The bumpy course of her career has tested her physical and emotional resilience. From the age of eight, she was serious about dancing. Watching the NYCB ballerina Patricia McBride as the *Nutcracker's* Sugar-Plum Fairy buoyed her enthusiasm. But at eleven she spent a year on crutches: rapid growth had caused the bone in one of her toes to deteriorate. She auditioned for the NYCB-affiliated School of American Ballet, at thirteen and a half; although she was accepted, the school's faculty had their doubts. "They considered me late in my training. My technique and toe work were not very advanced," she recalls.

Feeling "completely absurd," Calegari started in a very young class. Eventually she came under the spell of Suki Schorer, a former NYCB dancer. "She was very generous and empathetic," says Calegari. "I owe her a great deal." The school recognized her progress, she received a scholarship, and she danced the mysteriously haunting "angel" in Balanchine's *Serenade*, a role she has become associated with, for the annual student workshop.

At seventeen, Calegari joined New York City Ballet. Balanchine was teaching a special class for the company women, and it was there that Calegari began to develop a rapport with him. The first major role he entrusted her with was Dewdrop in the *Nutcracker*. "I hardly knew what I was doing," she says now. "I was such a child." For a while, all went well, but then the roles started growing fewer. She summoned up the courage to speak with Balanchine. "He gave me a huge talking-to which changed my life. In essence, he said, 'I'm not going to let you get out there unless you're at your best.



Calegari (center) dazzles in *Antique Epigraphs*, with Jerri Kumery and Helene Alexopoulos.

You have to do it yourself—I can't help you anymore.' I was filled with the fantasy of wanting to be the Sugar-Plum Fairy, but what I felt inside myself wasn't showing. He absolutely stopped me dead, turned me around; and I started back up the hill."

Calegari realized that only she could

There is a steeliness underneath; her roles often call for great strength and force.

define her own technique, style, and expression. Letting go of bad habits would take analyzing and a willingness to change. She had fears about performing. She also needed the separation from the watchful eye of Balanchine: his attention had become more important to her than the dancing.

Time passed and Calegari felt she had changed: "I realized that you dance for yourself and not at all in a selfish way. The end result is that I enjoy performing now." She danced Dewdrop for Balanchine. The next week her name was on the cast list for the role. In December of 1980, her little-girl's dream came true: she danced the Sugar-Plum Fairy. Jerome Robbins selected her for his 1981 Tchaikovsky work *Piano Pieces*. It proved to be a turning point for Calegari. "With that ballet I realized I could dance and relax at the same time."

Other important roles came her way—parts in *Apollo*, *Emeralds*, and *Symphony in C*. Balanchine showed his respect for Calegari's professional growth by the ballets he chose for her rather than by wordy accolades. "We spoke very rarely. He knew

that I was going about my business." The audience, too, began to sense a new stage in the dancer's career. Then Balanchine gave her the role of the Swan Queen in his version of the second act of *Swan Lake*. Calegari visited the ailing choreographer in the hospital. They would go over *Swan Lake*: "He showed me the whole thing with his hands, humming the music, and said, 'It's so easy.' And you know, he was right! Technically, it's not that hard. Nothing is hard when you're not afraid of it." She approached the role with unusual confidence. Vulnerable yet not frail, passionate yet controlled, she poured herself into the part, matching the music's dramatic eloquence with her bold portrayal.

A year later, in the course of remembering, Calegari's voice ranges through many moods, flirts with many contrasting emotions. There is a slight waver as she talks about the difficult years, and her delight when she discusses favorite roles. She speaks of Balanchine with deep respect. "He affected us all so deeply, in such a spiritual way. A determination to perpetuate his ideals exists within the company, and many strong individuals won't let it go. I won't let it go."

Maria Calegari is today the dancer that Balanchine detected where others saw merely a pretty girl in the corps. What further changes the future may bring for this ballerina it is not possible to say; only the nature of artistic evolution itself—unchartable, mysterious, never ending—remains of any certainty. □

Susan R. Murray has been writing and appearing in *Ballet News* and the *New York Times*.



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Robert Ellsworth in company with a Ming armchair, a Japanese screen, a Kuan-yin, and Fanny.

ROBERT ELLSWORTH IS THE DUVEEN OF ORIENTAL ART
BY ANN RAY MARTIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL SOLOMON



In the library: porcelains and books, a Copley horse, a beloved friend.

In New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, just off the Astor Chinese Garden Court, is a serene scholar's room furnished with thirteen magnificent pieces of Ming furniture. Among them are two wardrobes of precious *huanghuali* (rosewood), a three-drawer altar coffer used for ancestor worship, and four extraordinary chairs incised with calligraphy. These furnishings come from one man's private collection. Impressive enough, but just down Fifth Avenue, that same man lives in a twenty-three-room apartment full of art treasures—including fifty pieces of museum-quality Ming and Qing furniture.

"Everyone thought I sold all my furniture to the Met, but I have some left," drily observes Robert Hatfield Ellsworth. One

of the world's foremost dealers in Oriental art, he has sold important works of Chinese, Japanese, Southeast Asian, and Indian sculpture, painting, furniture, and decorative arts to virtually every American museum interested in these areas, and to many private collectors. He supplied major pieces to John D. Rockefeller III's collection, now at the Asia Society, and he helped form Christian Humann's marvelous, monumental Pan-Asian collection. After Humann's death, two and a half years ago, Ellsworth purchased all 1,500 pieces from the estate for the record sum of \$12 million.

Ellsworth is a painter, too (of large semi-abstract oils); a gardener; a writer (of *Chinese Furniture*, published by Random

House in 1971, and a forthcoming work on nineteenth- and twentieth-century Chinese painting); owner of a restaurant (the Gibbon, an elegant Upper East Side pioneer in Japanese-French cuisine) and a partner in an antiques gallery (Barling's, in London, opposite his favorite hotel, the Connaught); and a charming, debonair bachelor with a host of devoted friends. "He's a very scholarly person. He knows quality," says Brooke Astor, who funded the Met's purchase of nine pieces in the scholar's room. Ellsworth himself donated the rest.

He often entertains scholars and art patrons in order to raise funds for art causes or to assist museums. While the small army of workmen from China was installing the Metropolitan's garden courtyard in 1980, he had them all in for a Chinese New Year's party. "The door has got to be open for really serious students who want to see the collection," he adds, and Thomas Lawton, director of the Freer Gallery, in Washington, and Ellsworth's friend for twenty years, confirms it: "Bob's willing to spend a lot of time even with the neophyte. There's a graciousness about him, a willingness to share information."

Ellsworth is a relaxed host. "Everything should be sat on, used—Ming furniture, eighteenth-century silver, glass. If something breaks, well, then the next one is rarer and worth more," he says in a mellifluous baritone. "I'm not terribly keen on turning paintings into 'works of art.' I still think they're pictures and eighteenth-century porcelains are dishes."

The man lives like a king—"the king of Ming," as a newspaper once dubbed him—and the effect is not lost on visitors. Says Martin Lerner, curator of Indian and Southeast Asian Art at the Met, "Bob has a life-style that is very impressive to many clients. It instills a certain trust." Ellsworth never appears to be working, but in the short two years since he bought the Humann Pan-Asian collection he has already sold half of it. To offset the initial outlay, he put 324 of the works up for sale at Christie's in December of 1982, but for the top pieces he sought out the best of homes. "He had in mind that the right museum or the right collector should get the piece they needed," says Lawton.

Jan Fontein, director of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, who has known Ellsworth for twenty-five years, says, "One of the things I like about Bob is that he really

Ann Ray Martin wrote about the art detective Umberto Melina, in the September 1983 Connoisseur, and the Los Angeles costume curator Edward Maeder, in June 1984.

"BOB HAS A LIFE-STYLE THAT IS VERY IMPRESSIVE TO MANY CLIENTS. IT INSTILLS A CERTAIN TRUST."

is in this for the love of it. Of course he's a dealer and he does think of money, but still, money isn't his *top* priority." Ellsworth agrees: "What you do in the way of a job should be fun, but," he smiles, "I'm not sitting here losing money."

Robert Ellsworth is that rare bird—an American mandarin. Born in Manhattan in 1929 to an opera-singer mother and a dentist father, he began his collecting career early. "When my mother died, a few years ago," he says, "I found among her things four egg cups that I had 'collected' from a garbage pail when I was four." He grew up in the suburbs but never graduated from high school. "Once I'd gotten what I wanted, I left," he says. "You're fortunate if you know what it is you want in life. You can eliminate wasting a lot of time." What he did get from school was an introduction to China, an interest nurtured by "running errands for the China War Relief when I was in high school." And he began collecting Chinese snuff bottles.

It was clear to the young Ellsworth that art in some guise was his calling. At sixteen he studied architecture at the Franklin School of Professional Arts, in New York City, and a year later went to the University of Lausanne, in Switzerland, "which I seldom attended. I was busy smearing pictures." For a time Ellsworth thought he was going to be a painter, "and I made a pretty good living at it. Unfortunately, I was born with a good eye and realized I'd never be in the top ten percent."

But he soon saw a way to combine his interests in art, the Orient, and collecting. "When I was seventeen, the New York antiques dealer Frank Stoner, an old family friend, gave me a job. One day I bought a Chinese pot for eight dollars in a thrift shop and dragged it back to the gallery. 'It's Ming,' I announced, to which Mr. Stoner said, 'How would you know?' I said, 'I don't know.' To which he said, 'Well, I know somebody who *will* know,' and he sent me off to Miss Alice Boney."

The doyenne of New York's Oriental art dealers then as now, Alice Boney recalls, "This young man came to see me with a jar—it was not an important piece but it was Ming. I was very impressed. And from then on, of course, I couldn't lose him." She taught the young Ellsworth about Chinese porcelain, furniture, and painting, and the method of instruction was always the same: "I would have him look at the things in my collection and then I'd tell him to go out and see what he could

find and bring it back and compare. Then he began to learn," she says. Ellsworth adds, "You also learn to cope with the shock when you learn that your last thirty-five bucks went down the drain for something that wasn't real."

Fortunately, Ellsworth was a good pupil, and soon he became a "runner," buying pieces to resell to dealers. Meantime, Alice Boney was introducing him to all her friends in the world of Oriental art, among them Alan Priest, then curator of Far Eastern Art at the Metropolitan Museum. "Alan wanted me to come work in the museum," says Ellsworth, "but I would have needed some schooling for that, so he and Alice determined that I should have some." They got the teenager into Yale's Graduate School of Far Eastern Languages, but after two years of intensive study he decided he would rather deal and paint than be a Sinologist and work in the museum. But first there was the army. "My father was a full colonel and thought being in the infantry for two years was the best thing that could happen to me." So, Ellsworth was all of twenty-one when he finally got his "first second-hand-junk-dealer's license and went into business."

His astute eye and personable manner helped him find increasingly valuable artworks and a widening circle of art-world friends. He continued to learn from Alice Boney, who, while she lived in

One he won't sell: his seated Kuan-yin.



Japan from 1958 to 1974, added Japanese art to Ellsworth's curriculum. In 1959 she introduced him to India, Cambodia, and Thailand. "I wanted him to see all the temples and meet the Indian dealers," she says.

In 1960, Ellsworth, by now thirty-one, opened an antiques shop on New York's East Fifty-eighth Street with James Goldie, an old friend from Scotland. They dealt in English furniture and decorative arts as well as the Oriental things closest to Ellsworth's heart. In 1970, after Goldie had left the business, Ellsworth began dealing privately out of an elegant house he bought on East Sixty-fourth Street, where his neighbors were Rockefellers and Whitneys. Eight years ago, after two burglaries, Ellsworth bought an entire floor in one of Fifth Avenue's most carefully guarded apartment buildings.

His clients had come to include John D. Rockefeller III, who bought the first of many important pieces from Ellsworth in 1961, and Christian Humann, of the Lazard Frères family, who had begun his Pan-Asian collection under Ellsworth's guidance in 1959. Since the deaths of Rockefeller and Humann, his main clients have been museums and the few remaining private collectors whose standards and resources match those of museums. Ellsworth is proud that many of his finds have become part of the collections of institutions like the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Freer Gallery, in Washington, the Asia Society, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, in Kansas City. "A dealer is very fortunate if he is able, as I am, to work with the last few Renaissance men, as many of the museum people are," says Ellsworth.

Many in the museum world quickly return the compliment. Wen Fong, head of the Metropolitan's Far East department, says, "Bob is a tremendous dealer because he is guided by his own instincts and enthusiasm. We're just very lucky to have him around." Laurence Sickman, director emeritus of the Nelson-Atkins Museum, believes Ellsworth's strength derives from "constantly associating himself with objects, which some people don't do, rather than with art history or art theory, and so he has developed an acute eye." Even a

Overleaf: Ellsworth at work with his collection of Chinese paintings and snuff bottles.





Ellsworth responds, "I think more like a Buddhist than anything else, and I probably get along better in the world I deal in because of that. I admire and feel sympathetic to the Oriental attitude that life is not easy and that one should make the best of it." Ellsworth gives other examples of the intertwining of cultures in his life. "The bridge over my pond in the country makes an angle. Now, I didn't do that so evil spirits couldn't go straight across; I did it because it was the most attractive sort of bridge to go over the pond. However, I would never have thought of it if I hadn't seen a Chinese bridge constructed that way, for another reason."

His opulent lifestyle and his deep and broad experience in many sectors of Oriental art put Ellsworth in a class by himself. Tom Lawton says, "Bob has an understanding of traditional attitudes and concerns in the Far East, and he looks at objects with these things in mind. But at the same time,

he weighs his opinions against Western scholarship. He bridges these two different traditions."

To this Ellsworth responds, "I think more like a Buddhist than anything else, and I probably get along better in the world I deal in because of that. I admire and feel sympathetic to the Oriental attitude that life is not easy and that one should make the best of it." Ellsworth gives other examples of the intertwining of cultures in his life. "The bridge over my pond in the country makes an angle. Now, I didn't do that so evil spirits couldn't go straight across; I did it because it was the most attractive sort of bridge to go over the pond. However, I would never have thought of it if I hadn't seen a Chinese bridge constructed that way, for another reason."

Ellsworth wears a jade ring cut from a large bead in a Buddhist's chain "because when the plane goes down the jade breaks, not me. That's pure Chinese belief," he says. "Besides, jade is the most sensuous stone in the world to feel. If you're addicted to pretty things it's important to you. If you're not, they're of no importance at all."

Pretty things matter to him. "If I didn't need to deal in order to buy things for myself every once in a while, I would have gone into gardening by now," he says. But what could be left to desire? His paneled library overlooking Central Park has a Copley oil painting of a horse over the



An Indian bronze is cleaned with scrub brush, dental tools, and Fantastik.

fireplace and a handsome mélange of English and Oriental furniture, art, silver bibelots, and silver-framed photographs—of his mother, Laferne, when she was a contralto at the Chicago City Opera; of his friends the late Lillian Hellman and Lady Keith; and of "the two most important people in my life, Alice Boney and Claudette Colbert." (The actress came into Ellsworth's life eighteen years ago when he helped her dispose of her collection of Tang pottery—"and we've been chums ever since.")

The vast drawing room, dining room, and gallery are the main repositories of the Ming and Qing altar tables and coffers, armoires, chests, chairs, a gaming table, and stools. A guest room contains American and English antique furniture inherited from a grandmother. The master bedroom, forty feet long, is spare and Oriental, accented by a Chippendale bookcase. It is here that he listens to classical music and reads nineteenth-century English novels. (He owns no television and doesn't read newspapers—"There's just so much one can do something about.") The master bath is a giant room of tawny marble with a sauna and a Sheraton secretary. Throughout the apartment are seventeenth-century Japanese screens, modern Chinese paintings, Indian bronzes from the ninth to the fourteenth century, a ninth-century volcanic stone sculpture from Java, and eighteenth-

century Chinese rugs and monochrome porcelains.

Ellsworth has a six-person household that includes two Oriental research assistants. The working part of the apartment contains a large reference library, a photographic studio, an office, a small cabinet shop, and the kitchen, "where I clean and restore bronzes." (In his country kitchen, restoration shares space with his own style of cooking—"a complicated meat loaf, baked beans, salad dressing, all spiked with bourbon.")

At the moment, a bronze bull sits in the sink, being cleaned with Fantastik and Ellsworth's father's dental tools. The bull, an eleventh-century Nandi from South India, is reminiscent of the one in the Asia Society collection that Ellsworth sold to John Rockefeller in 1971. "The one in the sink is a hundred and fifty years older and less refined, but of comparable quality," says Ellsworth. And where did he find his new treasure? "It had been sitting in someone's garden for the last forty years," he says. "You never know where these things will turn up. A couple of years ago this fellow from South Carolina brought in to Christie's an eleventh-century Yunnanese standing gilt bronze—finest I'd ever seen. This man's father had brought it back from Japan years before and the family had always liked it. But then his wife decided she'd like a bathroom *inside* the house, and he thought maybe this would bring enough money to buy her one. Since I paid \$88,000 for the bronze, I suspect it did."

But mostly he finds the fifty-odd pieces he may buy every year during scouting trips to Japan, Hong Kong, China ("for modern paintings; nothing over a hundred years old is let out"), Singapore, Bangkok, and the Philippines. Ellsworth is careful to buy only objects that have been duly certified for export, and he believes a country is usually wise to let out examples of its native art: "You can't get the world interested in what your art and culture are all about unless you spread it around so people

**"HE IS A TREMENDOUS DEALER
BECAUSE HE IS GUIDED BY HIS OWN INSTINCTS AND ENTHUSIASM."**

can see it. Not everyone can travel."

Rare national treasures are different, he feels, and for that reason last November he returned to the Burmese government four Pyu civilization bronzes of the seventh century, which, shortly before he bought them in Bangkok in 1967, had been stolen from a museum on an archaeological site. "Neither I nor anyone else even knew they were Burmese, let alone stolen," he says. Ellsworth later sold the bronzes to Christian Humann; many years later the Burmese government recognized them from photographs. "Mr. Humann didn't feel they had to be returned," says Ellsworth, "but after I bought the collection, I decided they really ought to go back since they're unique—the four earliest bronzes in Burmese culture." Sending them back, of course, added to Ellsworth's well-established reputation for integrity.

He is not about to give up his present way of life to cultivate his garden; the opportunity to go on collecting the trea-

sures he lives with counts for too much. Meantime they go on quietly appreciating in value, particularly the Indian bronzes and sculptures and Chinese paintings and furniture. "Some pieces I sold to Christian Humann for \$25,000 fetched \$200,000 when sold again. But under half a million for a major piece of Oriental art is peanuts compared to Western art prices."

Some things he won't sell, whatever they would go for, such as the furniture and a late-eleventh-century seated wooden Chinese sculpture of Kuan-yin. "I bought her for \$650—on credit—in my twenties," he recalls. "If the apartment catches fire I can see myself rolling her up in a coat and running out the door." Pride of place in the country house, a 1711 gristmill, goes to a mahogany wine stand he bought likewise when he was young. "If the millstream overflowed, I'd run out of the house with the wine stand and be happy to live in a one-room apartment with it."

Nor has he any intention of parting with 800 nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and calligraphies by 300 Chinese painters, which are the subject of the illustrated book he has been working on for the past nine years. "I bought my first painting by Fu Baoshi about thirty years ago from Alice Boney, who pioneered this field. I think I paid \$150," says Ellsworth. "Last year a set of his sketches went for \$250,000. For years nobody paid attention to these artists, but now, for the wrong reason, people will get interested."

Sometimes he thinks about what will happen to his treasures when he's gone. "Some of it will go to museums—basically what they need or appreciate is what they'll get. But I hope I have plenty of time left to worry about it," he says. "This is the best business in the world for me. You never get bored, you never have to retire. So long as the brain works you're worth more every day to somebody—mainly yourself. Life is always interesting." □

Ellsworth's tranquilly eclectic drawing room. Beside the dining-room door hang works by the twentieth-century painter Fu Baoshi.



MOST SERENE VENICE

THREE
FABULOUS TOURS
FOR
THIS QUIET SEASON

BY THOMAS HOVING

When I happen to mention to friends that last year my wife and I traveled to Venice to spend six days between Christmas and New Year's, they ask warily, "Why Venice and why then?" I am tempted to admit to problems like the high tides and the thick sea mist and to say it was a mistake; but that would be an egregious lie. For "La Serenissima" (the "most serene" republic, as Venice early came to be known), the brief season from December 27 to the second of January is a poetic one, offering tranquillity, delicious food, an opportunity for seafaring adventure, and a magical light—of such a quality that it seems the sun's rays are being filtered through silver mesh. At no other time of the year can you dine, night after night, in the most "serious" Venetian restaurants (book early), walk in blissful seclusion, or rent a beautiful boat, a *barchino*, and drive yourself through a third of the hundred canals of Venice.

During those six enchanting days we devoted less time than we usually do to visiting specific monuments and works of art, concentrating instead on the experience of this most romantic of cities. In the process, we discovered that we had created three very special tours. One is a walking tour; the second, an all-day boat trip through thirty-six *rii*, as canals are called in Venice; and the third, a reconstruction of a doge's sacred procession, rich in symbolism and ritual tradition.

GALLERY HILLIER/HILLIER







An ancient wooden pedestrian bridge, one of Venice's some four hundred bridges traversing the historic city.

ON FOOT TO NINE MARVELS

Libreria Marciana

Through your concierge, try to talk your way into the Libreria Marciana, the masterpiece by the Renaissance architect Jacopo Sansovino. A visit to the grand stairway, the Vestibule, and the Salone (with its fine ceiling paintings, particularly a late work by Titian, his *Sapienza*) is worth whatever effort it takes.

Scuola di San Giorgio degli Schiavoni

Be sure to walk through as many *campi* as possible. You'll never see them in their isolated, expansive majesty at any other time. The Yugoslavs, the Schiavoni, built the Scuola, a kind of religious club, in the early sixteenth century and chose Vittore Carpaccio as their painter. He delivered a host of masterpieces, including scenes from the saga of Saint George and the Dragon and the life

of Saint Jerome. Bring a pair of opera glasses and consider the objects on the shelf in Saint Augustine's studio. What finer still-life painting has ever been done? In *Saint George and the Dragon*, Carpaccio injects gory notes of brutal reality into a fantasy landscape, making you want to cheer the hero on.

Santi Giovanni e Paolo (San Zanipolo)

You will be captivated, as you wend your way through the narrow *calle* toward the Zanipolo, by the details of Venice—the ancient weathered walls, the paving bricks, and the rusting iron window grates. Even if the day is clear, you will find in that incredible lucid light a suspicion of fog hanging low in the air and whispering through the *calle*, a microclimate left behind by the high tides of a week earlier.

San Zanipolo is a virtual pantheon of Venice. For sculpture

there are splendid works by members of the Lombardo family: Antonio, Tullio, Pietro. For painting, there's G. B. Piazzetta's magnificent ceiling (the *Glory of San Domenico*) and Giovanni Bellini's spectacular (and recently cleaned) altar of Saint Vincent Ferrer. Outside, there's the striking classical Renaissance façade of the former Scuola Grande di San Marco (now a hospital). Dominating the grand *campo* is the marvelous equestrian monument to Bartolomeo Colleoni, modeled by Andrea Verrocchio and superbly cast by Alessandro Leopardi. The bronze, hewn by time and wind, has become an eerie blackened green.

Harry's Bar

What's the allure of Harry's? Superb cuisine and two excellent house wines (Pinot and Soave): A snap of quality. The staff looks like a troop of Indian scouts, beady eyes glancing everywhere so that not even the most fleeting gesture from a client passes undetected.

Accademia

Don't walk; take the vaporetto, three stops. Even an informal perusal of the treasures of these galleries (unfortunately they are overly dark) suggests the majesty of the Venetian schools from the early Renaissance to the eighteenth century.

Church of the Frari

Instead of getting lost in the labyrinth of *calle*, take another vaporetto, two stops, to San Tomà. The Frari, or Santa Maria Gloriosa, is the most celebrated church in Venice after Saint Mark's and San Zanello. Founded by the Franciscans in the mid-thirteenth century, it went through many stages and was completed in the mid-fifteenth century. Do not miss Titian's *Assumption*, his overpowering *Madonna di Ca' Pesaro*, and Giovanni Bellini's *Madonna Enthroned*. Some of the best art in town.

Scuola Grande di San Rocco

Fifty-six of the most expansive and dramatic paintings ever produced—by Jacopo Tintoretto, between 1564 and 1567—represent scenes from the Old and New Testaments. While recent cleaning demonstrates that Tintoretto was no colorist (browns, beiges, yellows, and sand hues abound), he is revealed as a master unequalled in the annals of painting, particularly in his dramatic *Crucifixion*.



Above, Altarpiece of Saint Vincent Ferrer, by Giovanni Bellini; center, *Madonna di Ca' Pesaro*, by Titian; below, Saint George Slaying the Dragon, by Carpaccio.



Scuola Grande dei Carmini

Do not miss the nine large and superior canvases by Giambattista Tiepolo (circa 1740) illustrating the life of Saint Simon Stock and allegories of Virtue. Tiepolo's colors rival in brilliance those of a prism.

San Sebastiano

The church is a virtual festival of the works of Paolo Veronese (most of which have been cleaned within the last three years), from his earliest—those from 1555, in the sacristy, showing the coronation of the Virgin—to his mature work—the ceiling canvases in the nave, depicting Esther and Ahasuerus. To the left of the high altar there's a great canvas—Saint Sebastian exhorting Saints Mark and Marcellian to martyrdom—perhaps Veronese's finest religious painting.

Stroll back to your hotel along the broad Zattere to watch the Venetians on their way home. On the way, take a moment to indulge in what the Venetians call *un'ombra*, literally, "shade," or a glass of wine. In the old days, merchants in the Piazza would clinch a deal by going under an umbrella for a glass of wine . . . hence, *un'ombra*.

During the *acque alte*, when tidal waters rise as much as three feet above street level, the community erects platforms (they are stacked up on the sides of the *calle* when they are not needed) for pedestrians. Some residents—and visitors—delight in donning a set of fishing waders and sloshing through the city in slow motion. There's nothing quite like entering a shop and conducting business while water swirls around your ankles. At high water, the reflected light bathes the buildings in a luminous glow.

At night in winter Venice possesses its own, unique poetry. The narrow, deserted *calle* are illuminated by just a few windows. A sense of tranquillity infuses the darkness. And when a thick blanket of fog descends, enveloping the city, you experience a sharp thrill of anxiety and exhilaration, as the lights seem to grow large, only to diminish once again in their looms of moisture.

Venice, on New Year's Eve, is quiet and the specialty subdued. There are no masked carnivals, no gaudy processions of revelers in the streets, no smashing of crockery then. The most glorious celebration you could play would be to have an apéritif in the Grand Canal and the most crowded place.

THE BOATING TOUR— ON THE CANALS AND RII

Every kind of water conveyance in Venice affords its own, special magic, from the clunky vaporetto and the sleek water taxi to the stately gondola; but the most enchanting is the *barchino*, a brightly painted, twenty-foot open boat you can rent and navigate yourself. A Venetian friend informed us that several places offer small-boat charters by the day. Armed with a little experience in the handling of small craft and a detailed map of the city, you can drive yourself into all the *rii*, where larger craft are unable to enter.

We began our tour after breakfast and ended around four-thirty, planning the route carefully so that we would experience the grandeur, the history, the theater, and the intimacy of Venice, taking advantage of the lighting effects, and timing our trip so that we could tie up for lunch in a very special part of the city.

We picked up our red, white, and blue *barchino* in the narrow Rio delle Ostreghe (point 1 on the water-tour map, page 107) opposite the church of Santa Maria della Salute. From there our entry into the Grand Canal—a transition to open water—had all the ceremony and excitement of the curtain rising on the first act of a grand opera.

We turned left into the magnificent Grand Canal and motored past the Salute and the gilded Punta della Dogana, into the vast bacino di San Marco. We were a little startled by choppy waters but pleased to be able to navigate easily through the flotilla of vessels ranging from little, shell-like gondolas from Burano to large container ships. Passing the incomparable Molo, the Palazzo Ducale, and the Riva degli Schiavoni with your hand on the tiller of your “own” boat makes you feel no less exalted than a doge. As we moved along the shining waters, we took in the majestic vistas and perspectives that captivated Guardi.

The local Communist office (a bar), nearby, Virgin and Child.



The barchino used by the author docked at Ponte delle Guglie.

After entering the Rio dell'Arsenale under the first of seventy-six bridges we would see in the course of the day, we moored the boat on the right side of the Fondamenta dell'Arsenale (the Rio is a dead end). We walked leisurely to the *campo* in front of the Arsenale, that enormous complex of factories, warehouses, offices, and shipyards where Venice's fleets of merchant and naval vessels were repaired and outfitted. The imposing gate, an evocation of a Roman triumphal arch, dates to 1460 and is the earliest example of Venetian Renaissance architecture. Nearby are four well-weathered lions, ancient Greek, spoils of Venetian conquests.

Turning the *barchino* around, we went back out the Rio. The severe sixteenth-century façade (point 3) was the granary and is now the Naval Museum, in which some intriguing ship models are on display.

We turned into the broad Rio della Tana and chugged past a startling modern concrete sports palace (point 4). Is this the new Venice? We hope not! For ten minutes or so we docked at the Calle dei Preti and walked around the neighborhood of the Via Garibaldi. Way off the tourist track, this is the Venetians' city—gritty, populous, noisy, dotted with markets and shops.

Back in the *barchino*, we proceeded past dozens of boats making deliveries and discovered that at busy intersections there are traffic lights. We wended our way through two *rii* out into the broad Canale di San Pietro (point 7). There we made a left turn and chugged past a series of working boatyards behind the massive Arsenale. We sailed around the Isola di San Pietro (point 8), an island that traces its history back to the earliest confederation of islands, in the seventh century, and that today is inhabited by fishermen. The large church of San Pietro di Castello, begun in





THE BOATING TOUR

1. RIO DELLE OSTREGHE
2. ARSENALE
3. NAVAL MUSEUM
4. SPORTS PALACE
5. VIA GARIBALDI
6. CORTE COLTRERA
7. CANALE DI SAN PIETRO
8. ISOLA DI SAN PIETRO
9. RIO DI SAN GIUSEPPE
10. RIO DEI GRECI
11. RIO DI SANTA MARIA FORMOSA
12. BRIDGE OF SIGHS
13. RIO DELLA PIETA'
14. RIO DI SAN FRANCESCO
15. CEMETERY OF SAN MICHELE
16. RIO DEI GESUITI
17. CAMPO DELL'ABBAZIA
18. OSTERIA DELLA PERGOLA
19. CHURCH OF THE MADONNA DELL'ORTO
20. CAMPO DEI MORI
21. RIO DI I SERVITI
22. SANTA MARIA GLORIOSA DEI FRARI
23. RIO ANONIMO
24. CANALE DELLA GIUDECCA
25. GIUDECCA
26. FONDAMENTI DELLA GIOVANA
27. CAMPO TROVASO

28. CANALE DELLA GIOVANA

29. CAMPO TROVASO

CANALE DELLA GIUDECCA

RIO DI PTE. LUNGO

LA GIUDECCA

S. GIORGIO MAGGIORE

S. MARIA DELLA SALUTE

RIO OGNISSANTI

H RIO BARNABA

RIO S. POLO

RIO DI BACCARIE

RIO DI NOALE

CANAL GRANDE

RIO MARIN

RIO MOCEENIGO

GHEITTO NUOVO

RIO DI CANNAREGIO

RIO S. GIROLAMO

RIO DELLA SENZA

RIO DI ALVISE

FOND. DELLA MAD. DELL'ORTO

CANALE DELLA MISERICORDIA

S. MICHELE

RIO DEI MENDICANTI

RIO DELLA PANADA

LAGUNA MORTA

CANALE DELLE GALEAZZE

DARSEN GRANDE

BACINO DI CARENAGGIO

VIA GARIBALDI

D. S. PIETRO

CANALE DI S. PIETRO

ISOLA DI S. ELENA

THE WALKING TOUR

- A. LIBRERIA MARCIANA
- B. SCUOLA DI SAN GIORGIO DEGLI SCHIAVONI
- C. SANTI GIOVANNI E PAOLO (SAN ZANIPOL)
- D. HARRY'S BAR
- E. ACCADEMIA
- F. CHURCH OF THE FRARI
- G. SCUOLA GRANDE DI SAN ROCCO
- H. SCUOLA GRANDE DEI CARMINI
- I. SAN SEBASTIANO

...round the island, we were a little tempted to take off into the open lagoon and explore for days. But we turned into the Rio di San Giuseppe (point 9), a very narrow and serene place, flanked by beautiful, old brick walls. At the end, a luxuriant growth of trees reaches down at you over the walls from the public gardens above.

It was back into the Bacino di San Marco, up along the Riva degli Schiavoni into the Rio dei Greci, one of the most picturesque of Venice (point 10). We made a tortuous and delightful circle—proceeding very slowly past a dozen boats laden with groceries or piled high with furniture. We ended this circle by meandering alongside the east wall of the Palazzo Ducale and under five more bridges, including the famed Bridge of Sighs (point 12).

We went out once more into the Bacino and quickly ducked back into the charming labyrinth of interior *rii*, some of which have no names. After edging cautiously under a half dozen bridges we ended up in the vicinity of the *campo* of San Francesco della Vigna. We tied up and walked around the church, finding inside a splendid altarpiece by Giovanni Bellini, his *Madonna and Saints* of 1507.

Since the Rio was too narrow to turn around in, we had to back the *barchino* out to the crossing—a slightly tricky maneuver. We made our way down the Rio di Santa Giustina and had another marvelous visual experience. We burst forth into the great Laguna Morta. Directly before us was the famous cemetery of San Michele (point 15), crowned by cypresses, and, farther out in this

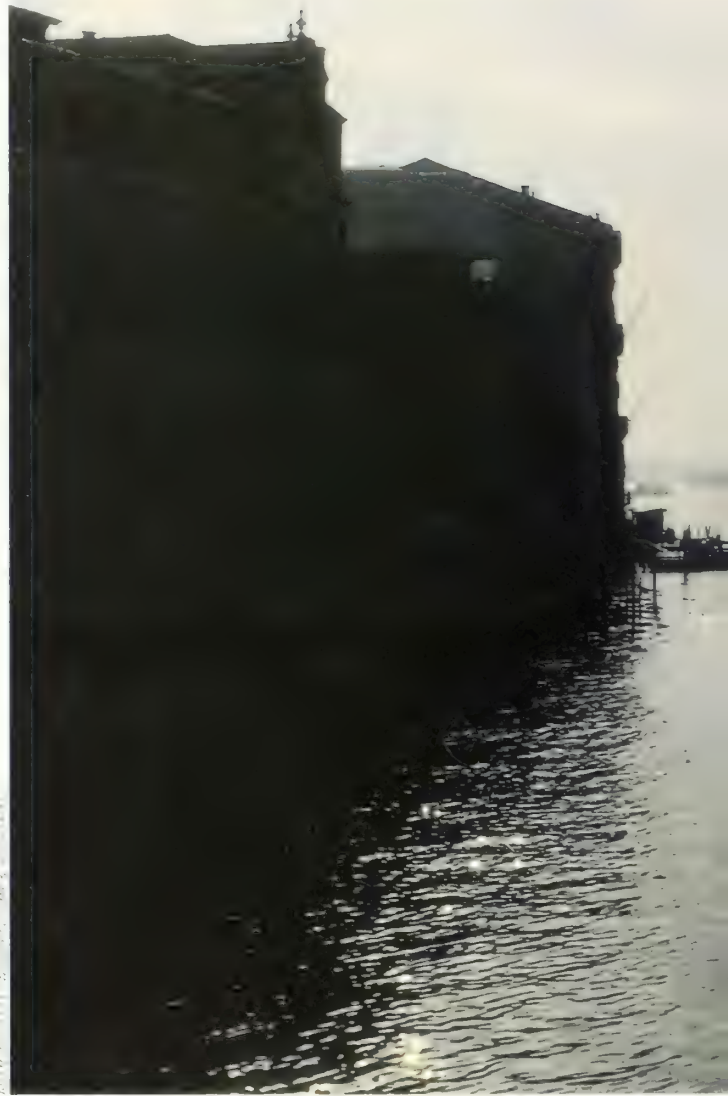
MOVING ALONG SHINING WATERS, WE TOOK IN MAJESTIC VISTAS THAT CAPTIVATED GUARDI.

Lyrical calm body of water, the islands of San Francesco, Le Vignole, and, off in the distance, Murano. On the horizon you can see the beautiful, snow-capped Cadorine Hills.

We sped by the Fondamente Nuove and turned left into Rio dei Gesuiti (point 16), and then into the busy Rio di Santa Caterina. In this quarter of the city you will see fascinating vignettes of everyday living: markets of all kinds, boats hanging overhead in their garages, and hundreds of other craft tied up along the Fondamente.

We crossed the wide Canale della Misericordia, passed the Campo dell'Abbazia (point 17), which has a striking bleached-white wellhead shining beaconlike in the center, and entered the narrow Rio della Sensa. After cautiously navigating under two picturesque low bridges we came to a local workingman's bar with some tables in the back, the Osteria della Pergola (point 18). We tied our *barchino* and headed for what turned out to be one of our best and most typical Venetian meals—a fine *sote misto* and some succulent *cicala*, a sort of mini-lobster tail. After lunch you can wander along the long Fondamente to the famous church of the Madonna dell'Orto, with its stunning collection of works by Tintoretto, including his breathtaking *Last Judgment*. On the way back to the *barchino* don't fail to see the Campo dei Mori (point 20) and the strange, turbaned, Moorish-style sculptures embedded in the wall of a house on the corner (they are actually portraits of a twelfth-century family of merchants, the Mastelli).

We drove our boat in a circle through the Ghetto Nuovo and worked our way out into the Grand Canal, teeming with taxis, vaporette, launches, and gondolas. We crossed into a tiny canal, the Rio del Megio, made four tight, twisting turns past the Frari church, and emerged once more into the Grand Canal.



The Grand Canal, on a limpid January morning. Past scores of

And what sights! The palazzi of the Pisani, Dandolo, Balbi, the Ca' Foscari, and the Ca' Rezzonico. We wandered down the canal to the fifth *rio* on the right, the Malpaga, entered, traced an elliptical course, and passed out briefly again into the Grand Canal and then back into a tiny unnamed *rio*. The houses are all shuttered on these quiet *rii*, some only fifteen feet wide. There is only the sound of lapping waters; on occasion, a muffled voice calls out from some interior *calle*. Suddenly another *barchino* turns a corner, passing by with a wave. A vista opens up dramatically and, down a *calle* only three feet wide, a dozen lavender sheets are hanging out to dry.

We made our way to the Campo San Trovaso and went a hundred feet or so the wrong way down the one-way Rio di San Trovaso (Venetian boatmen do it with a smile) and out into the



alaces, it traces a sinuous two-mile course through the heart of Venice, as dramatic perspectives seem to open up at every twist and turn.

immense Canale della Giudecca. We proceeded directly across, pointing our prow into the Rio di San Eufemia at about three-thirty and found ourselves in the great lagoon behind the Giudecca. The light at early sunset was growing more and more silvery, with tinges of gold. It was perfectly still. In this entrancing isolation, we saw, to the left, docks, warehouses, and boatyards with gondolas hauled out of the water. Decorating the vast lagoon like giant spiderwebs were hundreds of fishnets hoisted on thin stakes, while stark black pilings stood, each one alone, like a rank of sentinels.

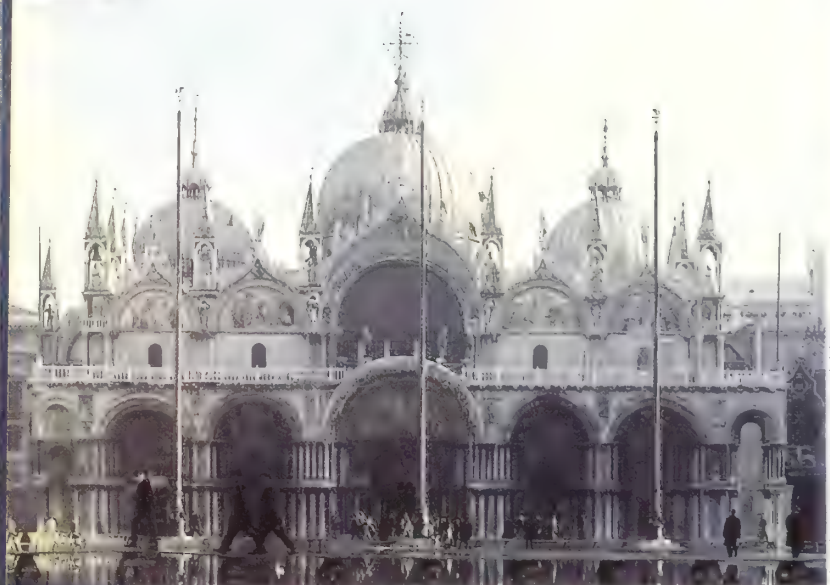
We slipped smoothly between San Giorgio Maggiore and the Giudecca, into the grand Bacino di San Marco. The setting sun illuminated the Palazzo Ducale with a silvery pink halo. As twilight fell, we sailed the *barchino* close to the Punta della Dogana

(point 26) and the church of Santa Maria della Salute—now a dark silhouette against the fading pinks of dusk—and up to the Accademia, ending what was a truly enchanted tour of Venice.

To Rent a Boat

We recommend Luigi Sino, who oversees Noleggio Barche (Rent-a-Boat), at Campo Santo Trovaso 1374 (this is located between points 23 and 24 on the map and is across the Rio San Trovaso from the fifteenth-century Palazzo Nani and not far from the Accademia). For further information, telephone 31300. Your concierge can make the arrangements, and if you don't have a pilot, that can be handled, too. The price? It should cost approximately 12,000 lira, or about eight and a half dollars an hour, for the boat without pilot.

THE DOGE'S "MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR"

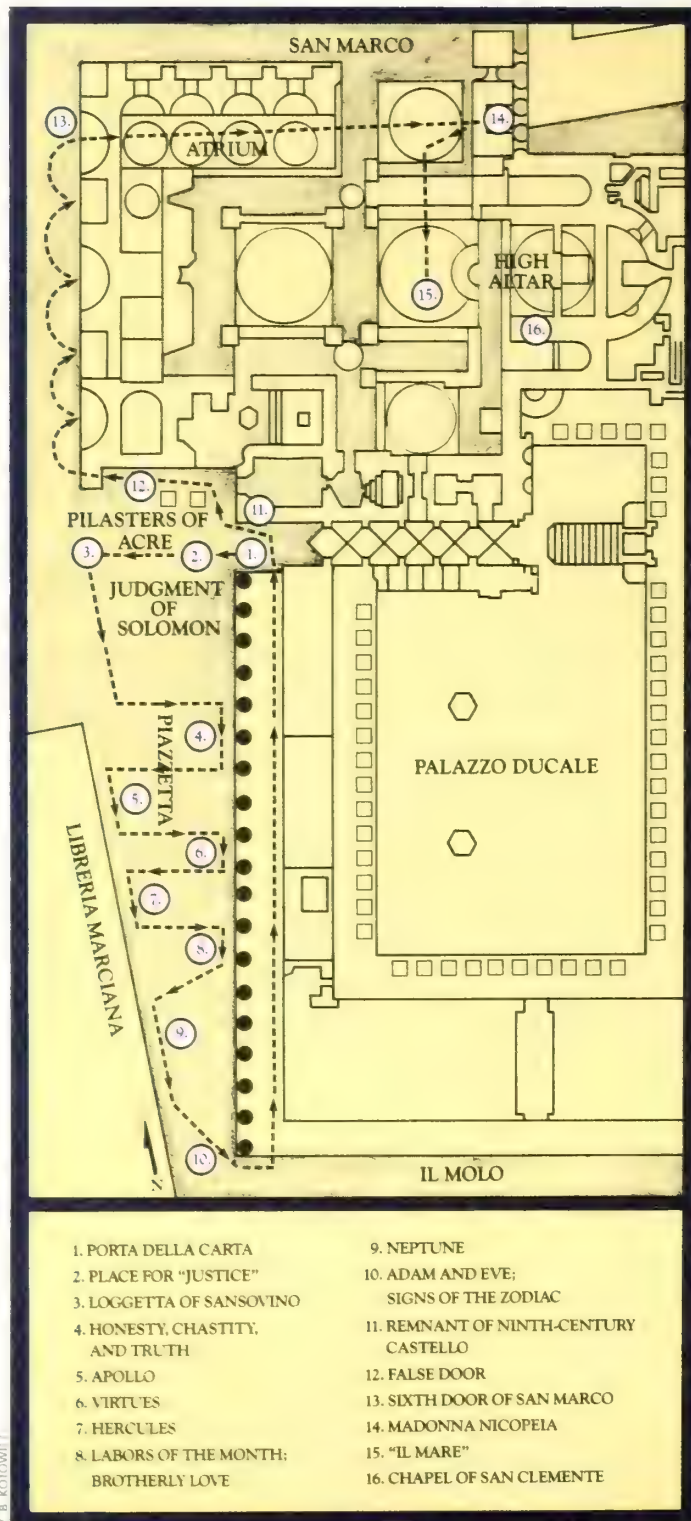


The sumptuous main façade of the basilica of San Marco.

In the heyday of Venice, there was a lavish procession virtually every feast or festival day, with the doge leading hundreds of officials from the Palazzo into the Piazzetta and San Marco. We have all seen paintings of these ceremonies, but no one really knew what went on. Then, recently, a musicologist friend, Randy Michelson, was searching in the Libreria for scores by Venetian Renaissance composers and stumbled upon a sixteenth-century manuscript that describes one of these circuitous ceremonies—the "long march"—which snaked its way back and forth across the Piazzetta, from the Libreria to the Palazzo Ducale to San Marco, on Easter Sunday. Michelson found the account so full of ritual and symbolism that he dubbed it the "Magical Mystery Tour." Follow it and you'll never see Venice in quite the same way again.

With the doge leading, followed by the ambassador from the Holy See and hundreds of high officials, the cortège began by coming out of the Porta della Carta (point 1 on the map) and stopping (point 2) at a place known for justice. This place is just to the left of the free-standing pilasters from the city of Acre and halfway between them and the large, corner capital on the arcade of the Ducal Palace (carved with scenes from the judgments of Solomon, Moses, and Trajan). It is where convicted traitors were denounced, dragged to the great columns flanking Il Molo, and strung up on wire to die. Interestingly, contemporary psychics claim they cannot bear to go near this "killing ground."

From "Justice," the cortège marched across the Piazzetta to Jacopo Sansovino's magnificent marble Loggetta (point 3). Each of its four niches contains a great bronze sculpture symbolizing





Gathering spot: beneath the colonnaded façade of the Doges' Palace.

what Venice is supposed to be all about: Peace; Apollo—as the sun, he signifies the splendor of Venice and, as music, the harmony of her government; Mercury—eloquence (and a certain shifty cunning); and Minerva, or wisdom.

The procession would then make the first of eight turns, moving at one hundred and eighty degrees toward the façade of the doge's palace, directly to columns four, five, and six (point 4). The celebrants were attracted by the lavishly carved representations of Honesty, Chastity, Truth, and Rage mollified by Music on the capitals of those particular columns.

Then the marchers wheeled toward Sansovino's Libreria, singling out one of the platoon of marble statues on the roof—Apollo. All the while they took care to keep their backs turned to column number seven of the Palazzo, for there one finds the Deadly Sins.

The second turn to the Palazzo was toward column nine; its capital is carved with the Virtues (point 6). On the third turn, the worshipers directed their attention to the statue of Hercules (point 7), the embodiment of strength and the supreme victor, as Venice—and her doge—were intended to be.

Then, the procession returned to the arcade of the Palazzo and to columns twelve and thirteen (point 8), which carry representations of the worthy labors of the months and themes of "brotherly love." The fourth and final turn to the Libreria would pay homage to the sculpture of Neptune, king of the seas, symbolizing, of course, Venice's hegemony over the seas (point 9).

On the fourth and final turn toward the Palazzo, the doge, trailed by the multitudes, would pass by the corner of the Palazzo, whose massive capital is carved with scenes of Adam and Eve and the signs of the zodiac (point 10). The procession would continue walking down the inside of the arcade to the south wall of San Marco, decorated with large, rectangular, multicolored stones. This wall, twelve feet thick (point 11), was not always a part of San Marco; it is a remnant from the original ninth-century *castello*, and on its base is chiseled the earliest known inscription in Venetian, "If a man could act and say what is on his mind, then he would see what will happen to him!" In the center of this wall there is a plain white stone, which the doge and the members of the procession would quietly contemplate for some minutes. No one knows the explanation for this, but since in Venice nothing is what it appears to be, some believe that the body of Saint Mark lies deep within this structure and not, as tradition has it, in the

stone sarcophagus that is ostentatiously placed under the high altar.

Stepping away from the others, the doge would solemnly approach six doors of San Marco: one a false door on the side behind the pilasters from Acre (point 12), and five on the main façade. As he halted portentously in front of each one he would knock loudly twice, crying out, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth." Five times from within the answer would come, "He is not here!" Thousands of Venetians, jammed in the Piazza and perched on hundreds of balconies on the two buildings of the Procuratie, were witness to this ritual.

At the sixth door, the farthest portal to the left on the principal façade, and the most insignificant one—it is actually the main entrance to the cathedral—the doge would call again (point 13). This time, to the accompaniment of bells pealing, a cannonade or two, and a chorus of motets, the answer would resound, "He is risen!"

At this, the doge, followed by the hundreds in the procession, would surge into the church straight ahead to the chapel where the most venerated icon in Venice is on display, the Madonna Nicopeia, or the Virgin of Victory (point 14). After praying, the doge, now alone, would slowly walk to the exact center of "Il Mare" (the sea), the enormous round gray stone in front of the high altar, and kneel (point 15). If you, too, stand or kneel, the most amazing thing will happen: all corners and vistas of the great basilica will seem to converge, focusing directly upon you! This spot is most sacred since precisely below it, deep within the crypt, is the stone coffin of the first—and only—doge to be buried in San Marco.

Thus ends the intriguing doge's "Magical Mystery Tour," a hallowed ceremony, steeped in the arcane rituals and traditions of a powerful and proud republic—part pageant, part pomp, part superstition, a window onto the mysterious past of a very mysterious city.

After this tour you will no doubt want to walk behind the high altar and examine one of the true wonders of the world, the gold and enameled Pala d'Oro, and finally, as a fitting climax to the visit, in the adjacent chapel of San Clemente (point 16), gaze at the glorious painting *The Adoration of Christ*, by Giambattista Tiepolo, displayed here only between Christmas and New Year's, in whose brilliant, dramatic hues is reflected the full radiance of the most serene city. □

The masterpiece of Sansovino: the Library of Saint Mark.



WHERE TO EAT WELL IN VENICE

BY ARIANE AND MICHAEL BATTERBERRY



La Primavera, by Arcimboldo—a comestible goddess of the spring.

Gastronomically it was becoming a case of dearth in Venice. “The trouble is, the restaurant cooks, they get more and more lazy. They think what they give the tourists, they have to eat,” says a young contessa. “But these very new restaurants are different. They want to cook for Venetians, so they work hard, make all the marvelous, true old dishes.”

Like those people saving Venice’s threatened monuments, most of the proprietors of these “very new restaurants” are determined to save their ancestral cuisine. Four will stay open over the winter holidays, and each is close to architectural landmarks, so sightseeing can be combined with lunch.

Ariane and Michael Batterberry are the authors of eighteen books and the cofounders of Food & Wine magazine.

Harry’s *Dolci* (Santa Eufemia 773, Giudecca; phone: 24844/708337)—“Harry’s Sweets”—was created by Arrigo Cipriani on the Giudecca waterfront near Palladio’s Church of the Redeemer. Snug as its flagship, Harry’s Bar, though far less expensive, its interior looks like a yacht converted into a glistening trattoria and pastry shop. What you get to eat is a superlative first course—fresh antipasto, sumptuous pastas, sturdy soups, or a “sandwich called club,” looking like the San Marco of cold pies with its classic components in layers under a dome of crusty pastry—and a splendid choice of rococo desserts.

Cipriani has been studying sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Venetian recipes, among them elaborations on a winter favorite, *baccalà*, or salt cod. Harry’s *Dolci* will cook it at least two ways: as “the real Venetian *mantecato*,” a savory,

airy puree like French *brandade de morue*; and *alla Vicentina*, a smoothly succulent dish enlivened by a bit of anchovy. Other winter specialties will include risottos with seafood, wild mushrooms or regional winter vegetables such as cardoons, eel, duck, possibly pheasant, rich chestnut sweets, and blood-orange *sorbetto*. The customary Harry’s Bar New Year’s Eve party will be celebrated at Harry’s *Dolci* too, with a gala menu likely to include minuscule pink lagoon shrimp, galantine of capon, scampi or sole, Tuscan lamb, cheese, and festive desserts.

At the trattoria *Corte Sconta* (Calle del Pestrin 3886, Castello; 27024), near the Scuola San Giorgio degli Schiavoni and the Arsenale, a couple of low, cozy dining rooms—whose tables are set with brown paper mats, squat tumblers, and foaming glass farmhouse pitchers of fizzy new wine—

look into a courtyard and a steamy kitchen, its clamorous staff wrapped in white like the moon-faced cooks in Longhi’s portrait of polenta makers. The menu, traditional and fish centered, offers Adriatic classics like *saor*—pungently delicious fried sardines marinated in vinegar with pine nuts and raisins. The *Corte Sconta*’s seafood antipasto might be a survey course in the region’s marine life: pilgrim scallops, cockles, winkles, octopus, crayfish, cuttlefish, eel, giant crab with its roe, small fishes, midget clams, and delicate squid eggs, arriving in relays, grilled, steamed, poached, or boiled, alone or massed on a huge platter like an antique mosaic. We tried two remarkable spaghettini dishes, one tossed with plump anglerfish cheeks in a cinnamon-y tomato sauce, the other masked in a Venetian sauce of *seppie*—cuttlefish and its ink. The ink

has a mysterious flavor, intriguingly deep and rich, and Venetians crave it in their *risotto nero*. Main-course specialties are usually fish—most memorable, a spectacular, gaping *scarpina*, wearing a necklace of mussels and bathed from spiny crest to lobster-firm tail in a sauce of Byzantine complexity that may include tomato, shellfish bouillon, and fennel-seasoned salami. For dessert, there are great glass jars of homemade cookies, including *zollette*, made of sweetened polenta and raisins, and free-form almond-studded chocolate meringues—*brutti ma buoni*, “ugly but good.” The house wines are served in a delightful progression: first, *Prosecco naturale*, in a pitcher; next, the fizzy *Prosecco frizzante*; last and best, the sweet *Cartazzè pussito*, in a fluted glass.

Glasses of wine are still handed down gratis to gondoliers who pause on the water beneath a window of the *Café Orientale* (Rio Marin 2426, San Polo; 719804) long enough to unloose a loud song. Last year the venerable trattoria, which has the only dining terrace overlooking a back canal, got new management and a face-lift. Close by Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, with its Titian *Assumption* and Bellini triptych, the *Café Orientale* embodies the romance of Venice past and present. The menus mirror the past. Traditional seasonal Venetian dishes this winter will include *risi e zucca*, a risotto studded with golden winter squash; *seppie*

with polenta; giant crab (*granchio*) with tomato; *spaghetti alla bursara*, a *picante*, *picante* spiced specialty with scampi and tomato; and *tiramisu*, literally “pick me up,” a confection of bittersweet chocolate, genoise, and whipped cream. The youthful proprietors are planning special holiday menus featuring old Venetian recipes.

The same charmed aura of the surreal that pervades the nearby Arsenal prevails in the blue dining room of *Arcimboldo* (Rielo dei Furlani 3219, Castello; 86569)—a solemn plaster bust with a jester's cap, Louis Armstrong on the tape deck, and poster blowups of the sixteenth-century painter Arcimboldo's vegetable heads. The presentations of pastas, main courses, and salads echo the posters' fantastic juxtapositions of vegetables and fruit. The very young chef refuses to serve fish, but his penchant for flesh with fruit and his sure, assertive hand with dried and fresh peppers represent a Venetian tradition: crusaders returning from the East brought to Venice a taste for fruited meat dishes, while the city supplied Europe's peppercorns. The Arcimboldo beef filets with green peppercorns or minced cayenne-spiked peppers and cheese reflect this past. For the holidays, the chef may serve his much-admired *tagliolini in abito da sera*, a pasta “in evening dress,” with sturgeon eggs and black-olive purée. There is an interesting local wine.

WHERE TO SHOP WITH CONFIDENCE

Missaglia (Piazza San Marco 125). Well-made jewelry, especially sculpted figures in gold and silver.

Nardi (Piazza San Marco 69). Jewelry, more abstract. Also light silver objects, semiprecious bead necklaces.

Valli (Merceria San Zuliano 783, San Marco). Haute couture dress fabrics. The quality is generally superb. Much elaborate sequin work.

Lorenzo Rubelli e Figlio (Campo San Gallo 1089, San Marco). For upholstery fabrics, one of Europe's great houses. Fresh contemporary designs and expert reproductions.

M. Antichità e Oggetti d'Arte (Piscina di Frezzera 1651, San Marco). Contemporary jewelry reminiscent of the Renaissance, and antique-style hand-printed velvets. Also a collection of antique jewelry.

Jesurum (Piazza San Marco 60 and Ponte Canonica 4310, Castello). The finest hand-appliquéd linens and lacework; fabrics both traditional and contemporary. Small showroom on Piazza San Marco, a larger selection at Castello.

Legatoria Piazzesi (Santa Maria del Giglio 2511, San Marco). Hand-printed paper fashioned into boxes, portfolios, files, frames, kaleidoscopes, etc. Bookbinding done on premises.

Ebru (Calle della Fenice 1920, San Marco) and *Alberto Vales* (Salizada San Samuele 3135, San Marco). Venetian mar-

bleized papers, paper products (boxes, albums, etc.), and beautiful marbled silk scarves. Also many small marbled, gesso-coated wooden objects (frames, spheres, obelisks, nests of tables).

Venni (Piazzetta Leoncini 314, San Marco). Glassware—avant-garde designs by well-known contemporary artists.

Salviati (Piazza San Marco 78). Glass in classical Venetian designs, such as fluted goblets.

Mondo Nuovo (Campo Santa Margherita at the Ponte Ai-pugni, Dorsoduro). Carnival masks are available all over Venice, but some of those at this shop—representing the sun, the moon, and mythical beasts—are drawn from Renaissance paintings.

Note:

Frames. Venice has many little frame shops where prices are often far lower than in the U.S. If you want to frame something, have its dimensions and shop around.

Clothing. Although their lines are produced elsewhere, many leading Italian designers, such as Fendi and Missoni (clothes) and Fratelli Rossetti (shoes), have boutiques in Venice with excellent selections.

Antiques. Decorative objects of small value can be found in profusion. Anyone looking for antiques as an investment should have a trained eye. There will be an antiques market in the Campo San Maurizio during the Christmas season.

WHERE TO STAY COMFORTABLY

The great luxury hotels are open for the winter holidays: *Gritti Palace* (Campo Santa Maria del Giglio 2467, San Marco; 26044). One of the great European luxury hotels, with the highest standards, if uninspired decor.

Danieli (Riva degli Schiavoni 4196, Castello; 26480). The loveliest of old palaces, in spite of tour groups, erratic service,

and its modern extension.

Bauer Grinwald (Campo San Moisè 1459, San Marco; 707022). A totally charmless 1960s building, well sited on the Grand Canal, with big, comfortable rooms and excellent service.

A few less expensive, first-class hotels:

Londra Palace (Riva degli Schiavoni, 4171, Castello;

700533). Comfortable; overlooking the lagoon; good restaurant.

Monaco e Grand Canal (Calle Vallarossa 1325, San Marco; 700211). Elegantly furnished rooms facing the Grand Canal or a garden.

Europa e Regina (Calle Larga XXII Marzo 2159, San Marco; 700477). Handsomely restored old hotel facing the Salute.

Smaller and cheaper:

La Fenice et des Artistes (Campiello de la Fenice 1936, San Marco; 31333). A small hotel beside the opera house with charmingly furnished rooms.

Accademia (Fondamenta Maravegie 1058, Dorsoduro; 77840). A friendly pension in a beautiful historic villa. Rooms have a lot of antiques and a beautiful garden.

Maharaja of Raga



The great sitarist Mahmud Mirza starts his American visit this month

By Kenneth Baker

Photographs by David Montgomery

To those who know his music, Mahmud Mirza's first few moments onstage are completely in character. A portly figure in a white pajama giving barely a nod to his audience as the initial applause subsides, he steps out of his sandals and settles himself cross-legged on a dais covered with an Oriental rug. He removes his watch and sets it aside. Nearby, he places a little tin of oil, to smooth the movement of fingers on strings, and a leather pouch holding extra strings in case he breaks one. As the silence of anticipation fills the hall, two aspects of Mirza's musical temperament show themselves: his refusal to be hurried and his unwillingness to pander. He wastes no time readying himself to perform, but neither does he make the slightest gesture toward the audience to ease the tension of expectation.

Mirza knows what he is up against. Inevitably, there are people in the audience who think of Indian classical music as the Muzak of the Love Generation, thanks to the pop-commercial introduction given it in the West some twenty years ago. However, more-knowledgeable listeners will recall that such prominent American composers as Steve Reich and Philip Glass have studied Indian (and other non-Western) music as a means of reinvigorating their own musical thinking. And there are others who may have attended a few concerts of Indian music over the years and who will be wondering why Mirza has the whole stage to himself. Where, they will ask, is the drummer who, to Western ears, usually provides the moving force in Indian instrumental music? And why has Mirza dispensed with the accompaniment of a tamboura, the simple stringed instrument usually used to sustain a droning background pitch?

Doubts and questions are soon dispelled by the unhurried sureness of his playing and the bell-like clarity he gets from the unamplified sitar. In his performance, as in the telling of a grand tale, the sense of purpose and direction is strong at every moment. No one will mistake this music for kid's stuff or psychedelia. Its refinement and dignity bespeak a centuries-old history as a contemplative diversion of the Indian court and aristocracy.

At the end of one evening recently, the audience in London's Purcell Room came to its feet with applause, ready to concur with the music critics from New Delhi to New York who say that Mirza today is the best, the most authoritative exponent of his instrument and the noble musical tradition behind it. This month, on November 9, he will give his first concert in the United States since 1981, at Carnegie Recital Hall, in New York. After that, he will take up residence at Georgetown University, in Washington, D.C., and plans to develop a concert schedule throughout America in 1985.

Mirza himself strikes no heroic poses, onstage or off. Even in India, he is exhorted to smile, to be more attentive to his listeners; but that is not his way. There,

"Raga is the best art form India has to offer the world."

classical recitals have become social occasions for the concert-going public. For Mirza, though, each one is a test of character, and the vindication of a musical way of life he sees as facing extinction. He admits that a lot of the tension in the hall before he performs is probably a magnification of his own anxiety. The cause for this anxiety is not self-doubt, however; it is the improvisational nature of Indian classical music. "It is very nerve-racking," he says with a wry frown, "trying to find the right note under the gaze of hundreds of people."

Nowadays, most aspiring young Indian classical musicians are being trained in academic music schools. Mirza owes much of his superior musicianship to the fact that he trained in the traditional manner, as an apprentice to a master musician. The classical music of India, unlike that of the West, is not a body of written compositions but a vast legacy of tonal frameworks—tiny melodies, really, for improvisation—called ragas that has been transmitted from masters to disciples for centuries. "Every Indian musician is a composer in his own right," Mirza explains. "He is a creator of original music."

The raga is based on a selection of notes taken from an octave, divided in an approximately similar way to the Western scale: that is, into two tetrachords. Of these eight notes, the second, third, sixth, and seventh notes may be flatted and the fourth may be sharpened, to form twelve notes in all. The raga may use a minimum of five or a maximum of seven of these notes, although there are exceptions that use all twelve notes. An ascending or descending scale is used to show any special sequence of notes that the raga may have. In each raga, two notes, usually a fourth or a fifth apart, are emphasized and become the focal points of the melody. These should not be confused with the tonic, or drone, note, a neutral background that sounds constantly in the music. Ragas are traditionally associated with distinct moods and times of day. Some are austere, stately, mournful, or devotional in character. Others are joyful, romantic, or languorous. Their gradations of mood are subtle and not easily detected by first-time Western listeners, but everything ultimately turns on the particular musician's exposition of a raga's details through his improvised melody.

Rather than rely on musical scores, the sitarist fleshes out the skeletal melody of a raga by depending on experience—the teaching of a master musician to a pupil. As Mirza puts it, "You cannot learn this music without someone's blessing."

It was his good fortune to have the blessing of his maternal uncle, a gifted sitarist, Haider Hussain Khan, who in 1941, when Mirza was six years old, gave him a small sitar, and started teaching him. For three years, the little boy did nothing but practice scales. The man still remembers it as a torment, but a necessary one.

At age eleven, Mirza gave his first public concert, to very favorable notice. Three years later, after his uncle died, he became the pupil of the celebrated sitarist Jiwan Lall Mattoo, who was then director of classical music for All India Radio. Mattoo's mentorship lasted another two years.

Kenneth Baker writes about music, film, and other matters.



How to Listen to a Raga

In a full-blown performance a raga goes through three phases. The first, known as *alap*, is arhythmic and is always played without accompaniment. When a definite pulse (or an accompanying percussionist) enters the music, it is said to be in *jor*. When the tempo goes from moderate to fast, *jor* has given way to *theka*, which will conclude at breakneck speed.

Alap alone can stand as a complete raga performance (as in Mirza's new

recording) because it is the phase in which the musician must detail the raga's structural and emotional essence. Even when it is arhythmic, the exposition of a raga moves in cycles. The instrumentalist repeatedly digresses from and returns to a key phrase that epitomizes an aspect of the raga, acting as a kind of refrain. Each digression is a melodic rumination on some emotional or formal quality of a raga's modal structure. Unaccustomed

listeners usually respond more readily to the feeling of the music than to its form. "It can't be only emotional," Mirza admonishes. "There would be nothing more than a yell." He should know. His performances are marked by both their emotional richness and their musical coherence. Even at a very rapid tempo, his melodic ideas remain clearly audible. Great emphasis is placed on precise intonation in this finely nuanced music.

immersed him in the Kirana (north Indian) tradition of vocal music.

Except for the legendary sarod player Ali Akbar Khan, few Indian instrumentalists heard in America can claim such an impressive musical background as Mirza has. It can be intimidating. Anecdote has it that once he attended a concert in New York by a highly touted Indian vocalist who claims descent in the Kirana tradition. Recognizing Mirza in the front row, the performer developed laryngitis on the spot and canceled his performance.

Mirza will say nothing against his fellow musicians. He speaks respectfully of Ravi Shankar, although in India many of Shankar's contemporaries deplore the false impression of Indian classical music he helped to create in the West in the 1960s. Shankar studied with an eminent teacher, Ali Akbar Khan's father, but his training on sitar did not begin until he was in his teens—his early youth was spent in his family's dance troupe—and his presentation of music has always been flashy and extroverted, a stage manner more appropriate to dance performance than to classical music. Shankar's willingness to compromise the integrity of Indian music earns him further criticism. He is censured for promoting mergers of raga with Western classical and popular music, and jazz. He also encouraged Western audiences in their excessive enthusiasm for Indian drumming, leading to a subordination of melody to percussion.

Mirza has harsh words for the new generation that tries to learn the music from recordings and accepts vulgarization in exchange for a hot career. "Some of them are doing it much against their conscience," he notes, "but they are doing it all the same. It appears that the happy, exuberant, and chatty musician has replaced the contemplative musician." At risk is the survival of his musical tradition, one that has no parallel in the arts of the West. "Raga is a very precious art form, and it should not be allowed to die just because people are too busy to cultivate a taste for it. It is the best India has to offer the world today."

As for audiences, Mirza frequently prefers those in the West to those in India. Although the most cultivated listeners are found in India, they are a very small minority of the people who attend public concerts. The majority, Mirza laments, are banefully inconsiderate of the musicians and those intent upon listening to them. It is all too common to find Indian concert audiences in which people constantly mill around, drink tea and chat, and greet each other across the hall while

the musician is playing. In Europe and America, he finds that, however skeptical or uncomprehending his audience, the etiquette of the concert hall is respected: "People will sit like statues." He looks forward to his forthcoming appearances in America because, like any musical performer, he loves to feel he has really been heard.

When he is not on tour, Mirza divides his time between Delhi, where he was born, and London, where he has a growing following. He maintains a small flat in each city. No matter where he finds himself, he is assiduous in his practicing, putting in as much as eight hours a day.

No amount of practicing removes the risk from his performances, however. He performs without the customary drums, to

allow his listeners to concentrate fully on melody, which is the essence of Indian instrumental music. And at a time when many Indian musicians have taken to rehearsing their performances, Mirza is adamant about choosing his concert programs at the last moment, while tuning his instrument prior to stepping onstage. He estimates that he has a working repertoire of nearly 250 ragas. "The temptation when you are choosing what to play is to pick something you are not too familiar with, because you are interested in delving into it. This is dangerous because the raga may be stranger to you than you remember." One thing he never worries about is exhausting the musical material. "The raga is a world in itself. You cannot change it; you can only go deeper into it." □

The Plangent Sitar



The sitar is a long-necked stringed instrument that has a dried gourd for a sounding box. The rest of Mirza's sitar is made of rosewood. The number and kind of strings are largely a matter of the musician's choice. Mirza uses fewer strings than many other players do: one, of steel, at the top of the bridge, is the melody string; one, of copper, tuned to the tonic, and two more of steel, tuned to the fourth and fifth, together make up the drone; and two other steel strings, tuned to the tonic an octave higher, are used in the fast passages of the raga. He favors steel over copper for the main playing strings because copper goes out of tune easily. Keeping the instrument in tune can be a problem because pulling on a string is a technique fundamental to the music: by pulling the string, the musician can make the microtonal changes in pitch that the art of raga requires, and can glide through a whole series of notes with only one strike of a string. The

strings are struck with a custom-made wire plectrum that Mirza wears on the tip of his right index finger.

Beneath the raised metal frets along the neck of the sitar run a number of resonating strings that are tuned to the scales of whatever raga is to be played. These resonating strings give the sitar its distinctively metallic plangency.

Mirza's unaccompanied performances are explorations of his instrument as well as of the ragas he plays. This double aspect of his music can also be heard on *Classic Sitar: The Tradition of Raga*, on the Conifer label. Pay particular attention to the raga called *Kalawati*, one of the most lucid recorded renditions of a raga available. It is Mirza's intense concern for the quality of sound that leads him to dispense with the tamboura accompaniment to his stage performances. He complains that tamboura players cannot tell when their instrument goes out of tune nor can they retune it.





WHERE THE FUR FLIES

A BUYER'S VIEW OF THE GREAT LENINGRAD FUR AUCTION

BY G. Y. DRYANSKY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MELFORD

It is a black and white winter morning in Leningrad. Robert Montagna, a small, velvety-eyed man, steps out of his chauffeured Lada at the Fur Palace. The lights of the auction house are polishing the snow along Moscow Prospect. Montagna feels very out of place. His bloodlines run south, to Italy and Argentina, and, as he had crossed the ice-freighted Neva River on his way here from the hotel, he could only think longingly of the Seine, in Paris, his birthplace.

Professionally speaking, though, being in Leningrad this season signifies his having come in out of the cold. At forty-eight, Montagna is back at the top of his trade: he is international director of Revillon, Paris, the man who controls the buying for the world's oldest and probably most prestigious fur-clothing company. Revillon traces its beginnings to 1723. Until the 1920s, the company had trading posts in China, Siberia, Turkestan, and northwest Canada, and a fleet at Hudson Bay, where Nanook of the North traded with Revillon—which produced the documentary enshrining his name in film history.

Its own history, in recent years, has been a retreat from the picturesque. In the seventies, the Revillon family, owners since 1839, sold out to a holding company that made Revillon into a highly profitable conglomerate of banking, real estate, elevators, and perfume. The fur division, with its branch in New York, became, well, a division. Recently, when the holding company sold out in turn to the Bouriez family, which made a fortune in supermarkets, the new owners decided to put a renewed emphasis on being the best in furs. Their big competition: the house of Christian Dior. To hold their position, they fetched Montagna out of the obscurity into which he had fallen.

Montagna, a former director of Dior's fur buying, had once

before been wooed away by Revillon, but Dior had sued him for violating his contract, and after a few years of litigation and grief, he had found himself at neither Dior nor Revillon but making ends meet at lesser houses. His renown as a fur expert survived his difficulties. When the Louvre wanted to know what fur Baldassare Castiglione was wearing in his portrait by Raphael, the museum quite naturally turned to Robert Montagna. (It was velvet.) Yet, as he pulls open the heavy bronze doors of the Fur Palace—a palace like a shrunken railroad station—he reminds himself that he is and probably always will be very much an outsider in the skin trade.

Montagna is an incorrigibly retiring person at the edge of a world of friendly antagonists who travel a good half of the year: a week in Leningrad, another in Helsinki, then New York and, say, Montreal, Leipzig, Copenhagen, Oslo, Vancouver, Seattle, and so on. The same people, the same auction rooms, the same hotels. Many of the men sitting in the Leningrad auction room will be sitting where their fathers or grandfathers sat. They are the diaspora of Leipzig, the turn-of-the-century fur mecca of the Western world. Scattered in New York, Paris, London, and now Frankfurt, their family memories reach back to excursions for fur by sled in Siberia.

Montagna entered the fur business by a ridiculous mistake. Asked, when he was fifteen, by an uncle with contacts in the world of affairs what he wanted to do for a living, he answered, "*Je veux être dans les pots*," for he had just returned from Genoa, where he had been decorating pottery. For *pots* (pots) his uncle understood *peaux* (skins). Until he opened the door for his appointment at one of the great Paris fur houses, Robert didn't know that his rendezvous was with skins, not pots. But there was a

Gliding through these pages, principals of the John Curry Skating Company. Opposite: A unique sable coat by Galanos made from rare wild, silvery skins from Barguzin, in Siberia. Jewelry by David Webb.

G. Y. Dryansky, an American journalist and novelist who lives in Paris and is at home all over Europe, Connoisseur.



Above: Peter Dion, owner of Galanos, inspects pelts at last winter's Leningrad auction. Below: The auction hall in the Fur Palace—"like a shrunk railroad station."



job for a warehouse boy, and he rapidly came to love and understand furs. His palms, as he learned to detect nuances of thickness and hair length, became nourished by the oil of thousands of pelts. He gained the soft touch of the trade, "furrier's hands," and the furrier's eye for minute shadings of color.

Auctions, the gamble of heated bidding, leave him cold. Unlike the wholesalers and brokers who dominate the auctions, Montagna would prefer to find some fine-quality fur with a look that interests almost no one else, acquire it quietly at a good price, and transform it into a fashion item in Revillon's exceptional workshops. Take Bukhara, a kind of lamb, for example. Revillon has done some superb Bukhara reversible coats, for women who wear them leather side out when they're afraid of showing their wealth. (That sort of thing matters in Europe these days.) But Montagna has not come to Leningrad for lamb.

Leningrad is the capital of the fur world for two reasons: one is sable and the other is lynx. They are the most sought-after furs on earth; no prestigious manufacturer can do without them; and the one way to get top-quality sable or lynx is through the auctions at Leningrad. The point made in the novel *Gorky Park* is not a fiction: only the Soviets have been able to domesticate sable. And their wild sables are so far superior to anything else known as sable

that David Mechutan of New York, the world's biggest sable buyer, calls them "another animal."

The same goes for Siberian lynx, a wild creature carefully protected from extinction. Yuri Moshkin, director of Sojuzpushnina, the Soviet organization that oversees the auction, is proud to tell you that each kill requires a license. Since the disappearance from the market of spotted animals, lynx has become the rarest of furs for sale. There are 450 skins up for auction here in Leningrad, enough to make about twenty-one coats for the entire world, if every skin were used. Montagna believes a few women will pay almost any price for a lynx coat. Last year, Maximilian in New York sold one for \$200,000. Montagna's needs in lynx, though, are especially exigent. Where others use twenty skins to make a coat, he uses thirty, and he has to have skins with pure white bellies. Revillon and Dior, and occasionally Maximilian, make lynx coats using bellies alone—the ne plus ultra of luxury. The price of lynx is based on rarity and also on fashion. Seven years ago, he recalls, you could get top lynx for about a tenth of the \$2,000-plus per skin he expects the best skins to fetch this season—just as you could get, say, red fox for five dollars a skin before the Japanese entered the market in the 1970s and drove the price above \$300 a skin.

Sable, on the other hand, is the grand fur of furs. Now that ermine is no longer on the market, sable is the fur that evokes royalty. The czars used to exact tribute in sable and make gifts of sable to visiting potentates. There are nearly 50,000 sables up for sale in Leningrad, but, being mostly wild, they vary greatly in quality and shading. A sable coat from the best lots can come close to the price of lynx. Leonard Springer, of New York, the world's biggest luxury sable-coat manufacturer, with a production of about 250 coats a year, made a coat last season that fetched more than \$180,000 at retail. This year, the Americans are flush from a great season in high-priced fur, and the dollar is at a record high.

Lennie Springer, Harvey Liebergall, a big-bankroll sable-skin dealer, and Arthur Bartfeld, the London-based owner of Maximilian and ten other fur-related companies, will all be after the top lots. And buying, as broker for Galanos's Neiman-Marcus collection as well as in the capacity of wholesaler, will be David Mechutan, who usually takes a third of all the sable Leningrad offers, and most of that among the expensive lots.

Heavy with prestige, light in clout, with low-value francs in his pocket, Robert Montagna begins to dread the competitive clashes during the next few days of the Russian winter. Revillon's vice-president and general manager in New York, Maurice de la Vallette, who will be arriving to buy for its Saks Fifth Avenue outlets, has warned that fighting Mechutan for the top lots could cause a financial bloodbath. As for lynx, the word in the hallways of the Fur Palace is that Mechutan will not let a good lot get by him.

Despite a faint bitter-rotten stink of tannin and dead flesh, the interior of the Fur Palace is quite welcoming and cozy. Pretty college girls in white smocks wait to be called to carry the lots of fur to tables in the wings. There, the buyers examine, or "mark," the furs. In the days before the auction starts, every buyer will mark the furs that interest him, adding, in his catalogue, a judgment of color, of quality, and of how well the furs in the lot match each other. He will also note what he thinks the lot will fetch.

Beyond the wing devoted to a dining room, the kitchen is already busy with the forthcoming four-course lunch. Caviar, smoked salmon, sturgeon, hot and cold meats, excellent

Opposite: A rare Russian lynx cape, by Galanos, made up of the full skins. Jewelry by David Webb.







borschts—the buyers are treated to a combination of Russian soul food and delicacies fit for a czar. At the service desk, Rita, as ever in the past twelve years, gets them scarce tickets to the Kirov Ballet. Nadia and Agrippina, twenty-five-year veterans of the coatroom, take everybody's things without giving a number, never forgetting whose coat is whose among the nearly 300 buyers.

Robert Montagna exchanges his coat for a smock and heads toward a wing where about 250,000 minks—samples of a lot of about 1,300,000—are hanging for inspection, and where Rudi Gross, Montagna's favorite broker, is waiting for him to talk mink. Gross, the director of Noel Sillico & Co. Ltd., in London, left Vienna in 1939 at the age of thirteen and soon afterward abandoned an interest in acting and writing for sure money in the fur trade. No one now seems more English than Rudi. Even-tem-

ONLY THE SOVIETS HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DOMESTICATE SABLE.

pered, a touch professorial, he is the epitome of fair play. He won't call you up at the verge of an auction and pressure you to take a position; he won't buy more than you wanted; he won't hype goods he wants to unload. Montagna, like most retailers and coat manufacturers, cannot spend half his life on the auction circuit and must rely on brokers to do a lot of his basic buying.

Mink is bread and butter. No longer an important indicator of wealth, mink is what Rudi calls "something you can wear everywhere and wear forever." The mink in Leningrad is neither as silky nor as lovely in color as the mink in Scandinavia or the United States, but it is excellent mink for its price. The right choices, properly dressed and put together to Revillon's standards of workmanship, will do very well. Rudi shows Montagna some lots of mink he has marked with Revillon in mind. Running the long, or "guard," hairs through his fingers like a barber, Montagna checks for evenness of length. Uneven guard hairs make a finished mink look scruffy; too-long guard hairs create a waxy look. He snaps each skin rapidly to bring up the "wool" under the guard hair and squeezes it to test the fullness. Under the light above his table, an imitation of daylight, he judges colors.

Montagna chooses rapidly and decisively, but even if he has been looking at mink, he has been thinking sable, and now he has to tell Gross that he is turning to another broker to bid on sable for him. Wisdom seems to point to grouping Revillon's sable orders for New York and Paris with Mechutan. Gross accepts the news cheerfully. He cannot agree more. Why battle Mechutan? "Yes," Montagna answers, "but some other people Mechutan is buying for want the top lots. Who will get what? I can't afford second choice."

In the halls, buyers weary of marking are sitting in deep chairs and chatting. Montagna proffers a deferential hello to an aged gentleman perched on a windowsill, Julius Ariowitsch. Tall, stooped, with gray hair standing out at the sides of his bald head like half a halo, Ariowitsch is the seventy-two-year-old dean of fur dealers. Though he will be wearing the same shiny blue suit throughout a week of sales, his wealth from businesses in London, Paris, New York, and Italy is legendary. In this capital-intensive trade, where furs are bought for cash, Ariowitsch is known to have more cash than anyone else to buy great quantities of skins

A wild Barguzin sable coat bought at the Leningrad auction.

“Ernie” is one of the great men of the fur trade.

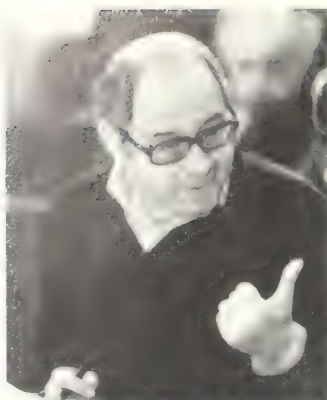
Ariowitsch talks very little about his father, but the claim will sound true that he has been coming to the Leningrad auctions since 1931, when they were still held in the Astoria Hotel or the Hermitage museum, and that his father, Max, traveled for furs on a sled from Omsk to Nizhni Novgorod (now Gorky). “All the knowledge I acquired is of no use anymore,” he says nostalgically. “You had eighty to ninety percent wild goods and the rest in farm goods. Now the figure is reversed. Anyone can look at ranch mink. We used to look at furs leather side out. You had to tell by the color of the leather whether it was an early or a full-season skin. You had to sort through very irregular lots.”

Except for his villa on Lake Lugano, Ariowitsch has no apparent penchant for luxury. “In furs,” he makes clear, “I have no prejudices. I buy anything I can make a profit on. I try to figure what women will want. Nowadays, flat furs fetch more than full ones. You pay more for a female mink than a male. A few years ago the fuller males fetched twice as much as females. The women decide.”

Ariowitsch’s prejudices, if any, are in favor of volume. He serves the broad heart of the market. “Lynx,” he tells you, “is not an article. It is copy for the newspapers. It doesn’t affect the fur trade.” As for sable, his interests are covered by a silent partnership in the Russian purchases of a company his father bankrolled in 1932: Max Ariowitsch put David Mechutan’s father, Henry, in business. Speaking of sable, you inevitably speak of Mechutan.

David Mechutan has arrived. A youngish fifty-three, Mechutan makes no effort to appear impressive. He is going about the Fur Palace with a workaday air. Short arms and a slight portliness give a sort of rear-wheel drive effect to his gait. Later that day he invites Robert Montagna to dinner.

He is an easygoing, pleasant host. In the spanking-modern Neva restaurant of the Pribaltiyskaya Hotel, built by Swedes in 1978, talk over caviar and vodka runs from the spryness of his eighty-five-year-old father, still at the helm of the business in New York, to the color of the bathwater (brown) in the days when the buyers stayed at the Astoria and to the special service you can still get in a Russian hotel or restaurant with a pack of Marlboros or a good felt pen. Nobody talks fur, but Montagna makes an appointment to go over sables the next day with Ernest Kremnitzer. Mechutan’s right hand, who also is at the table. In addition, Montagna makes a mental note: he must have a talk with Peter Dion, owner of Galanos Furs, Mechutan’s strong sable customer. Dion is flying in



The broker Rudi Gross: the epitome of fair play.



Robert Montagna (left) and Maurice de la Valette.

on the same plane with Revillon’s Maurice de la Valette, in two days.

Ernie Kremnitzer, a man with the rugged mien you might associate with a gunslinger, is, by reputation, the world’s best sable marker. In three days, he has gone through all the lots from the most promising origins, more than 20,000 pelts. Kremnitzer sports one of the baseball caps that old-timers still wear, dating to the times when the lighting glared, as he reviews his research with Montagna.

Kremnitzer blows on a pelt, uncovering the fur near the leather. “This one’s green,” he says disparagingly, seeing green where a reporter sees only gray. Moving from skin to skin rapidly, his hands uncover “weak spots” where the pelt shows signs of balding. He reaches into skins to find where trappers have taken in and sewn to cover defects. Here a lot has too many orange necks, which will cause problems when the skins are put together for a coat. “This lot,” Ernie notices, “is one I offered two hundred dollars a skin for in October. They withdrew it from the sale.”

Kremnitzer is giving Montagna a lesson in fur marking he doesn’t need. What disturbs Montagna more is that Ernie is not showing him some good lots he himself had a look at before last night’s dinner—in particular, some farm goods. Farm lots are usually several pegs less interesting than wild sable: too dark and not puffy enough. But this season, as Montagna quickly discovers, the Russians have put out exceptional farm sable. Montagna asks Kremnitzer to have the girls bring out some farm sables. He asks Ernie what he thinks a choice lot will fetch. “It depends on David Wolf,” Kremnitzer replies. David Wolf is with Neiman-Marcus and works closely with Peter Dion on the Galanos collection Neiman-Marcus sells exclusively. Montagna reminds himself that Mechutan has loyalties antedating last night’s dinner.

Before leaving to prepare for an evening at the Kirov, Montagna drops ten postcards at the mail desk. Each is addressed to a woman. He has written each of Revillon’s ten best customers that he has gone to Leningrad to obtain the very best pelts for her next coat.

Galina Mezentsseva, as Odette Odile in *Swan Lake*, is not quite brilliant, but her arms make you think of Plisetskaya. Robert Montagna keeps thinking about ten other women. Fatigue, as well, distracts him: he hasn’t slept since he arrived in this northern city. He is especially bothered by a sinking feeling that he is not in control of his sable position, and he contemplates a retreat. He could simply buy his sables dressed and matched in New York

David Mechutan of New York, who usually buys up a third—the most expensive third—of all the skins offered at fur auctions.



from Mechutan. That way he'd know exactly what he was getting, even if he had to pay Mechutan 30 percent profit as a wholesaler instead of a broker's 3 percent. When the market was easier, he had bought his sable that way. But hadn't he come to Leningrad because the market *wasn't* easy now, because prices were expected to be painful even at the broker's level, and because competition could be fierce for the best goods? Buying from Mechutan in New York was no guarantee of getting a fair share of the top skins.

Next day, the day before the sable sales, Maurice de la Valette, Revillon's New York man, arrives. With him is Peter Dion, owner of Galanos Furs. If Montagna looks a little Chaplinesque, la Valette is built like one of those headwaiters or gold miners who throw their weight around in the Chaplin films. Burly, but with gentle features, la Valette was born in India of a French father and Russian mother. His first job in life, at twenty, was trading furs with Iroquois and Montagnais Indians for the Hudson Bay Company. After buying for the Hudson Bay and the Canadian Fur Auctions, he went to Revillon, New York, in 1969, where he has been since. In his red fur trader's shirt and battered tweed hat, la Valette betrays a strong touch of showmanship. More outgoing than Montagna, he is also more publicity minded. He has had David Mechutan agree in New York to buy the highest-priced lot of sable in the name of Revillon, for the press release. Revillon, New York, is also in the wholesale apparel business, and the mention in *Women's Wear Daily* that Revillon paid top dollar for sable is precious to Maurice.

Peter Dion poses no objections to Revillon's anticipated glory. To Robert Montagna's relief, Peter Dion turns out not to be greedy. He is a low-key gentleman who began as a shoeshine boy and came into the fur business because a customer had a friend who was a furrier in need of a floor boy. Dion was a poor immigrant from Ioannina, Greece, and success as owner of Galanos Furs has gone to his head, but only like champagne, it seems, making him very mellow. Live and let live.

In a few minutes of conversation, Montagna's sable worries are dissolved. He, Maurice, and Dion work out a *modus vivendi*. Through Mechutan, there will be enough at the top to divide equitably. Montagna will get some of the farm lots he covets; also some skins from the Kamchatka Peninsula. Those Kamchatskys have caught his eye, and he foresees making a coat of them, although everyone else uses the bulky Kamchatka pelts for trimming. In the big-shouldered coat he envisions, the Kamchatskys will turn into high fashion. Your average rich woman who invests in a sable coat—even Maurice's New York ladies—prefers conservative, durable styling. But women like the ten Montagna wrote to want strong fashion. Ariowitsch senses trends in skins. Montagna, at Revillon, Paris, must set them in fur clothing.

In any case, a cloud has passed. Montagna and la Valette go off to look at the lynx, a beautiful collection of full, silky skins with few "stains" of yellow, but, as usual, hard to match without one's buying many lots. To get 60 skins matched to their standards, they'd have to buy 160, Montagna realizes. Like Dion, they decide to put their lynx buying into the hands of Mechutan. The plan is for Mechutan to take almost all the good lots and divide the skins for his clients, afterward, equitably.

As David Mechutan and Ernie Kremnitzer move to the highest tier of the auction room to dominate the sable sales, needless

Stretching a point, wrapped in a wild-sable coat by Revillon, made of skins that were bought at last winter's auction. Jewelry by David Webb.



A woman with dark, curly hair is captured in a dynamic pose, performing a pirouette. She is wearing a large, voluminous white fur coat that flares out around her. Her legs are tucked under her, and she is wearing dark, possibly velvet, boots with light-colored heels. The background is a solid, deep blue. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the fur and the woman's features.

What is it women really want? Freud wondered.
Montagna would reply: Lynx—like these natural Russian
lynx-belly coats, the one on the left, caught in midpirouette, by Revillon;
that whirling on the right, by Maximilian.
Jewelry by David Webb.



ONLY THE AMERICANS KNOW HOW TO DRESS SABLE IN THE BEST WAY AND PUT TOGETHER A FINE SABLE COAT.

bloodletting seems to have been eliminated—if the sale goes as they expected.

Which it doesn't.

When David Mechutan begins bidding for the top lot of farm goods, counterbids start coming rapidly from an unexpected corner of the room. Shozo Ueno, manager of Japan Emba Ltd., is calling "Up!", and the bidding, which until now has been in the 300s, goes up and up. At \$720 per skin for a lot of thirty-five pelts, Mechutan bows to Japan Emba.

When the next exceptional farm lot goes to \$300 a skin, Mechutan starts bidding by the hundreds. At \$700, Ernie Kremnitzer murmurs, "Oh, no . . .," but Japan Emba says, "Seventen." Impetuously, David Mechutan calls out, "A thousand!" Shozo Ueno says, "A thousand fifty." David Mechutan, muttering, "I'm not here for medals," resigns himself to not having come through with the highest lot of farm sable for Revillon's mention in *Women's Wear*.

In the trade, paying top price is a symbol of your importance vis-à-vis the fur in question. Japan Emba's message in going to dizzying heights for sable disturbs Mechutan. Contemplative, defensive, he lets the highest lot of wild goods, some twenty-five Jakutskys, go to Lennie Springer for \$720 a skin. But Mechutan gets Montagna his Kamchatka at \$240 the skin, the highest price for sable of that "nariad," or place of origin. Montagna had marked it at \$220. "I have a number one without going broke," Montagna says, ironically. He is indifferent, though, to a mention in *WWD*, and when the press release finally comes out it is Peter Dion who gets modest credit for the highest lot of Kamchatka.

During the calling of some uninteresting lots, David Mechutan walks down to Shozo Ueno and puts his arms around him. "You're my son!" he says. (Ueno is twenty-seven, and Mechutan has been buying for him in New York for several years.)

"They're a funny people," Ueno tells a reporter, as Mechutan steers his way out of the auction room.

Ueno's European representative, sitting beside him, proclaims earnestly, "The American domination of this article can be challenged. Watch the next seven hours and the amount of sable Japan will be taking." Indeed, at the end of the sale, David Mechutan concedes, "This is a first." For the first time, two other countries, Japan and Italy, have together surpassed the United States in taking Russian sable. Mechutan's share of the sale has dropped from his usual third to a fifth. And the good lots are up \$100 a skin from the October sale, three months earlier.

For the Americans, more than first-place "medals" are involved. Sable is a specialty of the United States fur industry. The American market in mink coats is swamped with imports from Korea—they account for nearly half of wholesale sales. But, with the exception of a handful of Europeans, only the Americans know how to dress sable in the best way and put together a fine sable coat. Sable-coat making is a curious bastion of artisanry in supertechnological America. The trade word for the men who

match the skins, size the coat, and cut is "mechanics." Lennie Springer, with his house in Palm Beach, built his business on being, himself, a top mechanic. His son, formerly an architect, is now an excellent sable mechanic. They will work as long as three days on a coat. With mink or fox, hardly anyone can notice when rows of pelts are sewn "skin on skin," even if the result is second-rate. A sable coat badly put together is like foie gras on Wonder bread. Short and wide and irregularly shaded, sable must be "set up," carefully matched and sized, and then "let out," cut into thin strips, which when sewn together will have the miraculous suppleness of one great skin.

Can the Japanese make a proper sable coat? "We're still learning," Ueno concedes. His father started Japan Emba Ltd. forty years ago to export weasel to the United States and never dreamed he would be selling \$90 million in fur apparel on the Japanese market. Fur is a great status symbol in Japan, where status symbols really matter. From 1974 to 1979, Japanese fur imports increased from 3 billion yen per year to 65 billion yen per year. The Japanese now consume 240 billion yen, or \$1.1 billion, in fur apparel yearly.

"We took some sables last year and found a strong demand," P. K. Chaldjian, Japan Emba Ltd.'s European representative, says. "Fox has been associated with Japan. Now you'll find sable." That means, to the Americans, that if a few hundred more Japanese women want sable coats, the Japanese might pressure the price of sable the way they pressured fox.

The sable sale has had a sobering effect on the people who have paid as much as twice what they expected for choice skins, not counting the publicity-making lots. The lynx sales are tranquil. The Japanese are not yet ready for top lynx and stay out of the bidding, and the expected fierce battle between Mechutan and Arthur Bartfeld, owner of Maximilian, does not occur.

Mechutan takes nineteen of the forty-two lots, paying a top of \$2,800 per skin for a lot of six, in the name of Revillon, New York. He lets Arthur Bartfeld take two excellent lots at \$2,600 and a third at \$1,000. Barbara Toutain, owner of Pelz Paradies, in Zurich, has the satisfaction of two lots at \$1,900 and \$2,300. And people from all over get lynx for prices as low as \$135 the skin.

The hall of the Fur Palace is full of valises. The skin traders prepare to leave Leningrad—"get out," as they put it—and they are relatively content. Prices were high, but the demand for luxury fur apparel is strong this year. Revillon, Maximilian, and Galanos all have their sable and lynx, and Mechutan will have some to sell to Dior. Next year, a lady who received a postcard from Robert Montagna dated Leningrad may well be making Kamchatka a micromode at the fashion world's sparsely populated heights. Peter Dion thinks Neiman-Marcus might get \$300,000 for one of his lynx coats next season. But as night falls some spirits are troubled. The moon, colored by Leningrad's red and navy-blue horizon, looks a lot like a rising sun. □

A Russian ranch-sable coat by Maximilian, the unusually fine skins bought at the '84 auction.





The "courtyard" of Villa Mairea: a place for outdoor living in summer (studio at right rear). Below: Maire Gullichsen with a Degas bronze.

AALTO'S MASTERPIECE

Why the Villa Mairea is one of the greatest houses of this century

By Susan S. Szenasy

Every summer, young architects from all over the globe head for Noormarkku, a small coastal town in Finland. At the end of the pilgrimage is the Villa Mairea, which is open to the public only from July 1 to August 14, and there they sit, sketching for hours at a time. Like many before them, they are responding to the originality of the building's details and consummate workmanship, both of which have remained fresh and beautiful for more than forty years. It is not that the Villa Mairea unveils any revolutionary architectural solutions; the flat roofs, ribbon windows, and open-plan interiors have long ago become commonplaces. But its warmth and cogency, its integration of nature with technology have marked the Villa Mairea as one of the great houses of this century and helped to elevate its architect, Alvar Aalto (1898–1976), into the pantheon of modern heroes.

It is a gentle house, hidden in rugged pine and birch lands, and the avant-garde

is thinking harder thoughts today. But Villa Mairea is every bit as important to architects as the volatile cutting edge. They talk about it when they seek ways to combine the international language of steel, concrete, and glass with local materials. They admire the clarity of its form from a distance and marvel at its satisfying details at close range. They delight in the possibility of making forms that are frankly decorative and often witty, yet never frivolous. Anyone who spends some time here comes away with a better understanding of what "humanism in architecture" really means.

The clients were Harry and Maire Gullichsen. Their young family and active business life required a spacious setting that guarded their privacy but could welcome public life. The architects were only slightly older. Alvar Aalto and his wife, Aino. The four brought to this once-in-a-lifetime adventure all the energy of their youth, ignited by the mission to modernize.



LAKE HAILEN

Their lifelong relationship began when the industrialist Harry Gullichsen, seeking to exploit the economies of scale and technology, asked Alvar Aalto first to design the A. Ahlström factory, then to create housing for its workers. Already known in Finland and abroad for his brilliant and humane interpretation of the modernists' architectural language, Aalto seemed to be hovering on the brink of a personal style that responded to local conditions created by culture, climate, and terrain. That style coalesced during the design and construction of the Villa Mairea, from 1937 to 1939. Aalto was barely forty.

It was his first commission to build a private residence, and it could not have been a better one. The clients were progressive, intellectually ready to accept innovation, and rich enough to give him a carte blanche budget. Aalto himself was bursting with the energy of his ideas. Here, for the first time, he could give free rein to his imagination and indulge his robust delight in natural materials and his love of playful curves.

If Harry Gullichsen's sense of the new was an important catalyst in the creation of a modern masterpiece, so was his wife's rebellion against tradition. She wanted nothing to do with what

she calls the "bourgeois" decor of her family's homes. The two period pieces on the Noormarkku estate—her grandparents' Victorian mansion and her parents' art nouveau house—did not fit her free spirit. She had been intrigued by the uninhibited expressions she had discovered while studying art in the creative caldron that Paris was in the 1920s. Later, when her husband talked about wanting to "live in our own time," Maire Ahlström Gullichsen agreed that the house they were to build on the family compound should be a showcase for the most advanced thinking then being done in architecture, art, and design.



The bedroom windows are angled to catch the precious light.

Even before construction began on the house, the Gullichsens knew that they had found kindred spirits in the Aaltos. They were already engaged in a burgeoning business venture together. Encouraged by the enthusiastic response to Alvar Aalto's furniture at a 1933 London exhibit, they had established a small company called Artek for the purpose of promoting and manufacturing modern design in Finland. With a conviction that simple, attractive, and well-made objects were needed by a growing market, Maire Gullichsen took charge of organizing and operating the new business, Aino Aalto chose the items for production and supervised that process, and Alvar Aalto provided a steady stream of designs for lamps and vases made of glass, and chairs and tables made of pale Finnish birch.

Produced since the 1930s, Aalto's furniture continues to appear in newly designed buildings all over the world and is being shown now at the Museum of Modern Art, in New York. The fluid quality of this furniture is reminiscent of the living, growing



The music "room" with art deco piano and ubiquitous greenery.

materials from which it was formed. This organic motif is found in all of Aalto's mature work—whether in the generous glass vase whose contours reflect the curving outline of a lake or a colossal pavilion with a tidal wave of soaring balconies. In all, there is an inescapable feeling that man is part of nature's relentless movement, that he is a creative participant in her reassuring rhythms.

That such communion implied a responsibility to one's fellows was the cornerstone of Aalto's celebrated humanism. Though advocating standardization, he always sought ways of bringing the individual into his plans. He was fond of talking about "the little man," who, in his estimation, was as vital a part of society as a cell is of an organism. To his students, Aalto communicated the importance of always remembering the real persons who would be using their designs. "When you are designing a window," they remember his saying, "imagine your girlfriend looking out of it."

The possibilities of a personal architecture that put its users in touch with nature were fully developed at the Villa Mairea. The house was designed as an open pavilion in the woods might be: confidently placed on its site, two stories high, with a few irregularities to offer surprise and emphasize the architect's ideas—a tall, slat-encased studio on the second floor, for example, and some modified bay windows on the south side. Inside, virtually wall-less, transparent spaces are punctuated by steel supporting columns, decorative wooden poles, and layers of levels that suggest a topographical kinship to the terrain in which the house sits. This

Living-room fireplace, with natural stone base and cast-iron fireback.







is accomplished in a highly individual manner that is reminiscent of a cubist painting. Instead of the symmetries and enforced perspectives of more-traditional houses, here the open spaces communicate a sense of freedom. What the eye sees, from any angle, is what it wants to compose for itself. The ever-changing composition is made more immediate by the light that enters the house everywhere, through walls of glass, clerestories, and skylights.

As important for Aalto as the wide vistas were the narrow details. He lavished attention on such minor touches as the blue tile walls that face the kidney-shape swimming pool; the ornamental sculpting that lightens the enormous mass of the stone-based fireplace; the curve where the ruddy tile floor meets the golden parquet; the touchable cane that wraps around and softens the enameled-steel supporting columns (and which recalls the tree trunks in the surrounding woods). Indeed, each person comes away from the Villa Mairea particularly impressed by some details of design. These may be as subtle as the way the woods, stones, bricks, and tiles of the inside harmonize with the natural materials of the landscape. It may be as small as a brass door handle that fits the palm so well that it seems to melt into it. Or it may be the "homeyness" sensed by a visitor who—while shedding outdoor clothing inside a rounded, skylit niche with its convenient, cantilevered benches—anticipates the ascent to the inviting circle around the blazing fire.

Those who delight in ingenious architectural solutions are not disappointed, either. A closer look at the elegant pine ceiling reveals that it is made of thousands of slim planks. The open joints between these wooden slats work to distribute the air that comes from the cooling system above. Then there is the possibility of totally integrating the indoors with the outdoors on those days when the sun barely sets. The enormous windows that face the garden were designed so that they can be removed, thus eliminating even a transparent barrier between the living room of the inside and the garden "living room," with its pool, sauna, dining table, and fireplace.

To make optimal use of natural light, in a country where the sun is a brief but joyfully welcomed visitor, the Aaltos designed clerestory windows that bring indirect light into the library. This room was enclosed with what were intended as movable partitions, when the man of the house wanted a private place where he could retreat with his friends. Originally, the walls were supposed to glide silently, on felt, to divide the big room as the occasion required.

These movable walls explore another aspect of the modern preoccupation with flexibility. Linen-clad on the outside, the walls

There's a feeling of man as a part of nature's rhythms.

are made with hollow cores—wide enough to hold the overflow of paintings from the family's collection. The stored items are accessible through doors on the wall, an unprecedented solution to the problem of displaying paintings from a collection is "reminiscent of a cubist painting."

Echoing the ambient forests: the entrance to the living room and bedrooms; to the right lie the



Aalton, "from which different works . . . are occasionally selected for display."

The architects doubtless had heard Maire Gullichsen's stories of her student days in Paris and knew of the time when she received money from home, with instructions from her mother to buy herself a fur coat. "But they were all wearing black raincoats then," she remembers, "so I bought three Modiglianis and a small Cézanne." That first purchase was the beginning of a series of acquisitions that now spill out of the Villa Mairea, into the nearby Pori Art Museum, a handsome conversion of a nineteenth-century riverfront warehouse by Christian Gullichsen, the son who became an architect.

The house, so rich in artwork and so open in plan, never looks like a vast, impersonal gallery where the inhabitants could become secondary to their possessions. One reason for this is that the large living area is furnished for comfort. Each person, whether one among many guests or the solitary resident, is sure of finding ease. Maire Gullichsen credits her good friend the architect Aino Aalto for this. Her practical, concerned—some say motherly—nature, which complemented her husband's boyish flamboyance until her death, in 1949, is well documented in the furnishings of the Villa Mairea.

"The house is so big," Maire Gullichsen remembers Aino saying, "you need to sit comfortably." So, she advised against too much use of her husband's small-scale, thin-framed furniture. These pieces appear only as accessories to intimate groupings created by large sofas, ample club chairs, built-in benches, and

"When you design a window, imagine your girlfriend looking out."

lacy but generous bamboo chairs. The natural linen, grass cloth, silk, and wool textiles, with their subtle patterns and neutral colors, add to the reassuring calmness of the interior. In her bedroom upstairs, Maire Gullichsen points to the crisp cotton curtains with their wildflower pattern—another of Aino Aalto's

Left: Main entrance, with peepholes in door and steps of local stone.

Below: The library, full of books, art, and light.



homely, unpretentious touches. The Gullichsens first saw the completed Villa Mairea in photographs sent them while they were visiting the New York World's Fair in 1939 and celebrating Aalto's Finnish Pavilion. "It looked like a place I wanted to live in," Maire Gullichsen recalls. So it proved; the house has not been redecorated in forty-five years.

The one remaining member of the quartet that produced the Villa Mairea, Maire Gullichsen nowadays spends summers in the south of France, while her house receives thousands



The dining room, with a Léger and oven-fireplace to warm food.

of visitors. At other times, during the fall and winter, the showplace becomes the family's home once again. Holiday visitors, often numbering a score, fill the house with company. A testimony to the architects' ability to design an adaptable space is the fact that the extended family is as well accommodated as the original five people for whom it was built. Even with large groups, the Villa Mairea continues to respect private and shared activities with its enclosed library, office, and studio and open music room, living room, and dining room, downstairs; as well as its "children's department," as Maire Gullichsen calls the upstairs, with its amply proportioned central hall, which functions as a common play area, with the surrounding decks and bedrooms for quiet retreats. Here are the signs of the new generation's artistic talents. Displays of the grandchildren's drawings have been arranged by Maire Gullichsen with the same effortless style and sense of proportion she lavishes on her favorite Toulouse-Lautrecs.

In addition to being a setting for everyday living and art collecting, the Villa Mairea is also a place to work. Maire Gullichsen's involvement with organizing art exhibits, producing catalogues for these, and advising the art school she established reveals an active life that fits perfectly into its environment. The house "is a place where you want to work," she says, and it's easy to see evidences of this. There are, for instance, many surfaces for putting things on, for organizing them; there are many places where reading, research, and layouts can be done. And everywhere the eye rests, the creative imagination is challenged by an intriguing book title, a photogenic dust jacket, a segment of a sculpture, a vase, a drawing.

Aside from these, it is the precious northern light that brings in the energy. "The sun gives me hope," says Maire Gullichsen, as she remembers the dark days when her husband and eldest daughter passed away. The house, full of light, continues to reassure its lone inhabitant by making her witness to the cycle of life. It is her to pay attention to the many changes and moments that can bring. As she watches the firelight tawny liquid of the delicate sherry glasses, the sounds, scents, and forms that make their way with each season at the Villa Mairea. □

Susan S. Szenasy wrote about the Villa Mairea in her own house in the September 1984 issue of





THE TIFFANY COLLECTION

A REASSURING STATEMENT ABOUT
THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE



PHOTOGRAPH BY KENRO IZU

The dazzle of diamonds shown here—fifteen pieces ranging in price from \$50,000 to \$3 million—is the work of Tiffany & Co.'s own staff of designers, an anonymous group working on the premises, which has given the firm's name much of its authority. It's an authority a little shaken recently, but change is in the air, and the direction indicated is back up into the rare atmosphere at the top. This diamond collection, photographed entire for the first time, is described by Tiffany's reigning chairman, William Chaney, as a statement of the firm's intention to offer only the best. Besides, says John Loring, the design director, "Tiffany has always had very important diamond jewelry." Certainly this particular collection epitomizes everything the name suggests: "the finest in materials, design, and craftsmanship," as Loring puts it. The brilliant-cut necklace crossing the center of the picture represents a patient accumulation of flawless stones, all of the same size, ranging from one carat to the ten-carat stone at its center. The garland-shaped necklace at upper left, over 300 carats, achieves a more delicate splendor, while the cascading necklace at upper right contains 173 stones with a total weight of 173 carats. The numbers are dizzying as they add up, but the impression this collection makes is of a reassuringly steady hand. No straining for effect, no swaggering attention-seeking. These jewels will look as splendidly as they do now. □

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

DANCERS WHO DEFINED THE ROMANTIC STYLE LIVE ON GRACEFULLY IN PRINTS

BY DALE HARRIS

Ballet, only twenty-five years ago a minority interest, is today so much a part of popular culture that portraits of Baryshnikov and Nureyev are found in poster shops alongside those of James Dean, Mick Jagger, and Humphrey Bogart. The oldest balletomane cannot remember a time when there was such widespread admiration for dance.

Yet a hundred and fifty years ago, dance was as popular as it is today. During the 1830s and 1840s, dance fever raged through the whole of Europe, reaching Saint Petersburg and Moscow and spreading westward across the Atlantic. Prints of dance stars, produced either independently or as sheet-music covers, were issued in every European center of dance and sold well. In her early days, Queen Victoria, like thousands of her subjects, collected ballet prints. In the United States, where such keepsakes were also highly popular, they were frequently pirated quite shamelessly from European originals, by firms like that of Nathaniel Currier. Today these prints strike us as charming souvenirs of the time and are eagerly sought out by collectors of nineteenth-century memorabilia as well as by dance fans. They are also the only visual record we possess of a vanished phase of ballet history. Without them, we would know much less about the aesthetic ideals of Romantic ballet.

It is hard to compare the dance boom of the early nineteenth century with the one in our own time. Sociological and demographic changes—not to mention the arrival of film and television—have vastly enlarged the audience for all the arts. But

there are striking similarities. Then, as now, the public took its bearings from the stars. In 1961 a radically new phase of dance was inaugurated by the arrival in the West of a performer astonishingly different from any we were used to at the time: Rudolph Nureyev, a star male virtuoso, then twenty-three years old and possessed of an almost demonic energy. Similarly, in 1827, a new phase of the art was inaugurated by the arrival on the Parisian scene of Marie Taglioni, a star ballerina, also twenty-three years old and a virtuoso, who could dance more securely on her

pointes—at that time a novel accomplishment—than any of her contemporaries and who did so, moreover, without any visible effort.

With Taglioni's triumphant debut at the Paris Opéra, in a special number inserted into the ballet *Le Sicilien*, the female dancer began to exercise a power over the imagination of the public previously enjoyed almost exclusively by men: above all, Gaetano Vestris (1728–1808) and his illegitimate son Auguste (1760–1842), both of whom had earned the title "God of the Dance." Taglioni's

success at the Paris Opéra was so great that it eventually brought about a revolution in taste. Outside of Russia and Denmark, male dancing fell into a state of neglect that lasted from about the middle of the century until 1909, when the arrival in Paris of Diaghilev, with Nijinsky, Fokine, and Bolm, redressed the balance overnight. Today, though the star ballerina has by no means vanished, the male once again dominates the dance scene, incarnating not only superhuman virtuosity and stamina but also the kind of masculine grace for which society otherwise finds little room.

Marie Taglioni supplied the age with a new emblem of womanhood. In the many prints of the dancer published during the twenty years between her debut and her retirement from the theater, in 1847, she is presented in terms of a virginal femininity highly sympathetic to the early nineteenth century. Merely touching the earth with the tips of her delicate feet, wreathed vaporously in muslin skirts, she seems a creature about to dissolve

The first American dancer to win European fame, Augusta Maywood bowed in Philadelphia in 1837 at age twelve. The print, "La Petite Augusta," was issued soon afterward.





Glorifying the Romantic ballerina: when Fanny Cerrito first danced in London, in 1840, she astonished the public by her command of air at will. In J. S. Templeton's print, published that year, she is not so much depicted as evoked. Despite the ethereal quality of the image, Cerrito was in fact a well-rounded, voluptuous figure and was nicknamed "the little realist."



When in 1846 Cerrito seemed about to cross the Atlantic, Nathaniel Currier—not to be joined by Ives until 1857—was ready to cash in on the excitement. Having no portrait of Cerrito at hand, he simply copied a French print of another ballerina and substituted Cerrito's name. Unfortunately for Currier, Cerrito had no desire to leave Europe and never arrived here.

into the surrounding air, the element that is her true home.

Taglioni brought something new to ballet. Not conventionally pretty, she sought, and found, inner beauty. By eliminating all signs of effort from her dancing, she communicated a harmony that struck her audiences as less corporeal than spiritual. Under the tutelage of her father, the distinguished ballet master Filippo Taglioni, she overcame certain imperfections of physique. By the standards of her time, she was too thin, her arms, hands, and neck too long. By carefully rounding her elbows, curving her wrists, and holding her head slightly to one side, she mitigated the faults of nature, placing herself in a unique stylistic category.

Instead of overt provocation, then considered part of the ballerina's appeal, she offered decorum, maidenly modesty, delicacy of feeling. No doubt for these reasons, she was Queen Victoria's favorite dancer. In due course she came to personify the imaginative sensibility of her time, the spirit of Romanticism made manifest in dance, as Théophile Gautier (the poet,

dance critic, and colibrettist of *Giselle*) was quick to recognize. In her most famous roles she represented a vision of perfection unattainable on earth, the ideal toward which man at his finest aspires. Rising upon her toes, she seemed less to be employing technical skill than shaking off the limitations of earthly existence.

In 1831, in Meyerbeer's opera *Robert le Diable*, she played the ghost of a lapsed abbess, who in a moonlit ruined cloister leads a band of equally ghostly lapsed nuns in a sinister dance. Though the ballet was an enormous success and came to represent an important aspect of French Romanticism, the part of a wanton—even a spectral wanton—proved uncongenial to her, and she quickly abandoned it and most other roles that seemed to associate her with the earth. Luckily, in her next role, that of a sylph in love with a young man of flesh and blood, she had an assignment at once congenial and artistically fulfilling. Taglioni's performance in *La Sylphide*, as her father's new work for the season of 1832 was called, carried her fame around the world and permanently af-

fected the course of ballet. As the hapless, ethereal creature who alights on the branches of trees, flutters around her beloved, and at one point disappears up a chimney to escape detection, she became the first of a long line of otherworldly creatures who act as intermediaries between the mortal and the supernatural orders.

In *La Sylphide* Taglioni exploited to the full the implications of her style: aerial, chaste, even sexless—feminine rather than female. Her costume, with its simple, decorous bodice and its bell-shaped skirt of layered muslin, soon became the standard for denizens of the spirit world, whether sylphs, nixes, undines, or wilis. Nine years later, the ghostly *Giselle* of act 2 wore it, and in 1907 Michel Fokine used the image to summon up the long-vanished world of Romanticism in *Chopiniana*—which was later renamed, in a tribute to Taglioni's art, *Les Sylphides*. Prints of Taglioni in her famous role were produced in Paris, Vienna, even New York, although she herself never crossed the Atlantic. A set of six exquisite lithographs, taken from paintings by the Royal Academician Alfred E.



The epitome of otherworldly grace, Marie Taglioni first danced the title role of La Sylphide in 1832. Four years later, during her triumphant five-year visit to Russia, the artist A. E. Chalon and lithographer R. J. Lane captured her essential spirit, lifting her into the blue sky, her natural habitat, far from the mists that darken the earth.

light of her renown, she suddenly found herself a dancer six years her junior: Fanny Elssler, who had already proven herself in her native Vienna, in Berlin, and in London. Her arrival in Paris immediately divided the public into factions. Not only was Elssler an extraordinary dancer; she was utterly different in style from Taglioni. What the latter lacked, she supplied. Spirited rather than spiritual, a dramatic actress rather than the incarnation of transcendent longing, earthly rather than ethereal, Elssler reawakened the audience's appetite for dancing as an expression of human warmth. Technically brilliant but invariably graceful, she specialized in roles and situations that called for a sense of character and exotic locality. Thus she danced ballet versions of national dances like the Polish *cracovienne*, the Austrian *styrienne*, the Italian *tarantella*, and the Spanish *bolero*, *zapateado*, and—her greatest success—*cachucha*. In comparing the rivals, Gautier associated Taglioni with cool, shaded valleys and Elssler with marble palaces flooded with sunlight. Summing up their differences, he called Taglioni a Christian and Elssler a pagan dancer.

Even Taglioni was not immune to the influence of the young Viennese. In 1838, after leaving the Paris Opéra for Russia, she successfully created the title role in *La Gitana*, choreographed for her by her father, in which she played the part of a girl brought up by the gypsies. But Taglioni's own influence was no less powerful: after her departure from Paris, Elssler took over *La Sylphide*, pleasing Gautier but not the older dancer's admirers, who complained that Elssler lacked spirituality.

Elssler's greatest successes occurred at the outer limits of the early-nineteenth-century dance world: in the United States and Cuba between 1840 and 1842, and in Russia between 1848 and 1851. The first great dancer to visit America, Elssler was fêted wherever she went. In Boston, her admirers included Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Margaret Fuller; in Washington, John Quincy Adams and President Martin Van Buren, who in-

vited her to the White House. So popular was she in the capital that during the fourth of her five appearances there in July 1840, the House of Representatives could not muster a quorum until after her performance. In New York, Nathaniel Currier published her likeness on more than a dozen prints and music covers. By the time Elssler returned to Europe, she had earned what in those days was the considerable fortune of \$140,000 (almost \$10 million today), a sum she augmented in Russia, where she also received gifts of jewelry.

Though Taglioni and Elssler were the most widely celebrated ballerinas of their time, they were not without peers. Three other dancers were generally agreed to be in the same class: Lucile Grahn (1819–1907), Fanny Cerrito (1817–1909), and Carlotta Grisi (1819–99). Grahn, Denmark's first international ballerina, was a pupil of the great choreographer August Bournonville, whose version of *La Sylphide* she created in Copenhagen in 1836 at the age of seventeen. After leaving Denmark to escape Bournonville's unwelcome attentions, she danced with great success in many German cities, as well as in Paris, London, and Saint Petersburg. After her retirement, she turned to choreography and assisted Richard Wagner with the

staging of the world premieres of *Das Rheingold* and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

Cerrito, a blond, blue-eyed Neapolitan, was admired all over Europe for her ebullient, warm personality, especially in the ballets *Ondine* and *La Vivandière*, which were created for her. Of her Paris debut in 1847, Gautier wrote, "She radiates a sense of happiness, brilliance, and smiling ease which know neither labor nor weariness." But unlike most critics of the time, he found her lacking in precision and a sense of style. About Grisi, on the other hand, he had nothing but good to say: "It is impossible to dance with greater perfection, vigor, and grace, with a profounder sense of rhythm and time, with happier or more smiling features." She was in his view the first dancer in Europe, combining the astounding lightness of Taglioni with the alluring warmth of Elssler. With her in mind, he helped to devise the character of Giselle: in act 1 a jilted village girl, in act 2 a wraith doomed to return to her grave at dawn.

In the summer of 1845, Benjamin Lumley, the manager of His Majesty's Theater, in London, persuaded the four great ballerinas under contract to him that season—Taglioni, Grisi, Cerrito, and Grahn—to appear in the same work. The result was *Pas de Quatre*. Though given only four performances in 1845 and a further two in 1847 (with Carolina Rosati replacing Grahn), it became, with *La Sylphide* and *Giselle*, the most acclaimed ballet of the age, a celebration of the female dancer as Romantic ideal. During the 1847 season at His Majesty's, which saw Taglioni's farewell to the stage, the young soprano Jenny Lind made her sensational debut. In 1850, under the management of P. T. Barnum, she arrived in New York, where she quickly became a national heroine. The future belonged to the more robust world of opera. After Elssler's retirement, in 1851, ballet in the United States and western Europe went into an eclipse and began to re-emerge only with the advent of the Diaghilev company, which opened in Paris twelve days after the death of the ninety-two-year-old Fanny Cerrito. By then, of course, the camera had long since taken over from the engravers. □

Dale Harris teaches dance history at New York University.

Fanny Elssler, daughter of Haydn's valet, created the title role in *La Gypsy in Paris* in 1839; she was applauded for her character dancing in the lively *cracovienne*.



IN HER DECOROUS BODICE AND SIMPLE, BELL-SHAPED SKIRT,
THE ROMANTIC BALLERINA MIGHT PLAY ALL MANNER OF SPIRITS: SYLPHS, NIXES, WILIS, UNDINES.



The climax of Romantic ballet and the cult of the ballerina: the famous Pas de Quatre. In 1845, four of the greatest dancers came together at the height of the London season to vie for the public's approval. In the exquisite Chalon print that commemorates the event, Marie Taglioni is in the center, with Cerrito behind her, Carlotta Grisi left, and Lucile Grahn right.

SPECIAL DELIVERIES

A sampler of holiday treats, homegrown in America

By Allison Engel and Margaret Engel

Photographs by David Hamsley

When we think of Christmas feasting, we recall the lavish descriptions of Charles Dickens, who wrote of "mighty bowls of wassail, red-hot chestnuts, immense twelfth-cakes and bubbling mince pies." But we need not travel to historic villages in Europe to obtain the special foods that tap childhood memories. The best is here. Rich cakes, well-aged cheeses, fresh smoked salmon, hand-pulled peppermint sticks, and sugar-glazed pecans: all these and more are lovingly produced by small, family-run businesses. Operating in towns like South Lyndeboro, New Hampshire, and Velarde, New Mexico, these food makers send their specialties anywhere in the United States—a welcome service for all who

cringe at the thought of braving throngs of holiday shoppers.

These companies have not tinkered with their age-old recipes. The fluffy almond macaroons and crunchy wine biscuits are exactly as they've been since the turn of the century. In the case of the newer firms, traditional methods have been resurrected for turning out high-quality wine vinegars or choice, fat smoked oysters. These foods are more than one-of-a-kind gifts. By evoking fondly remembered tastes, they deliver memories as well.

Allison Engel and Margaret Engel are the authors of Food Finds: America's Best Local Foods and the People Who Produce Them.

Panforte di Mendocino

Margaret S. Fox, an inventive California chef, looked at the heavy, dark fruitcakes with candied fruit on the market and decided to improve upon them by baking *panforte*—Italian nut cake—using native American nuts. Her cakes are light in color, chewy, and dusted with confection-

er's sugar. They come in four varieties: almond, hazelnut, walnut, and macadamia nut. All are rich and made for serving with espresso or dessert wines. They come in twenty-two-ounce wheels, wrapped in colored cellophane.

Almond and walnut *panforte* are

\$16.50, hazelnut \$17.50, and macadamia-nut \$19, including shipping costs. Master Card, Visa, American Express, and personal checks are accepted. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. Cafe Beaujolais Bakery, Box 730, Mendocino, CA 95460; (707) 964-0292.



Di Camillo's Biscotti di Vino

These coffee-color biscuits sprinkled with sesame seeds are meant for serving with wine. They have a crunch and a flavor that are unequalled. Sweeter than their counterparts in Italy (to please American tastes), they are a natural with fruit. The biscuits come from a family-operated Italian bakery in Niagara Falls. The Di Camillo's distinctive three-color tins are becoming as famous as the wine biscuits, and,

happily, the contents more than deserve their handsome containers.

A one-pound-ten-ounce tin of biscuits costs \$12.50. There is a \$1.50 postage charge per order. Master Card, Visa, American Express, and personal checks are accepted. Allow two weeks for delivery. Di Camillo Baking Company, Inc., 811 Linwood Avenue, Niagara Falls, NY 14305; (716) 282-2341.



Santa Barbara Olive Company Olives

These delicious olives, marinated in several pungent brines and ranging from green to black, are packed in cratelike boxes. A bottle of cold-pressed, unrefined extra-virgin olive oil is included. The black olives, picked ripe instead of green, then packed in a brine, are lighter in color and flavor than those in Greek or Italian markets. The green olives come in a garlicky marinade with peppercorns and

herbs, a spicy Mexican version, and a Sicilian variety with red peppers.

A gift box, with four ten-ounce jars of olives and a six-ounce jar of oil, is \$19.95, including shipping costs. Master Card, Visa, personal checks, and money orders are accepted. Allow five days after receipt of order for delivery. Santa Barbara Olive Company, Inc., P.O. Box 3825, Santa Barbara, CA 93105; (805) 683-1932.

Ekone Smoked Oysters

Most smoked oysters, tinned in oil, are hardly delicacies. The hand-picked smoked mollusks from the oyster farmers Nick and Joanne Jambor, of Willapa Bay, in southwestern Washington, are another matter. The couple reserve their choicest oysters for smoking over alder wood and then vacuum-pack them without oil. The oysters are marvelous as an appetizer, sliced in pasta dishes, or eaten plain.

They come in eight-ounce packages, with a one-pound minimum order. They are sent by air delivery and must be refrigerated upon receipt. One pound of oysters costs \$22, including delivery costs. A second pound is an additional \$15. Personal checks are accepted. Allow two weeks for delivery. Ekone Oyster Company, Star Route, Box 465, South Bend, WA 98586; (206) 875-5494.



King Leo Stick Candy

Since the turn of the century, Christmas in the South hasn't been complete without a navy-blue tin of King Leo peppermint sticks, hand-pulled and twisted and made with real extracts and flavorings. Lemon, vanilla, and clove sticks are available too. The Standard Candy Company, of Nashville, Tennessee, has changed little about King Leo over the years, not even the packaging or label. The tin is embellished

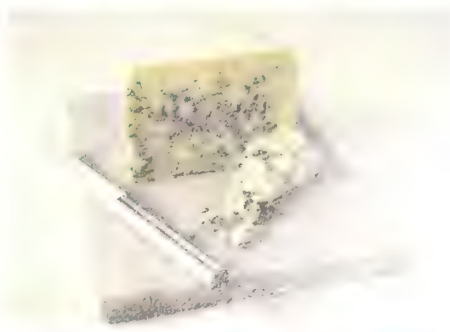
with a full-maned lion standing on his hind legs.

Two-pound tins of any flavor of candy are \$5, including shipping costs. Additional tins to the same address are \$3.95. A case of twelve tins is \$40.95. Personal checks are accepted. Allow three weeks for delivery. Standard Candy Company, P.O. Box 101025, Nashville, TN 37210; (615) 889-6360.

Maytag Blue Cheese

Iowa's Maytag Blue Cheese ranks with the best blues in the world. It is aged in a cave for at least five months—longer than most other American blues. The result is a mellow, less biting cheese that is nonetheless properly sharp. Its high moisture content means it spreads well. Maytag Blue comes in a variety of shapes, including wheels wrapped in silver foil with a smiling Holstein head on the label.

Two-pound wheels cost \$13.30, four-pound wheels \$24.25. For surface shipments in the United States except Hawaii, add \$2.25 per addressee. (Air delivery is extra.) Master Card, Visa, American Express, and personal checks are accepted. Allow three weeks or less for delivery. Maytag Dairy Farm, Rural Route 1, Box 806, Newton, IA 50208; (800) 247-2458, (800) 258-2437 (inside Iowa).





Fralinger's Almond Macaroons

Located on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, the Fralinger Company is the home of saltwater taffy and of delicate almond macaroons, made without preservatives and with an abundance of egg whites. These large, crackled-crust circles are sold by the dozen in a vintage art deco box. The company mails out the macaroons hours after they are baked. At home, they can be frozen if not eaten at once.

The macaroons, individually wrapped, cost \$4.49 per dozen and \$8.49 for a two-dozen box and require the two-pound UPS rate applicable for the destination. There is a fifty-cent handling charge per order. Master Card, Visa, and personal checks are all accepted. Allow a maximum of two weeks for delivery. Fralinger's, 1325 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, NJ 08401; (609) 345-2177.

Minerva Street Truffles

Judy Weinblatt's bell-shape truffles have creamy centers in assorted flavors (e.g., vanilla, mocha, brandy, praline, cheese-cake), dipped in milk chocolate, dark chocolate, or Belgian white chocolate. In the crowded truffles field, hers are real works of art.

Her best-selling box, the fourteen-ounce size, holds eighteen assorted truffles. An eight-ounce box holds twelve

pieces. Both come gift-wrapped and can be sent after October 15 in the North and Northeast and after November 1 in the South and West. The larger box is \$20 and the smaller box is \$12, shipping costs included. Personal checks are accepted. The truffles are shipped within two weeks of receipt of order. Minerva Street Chocolate, Inc., 1052 Olivia Avenue, Ann Arbor, MI 48104; (313) 996-4090.



Kimberley Wine Vinegars

For these outstanding vinegars Ruth and Larry Robinson use good-quality varietal wines aged naturally for months in oak casks. The results are memorable and mellow, making full-flavored dressings. There are four varieties. The Chardonnay is particularly good for light-colored seafood salads, the Cabernet and garlic Cabernet improve tossed greens, and the Sherry-wine variety adds punch to pasta salads.

They are packed in clear 375-ml bottles and sell for \$6.45 each, postpaid, from their distributor in San Francisco. Kimberley also sells cold-pressed virgin northern California olive oil for \$7.85 the 375-ml bottle, shipping costs included. Personal checks are accepted. Allow two weeks for delivery. San Francisco International Cheese Imports, 1908 Innes Street, San Francisco, CA 94124; (415) 648-5252.

Tsar Nicoulai American Golden Caviar

There is shiny black sturgeon roe; and then there is the apricot-color roe of the whitefish. Dafne and Mats Engstrom have adapted a Swedish method for processing the roe and curing it with sugar and salt, and will send it anywhere in the United States. It has a cleaner, more subtle taste than some sturgeon caviar and is emphatically cheaper. Besides, it looks lovely on a plate. The caviar comes in three-and-a-

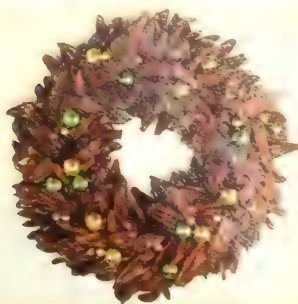
half-ounce, seven-ounce, and fourteen-ounce tubs and arrives frozen. Once thawed, it will keep for two weeks in the refrigerator. The tubs cost \$12.50, \$21, and \$36, respectively, with a \$5 shipping charge per order. Master Card, Visa, and personal checks are accepted. Allow one week for delivery. California Sunshine Fine Foods, Inc., 144 King Street, San Francisco, CA 94107; (415) 543-3007.



Herman Valdez Fruit Stand's Chili Wreaths

Here's an edible decoration that's a stunning gift. From the Valdez family of Velarde, New Mexico, which has been selling locally grown fruits, strings of garlic, chilis, gourds, and dried plants for twenty-three years, these chili-pod wreaths have dried and turned a deep, burnished red. After Christmas, the chili pods can be chopped or sliced and added to chili dishes or tamales.

Wreaths are approximately twenty-two inches in diameter and cost \$35, including shipping charges and insurance. Only Master Card, Visa, or money order is accepted. Wreaths are not shipped until early November, so that the chilis may dry. Allow a maximum of three weeks for delivery. Herman Valdez Fruit Stand, P.O. Box 218, Velarde, NM 87582; (505) 852-2129.



Gaston Dupré's Original Savannah Pralines

If you recall pralines as sugary, gritty pan-cakes of nuts and brown sugar, Emmanuel Roux's luscious glazed nuts will come as a welcome surprise. He calls them pralines, but they take the form of single coated nuts. Following a recipe from the age of Louis XIII, sugar is grilled over a hot flame, then tossed with Georgia pecans, almonds, or macadamia nuts. Gaston Dupré, by the way, is the name of Roux's

cat, and the company's fond trademark.

One-pound bags of almonds cost \$9.20, pecans \$10.20, macadamia pralines \$21.95. Add \$1.75 to each order for shipping charges. American Express, Master Card, and personal checks are accepted. Orders are mailed within ten days of receipt. Gaston Dupré, Inc., 1515 Bull Street, Savannah, GA 31401; (912) 236-9223.



North Pack Semisoft Farmstead Cheese

The dairy farmers Lowell and Edith Rheinheimer revived an old New England tradition when in 1982 they began producing farmstead cheese from the milk of their own cows. This creamy yet firm Port Salut-like cheese melts beautifully and is excellent with fruit. The name comes from North Pack Monadnock Mountain, which towers above the Rheinheimers' farm. Dipped in yellow wax, the cheese

comes in one- and five-pound wheels.

The one-pound wheels are \$7.95 west of the Mississippi River and \$7.55 to the east; the five-pound wheels are \$24.50 west of the Mississippi and \$23.35 east of the river. Prices include shipping costs. Personal checks are accepted. Allow two to three weeks for delivery. North Pack Cheese, Route 1, Box 79, South Lyndeboro, NH 03082; (603) 547-2029.



Greenberg's Smoked Turkey

At Greenberg Smoked Turkeys, a forty-four-year-old Tyler, Texas, company, it takes four and a half days to smoke a turkey. The extra time produces an incredibly moist, succulent bird that is savored down to the carcass, which can be used for making stock. Smoked over hickory, a Greenberg turkey has a dark-brown skin and is slightly salty. Word-of-mouth advertising is so effective that the company doesn't

bother with more than an annual notice in the local newspaper.

Turkeys usually weigh six to fifteen pounds and sell for \$2.55 a pound, plus postage. Customers can send personal checks for a turkey in the size they prefer. The company will bill for postage. Allow two weeks for delivery. Greenberg Smoked Turkeys, P.O. Box 4818, Tyler, TX 75712; (214) 595-0725.



Latta's Canned Smoked Salmon

If you like the idea of giving salmon on a stocking-stuffer scale, try the Pacific red salmon canned for the Latta family of Newport, Oregon. Only large chunks of either chinook or blueback variety are used, and the result is a lightly salted, rich salmon that bears little resemblance to the salty, bone-filled versions that make canned salmon seem fitter for feline than for human use.

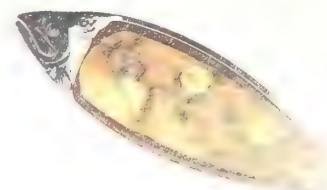
It comes in two sizes—a 3 1/4-ounce tin for \$4.50 and a 5 1/2-ounce tin for \$6.50. Prices are better for multiples. Six of the smaller tins cost \$21.95, and a half dozen of the larger tins costs \$32.95. All prices include shipping costs. MasterCard, Visa, American Express, and personal checks are accepted. Allow two weeks for delivery. Latta's of Oregon, P.O. Box 1377, Newport, OR 97365; (503) 265-3238.



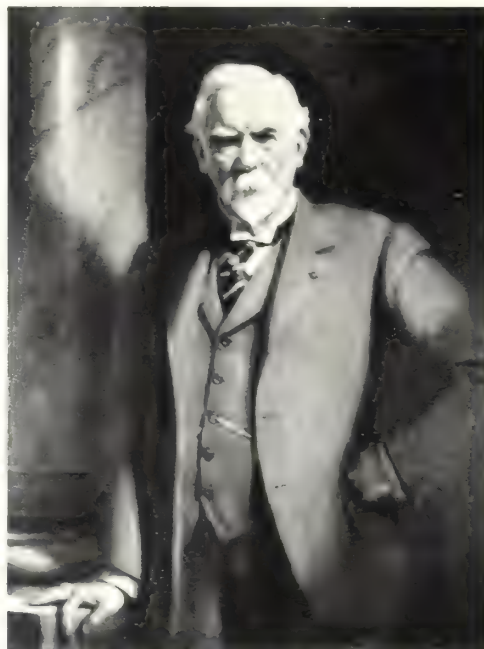
Russ & Daughters Smoked Fresh Salmon

For the ultimate food gift, little can top a side of smoked salmon. Russ & Daughters, a fish emporium on Manhattan's Lower East Side, has half a dozen varieties of salmon from around the world, which may be sliced, iced, and sent anywhere in the United States overnight. The most magnificent presentation is a side of salmon from the Gaspé Peninsula, removed from its skin, sliced wafer thin, then reassembled.

Sides of Gaspé salmon weigh from four to eight pounds and sell for \$21 a pound, plus shipping. A stainless-steel platter is an additional \$95. Personal checks are accepted, with a deposit or bank-card numbers required in advance. Shipping is done overnight, but a week's notice before delivery date is advisable. Russ & Daughters, 179 East Houston Street, New York, NY 10002; (212) 475-4880.



COLLECTIVE GENIUS



Father and son: William (1819-94) and Henry (1848-1931)—painted posthumously.

The importance of the Walters Art Gallery



The main hall of the Walters Art Gallery.

By Dale Harris



Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, New York's Frick Collection, Williamstown's Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute—these are some of the small museums of remarkable distinction in this country that originated in—and in some cases preserve without alteration—the hoard of art objects amassed by a single collector or family of collectors. The holdings of such museums clearly reflect the interests of their progenitors, some being more single-minded in taste than others. The Hirshhorn, in Washington, D.C., for example, is notable principally for its late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century sculpture, just as the Barnes Foundation, outside Philadelphia, is worth visiting largely for its dazzling array of paintings by French masters of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But while most of such small museums in this country have a somewhat wider scope than these two, none can boast the range and sweep of Baltimore's Walters Art Gallery, now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary as a public institution.

Comprehensiveness, of course, is no guarantee of quality. What makes the Walters so impressive is the combination of catholicity and discrimination it reveals, the way it brings together in a relatively modest space a survey of fine and applied arts that in cities like London, Vienna, and Munich would be parceled out among half a dozen institutions, each with a different mandate.

About the quality of the collection there can be no doubt. The Walters has a significant number of works that by any

standard must be considered masterpieces: Hugo van der Goes's late-fifteenth-century *Portrait of an Unknown Man*, Manet's *At the Cafe*, a highlight of the recent exhibition of the artist's work at the Metropolitan; the grave and infinitely touching ivory *The Virgin with the Standing Christ Child*, made in the Netherlands around 1400, the Rubens Vase, carved with astonishing virtuosity from a single piece of agate at the beginning of the fifth century (see *Connoisseur*, July 1984); the K'ang Hsi Peach Bloom Vase, in terms of shape and color a study in perfection; the Conradin Bible, a manuscript from the thirteenth century, containing a treasury of illumination.

One could go on thus through areas as diverse as armor, sculpture, stained glass, portrait miniatures, Roman sarcophagi, Russian icons, Renaissance bronzes, textiles, Sèvres porcelain, netsuke, painted enamels of Limoges, and jewelry. There are, besides, certain extremely rare items such as the group of twenty-two silver liturgical objects from the sixth century, discovered near Antioch in Syria in 1910, one of the few complete early-Christian altar services in existence and the most remarkable in quality. Since most of these fields are well represented at the Walters it would be possible to gain a broad-based understanding of world art simply by studying the museum's contents.

For the impressive breadth of those contents, a single person is responsible, Henry Walters, who, though he did not start it, gave the collection its lasting character. He did, however, have something solid to build upon: an extensive, if narrowly focused, group of artworks gathered by his father, William Thompson Walters (1819–94), the son of a small-town postmaster who, investing in shipping, railroads, and banks, prospered exceedingly. One of the familiar band of tough-minded nineteenth-century figures who took bold advantage of the opportunities offered by an open, burgeoning society—after the Civil War, for example, he bought up bankrupt railway lines and formed the powerful Atlantic Coast Line Railroad—William quickly developed a passion for art. Indeed, he claimed to have spent the first five dollars he ever made on a painting: E. A. Odier's *Napoleon Crossing the Alps*, a subject of inspirational value, no doubt, to a young man with ambitions as large as his.

Initially a major patron of contemporary American art—most of which he later sold—he developed in due course an overriding interest in the French academic school of his day, building up a huge collection that included works by artists like

Gleyre, Couture, and Gérôme, many of whom he got to know. With time he became more adventurous and bought paintings by Delacroix, Millet, Rousseau, and Troyon; he even commissioned a pair of watercolors from Honoré Daumier. Among his greatest enthusiasms was the contemporary French sculptor Antoine-Louis Barye, who, like many of the artists William admired, is now returning to critical favor. Of more unquestioned distinction is the huge group of Oriental porcelains, including the extraordinary Peach Bloom Vase, which he began to amass after 1862 and which by 1884 amounted to more than four thousand pieces.

William's son Henry, born in 1848, had already started collecting in a serious way before his father's death, in 1894. An extremely self-effacing man who abhorred publicity of any sort, Henry was in many respects an even more astute businessman than his father, eventually becoming chairman of the board of both the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad and the Safe Deposit and Trust Company of Baltimore. At the time of his death, in 1931, he was widely reputed to be the richest man in the South and was reputed to have spent over \$1 million each year on works of art.

While the figure is by no means improbable in light of Henry's life-style—which



Above: Claude Monet's *Springtime* (ca. 1872), bought from Mary Cassatt. Right: *The Vision of Ezekiel*, from the *Conradin Bible*, a masterpiece of thirteenth-century Sicilian illumination.



Left: Liturgical silver from the Hamah Treasure, sixth-century Byzantine. Below: Dürer's *The Omnibus* (1864)

included extensive travels on his own oceangoing yacht—and the number and quality of his acquisitions, it is nevertheless pure speculation. Determined to dissociate the sums he paid for works of art from

Art was at once comfort and self-realization.

their value, he refused to discuss money matters with anyone but the dealers who scouted out works on his behalf, and even went so far as to cut the prices out of the invoices they sent him.

Though Henry soon transformed the collection he inherited, his taste was not so much in conflict with his father's as infinitely more diverse. While he continued to search out fine examples of the work of academic painters like Gérôme and Meissonier—and at a time when their reputations had sunk precipitously—he also acquired a number of Impressionist paintings. In addition to Manet's *At the Café*, he also purchased works by Alfred Sisley and Mary Cassatt, from whom he bought Degas's portrait of his cousin

Estelle Musson Balfour and Monet's *Springtime*.

Throughout his career as a collector, Henry followed not fashion or the current orthodoxies but his own, very secure taste. Nowhere is his independence of mind better revealed than in his purchase in 1902 of the entire collection owned by Don Marcello Massarenti of Rome—an enormous cache of over fifteen hundred antiquities and paintings, which Henry brought to this country in a chartered steamer, after donating to the Italian government a Raphael, a Giorgione, and a Philippe de Champaigne (all of them, incidentally, fakes) in lieu of a 21 percent export tax.

Though the cognoscenti of the time believed the Massarenti collection to consist of little but third-rate pieces and counterfeits, it was actually full of highly important works, especially among the antiquities. These included no fewer than seven marble sarcophagi from the second century A.D., all superbly carved in high relief with depictions of Bacchic celebrations, which had been found eighteen years earlier, in a single tomb on the Via Salaria in Rome.

The Massarenti paintings, over five hundred in number, were ridiculed by the great German art historian and curator Wilhelm von Bode as containing no world masterpieces. In reality, they included a great many works, often by significant, little-known painters, whose importance is more widely recognized today than it was in 1902. Henry was generations ahead of his time in taste. The pictures he chose gave his collections both richness of texture and scholarly depth. For example, as a group, the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian paintings he obtained from

Massarenti are unsurpassed, in the view of at least one distinguished expert, Denys Sutton, "by any other in American public collections, except those in the National Gallery of Art." Among these pictures is a fragment of a cross from the school of Spoleto depicting the Virgin in tears, a late-twelfth-century work thought to be the oldest Italian painting in this country.

Another group of paintings from Don Massarenti whose significance is now more widely acknowledged consists of sixteenth-century Mannerists, a school in which the Walters is stronger than any other museum in the country—especially since they have been augmented by several canny acquisitions in the last few years. One of the most striking works came into the collection only a few years ago: a large, vividly stylized *Jacob's Dream*, by Giorgio Vasari, the first chronicler of art and the architect of the Uffizi, in Florence, but also a fascinating, complex painter.



On the other hand, the Walters Art Gallery has no Cimabue Crucifixes, Michelangelo *Pietàs*, Leonardo drawings of the human body, or Rembrandt *Danaës*. Neither does it have any contemporary art, or any real representation of the twentieth century. It has marvels on display by the hundred, but none of the kind that draw international throngs. Apart from the sheer range of its possessions, the great strength of the Walters is its ability to offer groups of related works in many different fields, so that one piece casts light on another, allowing the viewer to observe both continuity and change within a particular area of art.

To Henry, as to his father, art was at once a comfort and a means of self-realization. As early as 1872, William began to open his collection to artists, and seven



Above: Hugo van der Goes, Portrait of a Donor with Saint John the Baptist. Right: The Peach Bloom Vase. Below: Gérôme's The Duel after the Masquerade.

years later he invited the general public to his house on Baltimore's elegant Mount Vernon Place on payment of fifty cents, which he donated to the poor of the city. In 1884 he built a proper gallery behind his house, with a bridge to link the two, and he began to issue catalogues of the ever-growing collection. Twenty-four years later, Henry put up a new and larger gallery in Renaissance-revival style in order to accommodate the Massarenti works. In 1974, a new, large wing was opened, thus enabling some 60 percent of the museum's collection to be seen for the first time. Today, most of the paintings are housed in the old gallery, composed of solidly built rooms with heavy moldings and the atmosphere of a late-nineteenth-century gentlemen's club, while the rest of the collection is displayed in the modern annex, a succession of constantly changing, subtly lighted spaces, often on different levels. In passing from one to another, the visitor catches glimpses of daylight from huge plate-glass windows that elsewhere are ingeniously screened to protect the works of art from direct light.

In 1931, still actively collecting art objects of all kinds for his gallery, Henry died. Having married only in 1922, when he was seventy-four, he was childless. As a member of the board of trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, to which he had made several handsome—though largely anonymous—bequests, he was confidently expected to leave his artworks to that institution. Instead, he left

them to the city of Baltimore (a city that he visited only to attend board meetings) "for the benefit of the people," along with his house and an endowment for the upkeep of his bequest, though the sum has long since proved insufficient for that purpose. Today the museum is funded by a combination of private and public monies. Compared to what other museums of its quality have to spend, its annual acquisitions fund is absurdly low, under \$100,000.

The size of that fund does not dishearten the museum's present director, Robert P. Bergman, a medievalist and former professor of art history at Harvard, under whose leadership the museum has increased its role in the community by instituting an extensive educational program. He has succeeded in making it less daunting than it once was. Bergman believes that the basic task of the gallery, however, is to refine its basic collection, amplifying it wherever possible, but only in the spirit of Henry's acquisitions—if not at Henry's prodigious rate. "This is a great collection," he says. "We need to respect its past history and build on that—it is, above all, a living collection." As evidence of the policy that guides the gallery, he adduces the acquisition during the last eighteen months of two Nimrud ivories and, even more to the point, of a painting on panel of Saint Nicholas by Jacob de Punder, a fine Netherlandish artist of the sixteenth century. What Bergman finds so satisfying about the new work is that it turns out to be the missing half of a picture of Abbot Nichola à Spira, which Henry bought in 1909. X rays of both panels confirmed the identification by revealing, under each of the portraits, complementary halves of a single Annunciation. Thus the abbot has



been reunited in a single frame with his patron saint for the first time in at least seventy-five years, probably a great deal longer. "That," Bergman says, "is exactly what a gallery like the Walters should be doing." □

The Walters Art Gallery, located at 600 North Charles Street in Baltimore, is open to the public daily except Mondays.



A SINGULAR --- TASTE



Henry Walters
personally
assembled one
of the world's
greatest jewelry
collections

By Andrea DiNoto
Photographs by Olof Wahlund

When Henry Walters visited the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, he was so beguiled by a spectacular jewelry exhibit called "Objets et Bijoux d'Art," which displayed the work of René Lalique, that he bought almost every piece. In one apparently impulsive gesture, an inconspicuous gentleman from Baltimore thus acquired some of the most avant-garde French designs of the new century. Five of these pieces are included in the traveling exhibition "Objects of Adornment: Five Thousand Years of Jewelry from the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore," which opened at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum on October 16.

The exhibition, celebrating the gallery's fiftieth anniversary, presents a rare opportunity for those who don't often get to Baltimore to see 213 masterpieces from a jewelry collection that is one of the greatest in the world. That the collection is little known outside art-history circles is due in part to the fact that until 1979 it was never fully exhibited, and in part to the self-effacing personality of the collector, who in the course of a long life acquired the thousands of items from which this highly selective exhibition is drawn.

Henry Walters was groomed from childhood in connoisseurship. His father expected him and his sister Jenny to sketch works of art and write essays on art-related sights and experiences during their world travels together. The family spent the Civil War years in Paris, where, as a young man, Henry gained substantial introduction to the world of European art, art dealers, and collecting, proving to be an instinctive and astute collector, who continued to build on the enormous acquisitions his father had been assembling since the 1850s.

Reticent in his taste as well as his person, Henry Walters was attracted to small, finely wrought objects best appreciated at close range. People meeting him for the first time often wondered if something was wrong with his left hand, for he kept it in his coat pocket. Closer acquaintances knew that Walters was simply fiddling with a recent acquisition—some priceless, tiny jewel or carving, or perhaps the seven perfectly matched pearls he often carried. This taste for the small and precious led in one short step to his fascination with jewelry and to his building a collection of extraordinary quality and breadth.

It is a tribute to the remarkable catholicity of Walters's taste that a few hundred objects collected by one man could adequately represent fifty centuries of design.

Yet this show—assembled with apparent ease—is a stunning short course in the history of the jeweler's art, a minihoard of gold and gems.

Henry Walters was an adventurous collector with a passion for completing whole categories, no matter how daunting in their enormity or obscurity. Thus he could appreciate both Renaissance and Migration jewels, those massive, comparatively crude warrior ornaments worn by the Asian horsemen who overran the Roman Empire in the fourth century A.D.

The jewels contained within the collection's phenomenal, 5,000-year span, from the protoliterate period in the ancient Near East to the turn of the twentieth cen-



Opposite: Tiffany's sapphire-and-diamond iris corsage, ca. 1900. Above: An Egyptian pendant in the form of a solid-gold falcon crowned with silver.

tury, include examples by Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, and barbarian artisans unearthed from graves and treasure hoards; rare Byzantine and medieval jewels salvaged, in many cases, from ancient drains; Renaissance pieces preserved in princely inventories; and a highly diverse assortment of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and early-twentieth-century jewels that reach an apogee in the sensual art nouveau gems of Tiffany and Lalique. Every imaginable material and technique is represented. Because the number of pieces is relatively small, the exhibition never becomes confusing or overwhelming. Visitors who wish to compare styles can span centuries merely by walking a few steps.

While the exhibition's title describes the pieces simply as "objects of adornment," the catalogue's concise introduc-

tory texts to each major period, along with its captions, are a just reminder that ancient jewelry especially is much more than pure decoration. It is an intimate sign language by which the wearer pays respect to the gods, conveys an image of wealth and power, and expresses emotional attachment to others, living and dead. Much ancient jewelry was in fact made to dress the dead in preparation for the afterlife; this accounts, of course, for the rich hoards discovered in tombs. Before coinage, jewelry was a medium of exchange, and it has always had a stronger erotic value, enhancing with its beauty the beauty of the wearer.

The earliest known form of jewelry is the amulet, an object worn for its talismanic value to protect or empower the wearer. Amulets usually represent animals, parts of animals, or deities. The oldest piece in the Walters collection is a thumbnail-size red stone frog carved in Mesopotamia in 3,000 B.C. Like the scarab, or dung beetle, popular among the ancient Egyptians, frogs, because they were thought to re-create themselves out of mud, have long symbolized eternal life. Egyptian amulets present a rather formalized panoply of deities made of many beautiful materials, including gold, lapis lazuli, rock crystal, carnelian, and the brilliant blue, self-glazing ceramic called faience. Because it changed little over thousands of years, Egyptian jewelry has been characterized by its "lively conservatism." It is easy to imagine Henry Walters delighting his friends and relatives with such objects. He never paid visits without bringing along treasures to show.

Toward the eighth century B.C., growing trade among the diverse cultures of the Indo-European world created a more cosmopolitan style. Amuletic imagery remained important, but jewelry forms became more varied and by 400 B.C. displayed a high level of craftsmanship. This can be seen in the incomparable goldwork of the Etruscans and Greeks, an area in which the Walters collection is particularly rich. Both cultures incorporated Near Eastern concepts of ornament, with a lavish use of colored stones and abstract surface motifs, along with classical realism—miniature sculptures in the round.

The Etruscans, a pleasure-loving race of traders, inhabited Etruria, on the coast of northern Italy. They left few written history, but their artistic culture highly evolved by 700 B.C. can goldsmiths specialized in

Andrea DiNoto wrote
in the June 1990

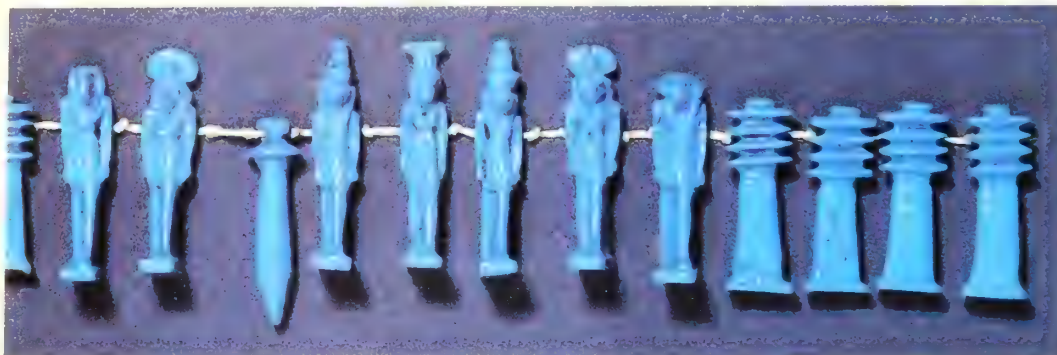
... wirework notably in this technique. The gold surface is covered with a fine granulation and patterns. For hundreds of years, scholars have been puzzled by how such fine granulation was accomplished with no trace of solder. (The secret probably lies in their use of copper alloy to lower the surface melting temperature of gold, thus enabling fusion without actual solder.) Though lost for centuries, the technique has been rediscovered several times in the past two hundred years: by the Castellani family, whose Roman workshops pro-

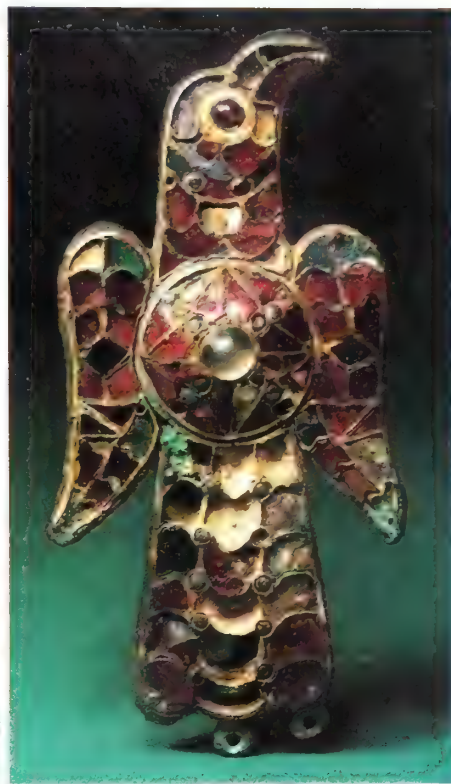
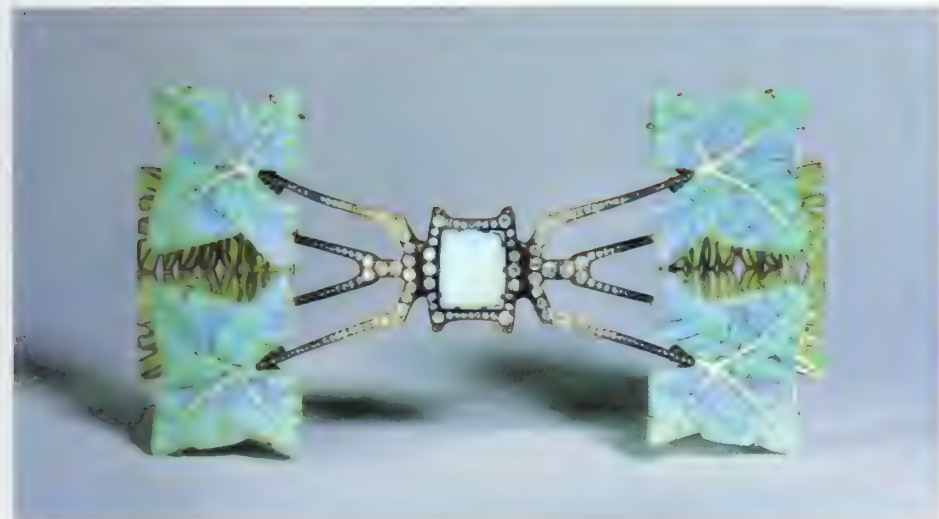
duced "archaeological" jewelry from about 1820 to the early 1900s; in 1933 by the Englishman H.A.P. Littledale; and recently in America by such craftsmen as Delphin Broussailles and the partnership of Jean Stark and Noma Copley.

One of the great masterpieces of the Walters collection is an Etruscan pendant known as a bulla. Hollow and heart-shaped, bullas were often fitted with a stopper and held perfume or a charm. The fifth-century B.C. Daedalus bulla in this exhibition is worked in repoussé to depict the mythological craftsman and his son Icarus, whose wax wings melted when he flew too near the sun.

Some scholars now speculate that Etruscan gold may in fact have been produced by itinerant Greek craftsmen in Etruria. It is well known that Greeks established many trading posts there as well as throughout the Mediterranean and as far north as the Crimea, in southern Russia. In 1891, Crimean peasants unearthed a first-century B.C. grave at what was once the important Greek trading post of Olbia. Within was the skeleton of a woman reclining on a sofa and adorned with many magnificent pieces of gold jewelry. Henry Walters purchased part of the Olbia Treasure in 1920 from a dealer in The Hague. Visitors to this exhibition will see a mag-

Left: Above, an Egyptian amuletic necklace, below, the Esterhazy marriage collar, early seventeenth century. Right: Above, Etruscan granulated-gold ornament on a braided gold rope, seventh century B.C.; below, Roman coin necklace, third century A.D.





Left: Above, Lalique tiger necklace, horn and tortoiseshell, ca. 1903; below, Lalique opal-and-diamond brooch, ca. 1903. Right: Above, opened back of a seventeenth-century French watch; below, one of a pair of eagle fibulae, Visigothic, sixth century.

nificent cuff bracelet, from a pair worn by this elegant Greek woman, inlaid with colored stones and embellished with cloisonné and granulation. It is unfortunate that the gaudily dramatic butterfly pendant necklace, probably the finest piece in the Olbia Treasure, was considered too fragile to travel—reason enough for a trip to Baltimore. In contemplating these and other Greek pieces in the exhibition the visitor should realize that the well-dressed Athenian woman normally wore a great deal of jewelry, including matching bracelets with animal-head finials in the Persian style, a gold diadem or headband encrusted with garnets (symbolizing pomegranates, the sacred fruit of Persephone), animal-head earrings, a necklace laden with pendants, garment clasps, a thigh band, a brooch, and finger rings.

Such sumptuous display was emulated by the Romans, whose style is epitomized in the combination of gold and colored stones. Much Roman jewelry is marked by

elaborate chainwork hung with large medallions made of repoussé metal, stone cameos, and coins. During a period of inflation in the third century A.D. Romans hoarded older and weightier coins as bullion. By mounting them in jewelry, they united their prodigal love of body ornament with economy. The gorgeous adjustable four-chain necklace hung with eight coin medallions, another Walters masterpiece, can be seen as not only a fine example of late Roman style but also a spectacular hedge against inflation.

When Constantine moved the capital to Constantinople, in A.D. 330, Roman jewelry was enriched by its proximity to Asian art. The jewelers of Byzantium had been elevated to a highly respected artisan class that regularly supplied the emperor with jewels to be bestowed as rewards for loyalty or commen-

dations for service. These were sometimes in the form of hefty rings given as badges of recognition, while everyday jewelry worn by women was of the utmost delicacy. Byzantine filigree earrings are among the loveliest ornaments ever created.

It is interesting to compare these refined jewels with the massive armlets and fibulae (clasps) produced at the same time by migrating hordes, mainly from Central Asia, who swarmed over the empire from about the fourth to the tenth century. Huns, Franks, Ostrogoths, Lombards, Anglo-Saxons, Vikings, and Celts were among those "barbarians" (i.e., anyone who didn't speak Greek) in whose hands the fascinating "animal" style evolved. When Henry Walters purchased the Visigothic eagle fibula seen in the exhibition from the Parisian dealer I. V. 1930, he was one of a very small number of collectors who at that time appreciated the abstract primitive art.



Throughout Henry Walters's long and presumably happy life (he left no diaries or letters), his joy in collecting never flagged. His collection of Renaissance jewelry was one of the finest ever assembled. It included a famous group of baroque pendants and the magnificent Esterházy marriage collar, a splendidly bejeweled and enameled garland in the tradition of Henry VIII's great ruby collar, supposedly worn at the marriage of Palatine Miklos Esterházy in 1611. He acquired countless examples of fine French eighteenth-century enamel work in the form of chatelaines and watches, and a wealth of sparkling rings studded with faceted diamonds. He also purchased portrait miniatures, mourning jewelry, and the best examples of Victorian archaeological jewelry in styles inspired by nineteenth-century excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Among these are the exquisite soft-turquoise-revival goldwork by Giacinto Melillo, who had worked in the Castellani workshops.

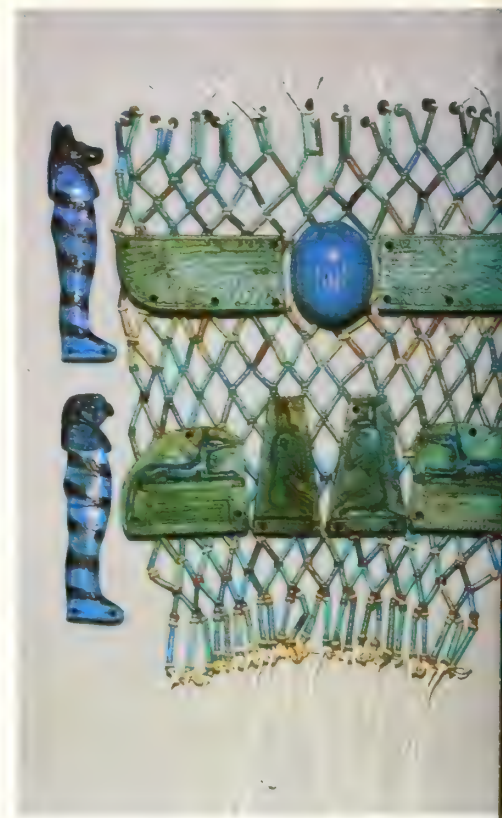
Henry Walters bought only from the two dealers in America who could often visit Tiffany & Co. in New York, where his purchases were guided by the noted gemologist George Kunz. An enthusiast of American gemstones and pearls, Kunz sold Henry Walters a large pearl

This show is a stunning short history of the jeweler's art.

conch pearl pendant mounted in a platinum-and-diamond cage. This exquisite yet restrained jewel is easily overlooked, however, beside the Tiffany iris brooch, the incomparable art nouveau corsage ornament

that he bought from the firm in 1900. The blossom, two and three-quarters inches long, is set *à jour* with 120 faceted blue American sapphires and mounted on a seven-inch etched gold stem. The purity of its concept may be compared with the dusky, mannered exoticism of Lalique's tiger necklace, in which striding cats of relief-carved horn alternate with tortoiseshell "teeth." Walters also bought pre-Columbian gold from Kunz. He was the first collector of art to do so.

Henry Walters lived to be eighty-three. Nine years before he died he married for the first time. His bride was Mrs. Pembroke-Jones, widow of his best friend. The trio had been close friends for many years, sharing the same New York apartment. Every summer they toured Europe and entertained aboard Walters's oceangoing yacht, *Narada*. According to William Johnston, associate director of the Walters Gallery, who is writing a history of the Walters family, "Pem" was a convivial extrovert who gladly assumed the role of host while his wife did the organizing. A typical cruise took the threesome and their guests up the Kiel Canal to Leningrad, where, on one trip, they anchored next to



Left: Nineteenth-century Austrian bracelet. Upper right: Syrian ring of the second millennium B.C. Lower right: Egyptian amulets found sewn on mummy wrappings.

the czar's yacht while Walters went ashore to shop at Fabergé. He came back aboard with three jeweled parasol handles bought as gifts for his nieces. These have since been returned to the gallery but unfortunately are not included in the exhibition. Neither, alas, is the only piece of jewelry Henry Walters himself ever wore: a tiepin made from a third-century B.C. Greek coin showing the head of Persephone—modest, like the man who assembled this magnificent collection. □



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THE CASE FOR VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE

It is largely irrational, depending on cachet, rarity, and faith in price trends.

By Robin Duthy



Motorists in the champagne country are alerted to the ubiquitous presence of vineyards.

Wine auctions have been held in Europe for two hundred years, providing a lively two-way market for drinkers, retailers, and, more recently, investors. Christie's pioneered such auctions in the United States ten years ago and will be holding four sales in Chicago this year. Investment interest has quickened as the spectacular performance of top vintages has become more widely known.

Any wine that improves over the long haul, like leading Bordeaux and Burgundies, has always been suitable for investment. Champagne, on the other hand, which hardly improves at all and may even deteriorate after a certain age, would seem to be totally unsuitable. Yet our index of vintage French champagnes has been climbing steeply and now stands 310 percent above its 1975 level. To beat that performance the Dow Jones would now have to be at around 3300.

Whoever eventually drinks these great wines puts a high value on the experience.

Robin Duthy is editor of the *Alternative Investment Report*.

The record price for champagne now stands at just over \$1,000 for a twelve-bottle case of Dom Pérignon 1955. Of course, anything fine and rare tends to rise in value; this applies to old-master paintings as well as to vintage champagne, but with one difference. Old masters are not consumed; vintage champagne is, and so grows rarer all the time—which explains the prices wine connoisseurs pay for France's most memorable vintages.

The champagne region lies ninety miles east of Paris and comprises 15,000 growers, with some vineyards no larger than a football field. Though these rarely change hands, the going rate for a prime vineyard is now \$50,000 an acre. Every year the vignerons sell their produce to the 120 different champagne houses that blend and market the wine. The best-known of these firms, or *grandes marques*, are Moët & Chandon, Mumm, Piper-Heidsieck, Perrier-Jouët, Taittinger, Louis Roederer, Laurent-Perrier, Lanson, Veuve Clicquot, Pommery, Bollinger, and Pol Roger. These alone account for over 80 percent of all champagne made,

and their latest vintages can be bought for between \$180 and \$360 per case. Since champagne develops better in a magnum bottle (though nothing larger), investors might well buy magnums instead. They should not, however, be tempted by the fancy packaging of "de luxe" champagnes, often costing more than twice as much as regular nonvintage champagnes. Connoisseurs regard them as mere marketing gimmicks.

French champagne's enviable reputation could not have been established by gimmicks. Its special status among sophisticated drinkers is based on something, though nobody finds it easy to explain quite what. Any liquor consumed to excess will make a person drunk, and each drink gives a distinctive kind of lift. Still, any poll of seasoned drinkers will confirm French champagne's unique ability to raise the spirits, holding them in a state of mild euphoria and returning them to earth without penalty a few hours later.

Whatever its effect, the making of champagne comes close to a miracle. It is a blend of wines from as many as forty different vineyards. Tasted on their own, many are far from pleasant; it is the skill of the blender that turns these unpromising ingredients into a drink far greater than the sum of its parts.

The wine is made principally from the white Pinot Chardonnay and the black Pinot Noir and Pinot Meunier grapes, the juice being drained off before the skins have time to color the wine. Not only is champagne a blend of grape varieties and vineyards; it is a blend of different vintages. Wine is kept in reserve from earlier years so that whatever the following harvest may bring, the big champagne houses can produce the style of champagne for which they are well known year after year. Wine made from different years will be a nonvintage champagne and must not be sold for eighteen months after it has been bottled. In practice, the leading houses keep their nonvintage wines in bottle for at least three years before shipment.

Namia Mondolfi

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INVESTOR'S FILE

If Château Pétrus '61 is worth \$4,500, isn't Dom Pérignon '55 worth \$1,000?

In some years, when weather conditions have been perfect and a maker has been able to get hold of all the wines he needs to create a memorable blend, he will declare a vintage year, sometimes as early as six months after the harvest. Because grapes harvested in that year only will go to make up the wine, the vintage will have its own special character. This is appreciated by knowledgeable drinkers, who consider worthwhile the 20 percent premium paid for such wines. French law requires that vintage wines be kept in bottle three years before being sold, but the leading houses hold them longer. The glorious 1979 vintage from Bollinger, for instance, is only now reaching the market.

The sparkle of champagne comes about because once it is inside the bottle a second fermentation takes place, encouraged by the addition of a little yeast and cane sugar. During this time, bottles are stacked upside down and turned regularly to allow the floating particles to deposit themselves in the neck.

When the fermentation has gone on long enough, the maker carries out procedures known as *dégorgement* and *dosage*. The wine in the neck of the bottle is frozen, the cork removed, and the deposit ejected. The bottle is then replenished with a dose of cane sugar dissolved in mature wine and a new cork forced in.

The size of the dose varies between 0.5 percent and 10 percent, depending on the preference of each market. Very sweet

Who Drinks French Champagne

Country	Bottles imported in 1983
Great Britain	10,021,164
United States	9,718,538
West Germany	5,335,460
Belgium	4,107,562
Italy	3,754,667
Switzerland	3,681,856
Holland	1,202,381
Canada	993,048
Australia	827,712
Venezuela	486,165



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INVESTOR'S FILE

Old masters are not
consumed; vintage champagne is,
and so grows rarer.

champagne, usually marked *doux* or *riche* on the label, is nowadays served mainly with desserts, but was once the preferred taste of czarist Russia. The taste for very dry champagne—*brut* or *dry*—originated in England, but is now widespread. Intermediate tastes are also catered to, but the terminology can be quite misleading.

About 20 percent of all champagne produced in the last ten years has been designated "vintage," and investment interest in these is growing—even though it is clear that once the *dégorgement* has removed the substances that enable the wine to develop, no significant improvement can occur.

Investing in vintage champagne is therefore largely irrational; the case rests on its cachet, rarity, and the supposition that the price trend of recent years will be maintained. It may also be argued that if a case of Château Pétrus 1961—possibly the greatest red Bordeaux of all time—is worth \$4,500 a case, then an outstanding champagne, Dom Pérignon 1955, for instance, must be worth all of \$1,000.

No champagne house would recommend keeping its vintage wines for more than ten years; indeed, the longer the bottles are kept, the more likely some are to undergo a change in taste. A case of champagne dating from before World War II would now be unlikely to yield more than six good bottles. Investing in the older vintages is a high-risk activity, and some who own them decide it's safer to sell than open them. A drinkable bottle would in any case have become a very different wine from what its makers intended—a thin, golden-yellow, barely effervescent drink, closer to a liqueur than a wine. Yet the curiosity value, the cachet, and no doubt even the taste are enjoyed by a small coterie of champagne buffs.

Nevertheless, these people alone cannot explain the remarkable rise in value. Though the consumption of champagne in the United States tripled over the last decade, the American market accounts for only 5–6 percent of all French champagne



As in this cellar at Moët & Chandon, bottles must be turned regularly.

drunk in that period. The modesty of these figures must be blamed on a failure to put across the unique character of French champagne. It may also be explained by the dominance in the imported-champagne market of the Spanish firm of Codorniu. Though its wines are a fine substitute for "real" champagne, its position is resented by the French, who consider the Spanish to be trading off the reputation they alone established.

Whereas in Europe the word *champagne* can be used to describe only wines originating from one small area of northeastern France, in the United States the seller of any sparkling white wine, however unpalatable, may and often does call his product champagne. Most Americans have therefore been under the impression that champagne is a generic term for all sparkling white wines, from which the French variety stands out as the most expensive—probably, they may have surmised, thanks to tariffs and freight costs. They once

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knew little of the expensive and complex vinification process, nor had many of them sampled French champagne alongside its California competitors. Over the last ten years, however, drinking patterns have shifted. Wines of every kind have gained ground, usually at the expense of spirits. For the last five years, though, marketing of French champagne in the United States has not been very determined, partly because there were shortages following the poor harvests in 1978, 1979, and 1981, and partly because the French expect to consume two-thirds of the 150 million bottles sold every year.

Bumper harvests in 1982 and 1983, equivalent to 295 and 300 million bottles—compared to an average of 170 million through the 1970s—have presented the Champenois with a different albeit more agreeable problem. Though there are still miles of vines left to ripen the chalk that gives champagne its individual character, another big crop this year will put pressure on many champagne makers to dispose of stocks. Any suggestion of lower prices is unlikely, however, through the winter months. For bulk orders, however, the price may be negotiable. Drink up the traditional process.

even down to the methods of pruning. They placed a ceiling on the amount of champagne that could be sold from a given weight of grapes, thereby preventing vignerons from using the poorer-quality juice obtained from the second and third squeezing of the grapes. Recently, the small vignerons, whose hard work and improved methods, combined with favorable weather, made possible two record crops in succession, benefited by an official decision to increase the required weight of grapes for the first pressing.

The equivalent of one hundred million "extra" bottles of wine has now gone into storage and will be brought out to be used in making champagne as and when poor harvests require. This, of course, gives the French authorities total flexibility. They

have cleverly preempted criticism of this move by reducing the amount of juice that may be used from a kilo of grapes, so that while the quantity reaching the market as champagne will be appreciably higher, so too will be the quality.

It remains to be seen how many of the *grandes marques* will declare 1982 and 1983 vintage years. The Code du Vin allows them to declare as "vintage" up to 80 percent of the wine made in any one year; in practice the amount declared is very much less. And since the industry sees most of the next ten years' growth coming from sales of nonvintage champagnes in North America, it will be keen to maintain the present overall balance between vintage—currently 20 percent of the total—and regular champagne.

However much becomes available, investors would be unwise to go for the 1982s and 1983s. They will be around for a long time and lack the cachet of earlier, rarer dates. For the rest, it seems the present trend will be sustained. It does not seem to matter that no case can be made for investing in vintage wines on the grounds of improving quality. A high percentage of buyers believe that the older the champagne they drink, the better it will taste. So long as people believe that, prices for older vintages should keep climbing. □

Price Movements in Vintage Champagne

	1975	1984
Krug 1952	\$155	\$950
Krug 1961	\$155	\$650
Krug 1962	\$120	\$730
Dom Pérignon 1966	\$200	\$780
Bollinger 1966	\$125	\$380
Dom Pérignon 1964	\$175	\$870

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DIAMONDS TO DIE FOR

The colossal Cullinan, the superb Koh-i-noor.

By Alan N. Owen

1 The biggest gem diamond in the world, the Cullinan, was found embedded in the side of a pit in a mine in the Transvaal in 1905. Spotted by the superintendent of the Premier Diamond Mine, the enormous stone weighed 3,025 carats, or over one and a third pounds. It measured four inches long, two inches wide, and two and a half inches high and had three natural

faces, with a base as smooth and flat as if cut with a knife, indicating that the diamond had once been part of an even larger one. It was named for Sir T. M. Cullinan, the president of the mining company, and sold to the Transvaal government, which in turn presented it to King Edward VII on his birthday as a gesture of reconciliation after the recently concluded Boer War.

To foil robbers, the stone was sent to London through the ordinary mails and presented to the king at his country estate, Sandringham. He is said to have accepted the cloudy stone, handed it to Queen Alexandra, and asked the envoys to tell the people of the Transvaal that he intended to have it set in the queen's crown.

The cutting of the stone was entrusted to the Amsterdam firm of J. J. Asscher, and two members of the Asscher family went to Buckingham Palace for discussions with the king. After months of study, it was decided that the stone should be split



The two chief Cullinans (center) belong to the crown; the next two are the queen's.

diamond would have to be split. It took Joseph Asscher a fortnight to make an incision in the stone preparatory to cleaving it; finally, on February 10, 1908, he placed the cleaving blade on the stone and tapped it with a heavy rod. The blade broke, but not the stone. At the second attempt, it split, as planned, into two parts, one of 1,977.5 carats, the other of 1,040 carats. The heroic Mr. Asscher collapsed in a dead faint.

After eight months of cutting, recutting, and polishing, the Cullinan yielded nine remarkable blue-white gems of the highest purity, called Cullinan I through IX, but in the course of the task, 67.7 percent of the original weight was lost. Besides the nine Cullinan gems, the cutting produced ninety-six small "brilliants" and a further nine carats of polished fragments. The cleaving contract between Asscher and the crown specified that the two largest stones, Cullinan I and II, were to be part of the crown jewels, while the remaining gems were to be considered "chippings" and retained by the cutter. Cullinan VI was bought by King Edward as a gift for Queen Alexandra, and the remaining Cullinan stones were later

bought by the South African government and presented to Queen Mary for her private collection. They are now the private property of Queen Elizabeth II.

Cullinan I: By far the largest cut diamond in the world, two and five-sixteenths inches long and weighing 530.2 carats, it is absolutely flawless. Called the Great Star of Africa, it is pear shaped and has seventy-four facets. It is now set in the royal scepter in

such a way that it can be removed and worn as a pendant. It is kept with the crown jewels in the Tower of London.

Cullinan II: The second-largest diamond in the world, it is a cushion-shaped brilliant with sixty-six facets and weighs 317.4 carats. Known as the Lesser Star of Africa, it is set in the front of the imperial state crown under the Black Prince's ruby, supplanting the Stuart sapphire, which was moved to the back of the crown. It is also in the Tower of London.

Cullinan III and IV: Weighing 94.5 carats and a little more than 63 carats respectively, they were set in Queen Mary's crown for her coronation, in 1911—one in the band below the Koh-i-noor and one in the cross pattée on top. They were set in such a way that they could be removed and worn separately as parts of the most valuable brooch in the world. The brooch is now the private property of the queen. Known as "Granny's Chips," it consists of the larger, pear-shaped diamond hanging from the smaller, cushion-cut stone. The brooch was worn by Queen Elizabeth when, at her request, she and Queen Juliana of the Netherlands visited the Asscher works in March 1958. It was the first time the dia-

Alan N. Owen is a graduate student in the department of studies in the University of London, where he is currently a College of Further Education student in London, England.

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TWO OF THE BEST

To add to its brilliance Queen Victoria had the Koh-i-noor recut—from 186 carats to 109.

monds had been back in Holland in fifty years.

Cullinan V: Weighing 18.8 carats, it is one of the queen's favorite brooches. This heart-shaped diamond was once part of the crown Queen Mary wore when her son King George VI was crowned, in 1937. It was set there in place of the Koh-i-noor, which was transferred to the crown worn for the coronation by his consort, Queen Elizabeth.

Cullinan VI: This diamond, which weighs 11.41 carats and has a marquise cut, is part of an emerald-and-diamond necklace with two drops of uneven length.

Cullinan VII: An 8.8-carat marquise in a pendant on a diamond brooch, it is owned by the queen.

Cullinan VIII: This is a 6.8-carat brilliant with an unusual oblong shape.

Cullinan IX: A 4.4-carat pear-shaped diamond, it was mounted by Queen Mary in a ring that she bequeathed to the present queen, who rarely wears it.

2 The famous, much-coveted Koh-i-noor may be seen today incorporated into the crown jewels in the Tower of London. A very beautiful Indian diamond, slightly tinged with green, it was presented to Queen Victoria in 1850 by the East India Company, into whose hands it had been delivered in 1849 as partial compensation for losses during the Sikh wars in the Punjab.

The stone at some earlier time had been clumsily rose cut, and thinking it lacked brilliance, Queen Victoria decided that it should be recut. In 1852, a preeminent craftsman, Voorsanger, of the Amsterdam firm of Coster, was engaged for this task. In the course of giving it a brilliant cut, he reduced the diamond from 186 carats to its present 109 carats.

Until the fifteenth century, diamonds had simply been polished and slightly cut to give them a regular shape. It was not until the early sixteenth century that simple rose cuts became popular, to be fol-



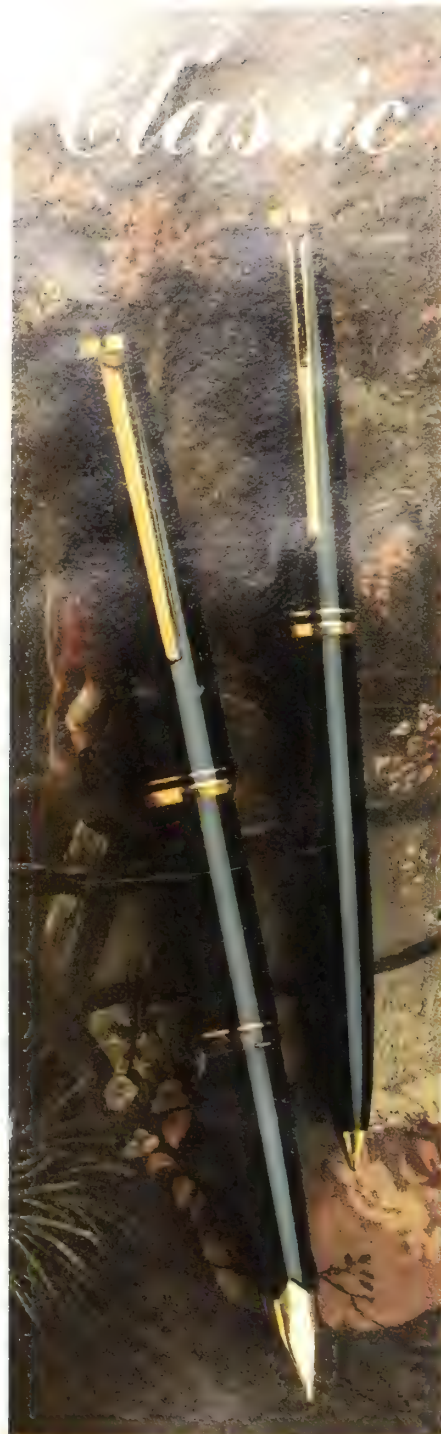
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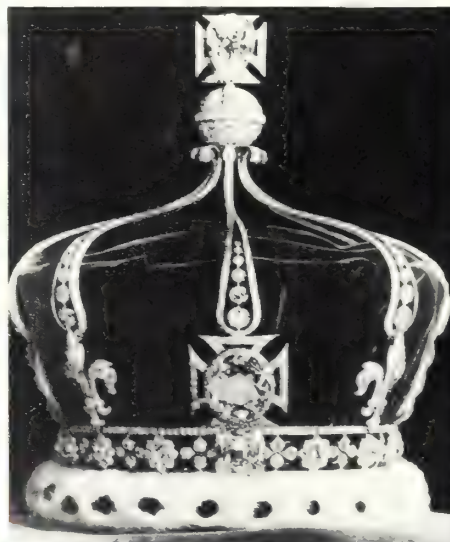
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TWO OF THE BEST

After a fortnight's preparation, Joseph Asscher split the Cullinan—and collapsed in a dead faint.

lowed later by the brilliant cut, which gives a diamond fifty-eight facets. It may be cut in a variety of other shapes, among them the familiar baguette, pear, and marquise, not to mention such rare, out-of-the-way inventions as the so-called star cut.

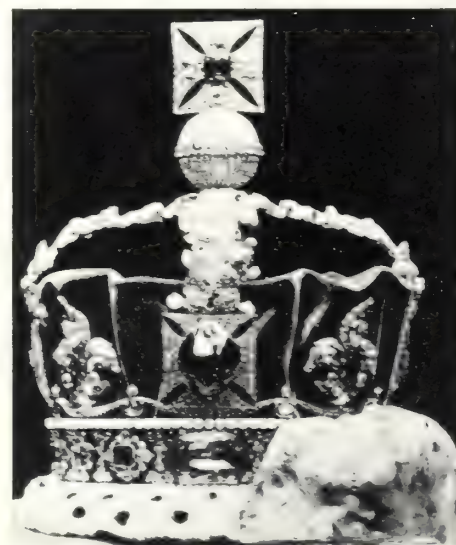
The Koh-i-noor ("Mountain of Light") was first mentioned in 1304, when it belonged to the raja of Malwa. Later it became the property of the great moguls of



The Koh-i-noor dazzles at the center of the lower cross in the crown of Queen Mary.

India, who kept it until the Persian conquest in 1739. It is said that upon discovering that the mogul kept the diamond hidden in his turban, the Persian leader, Nadir Shah, arranged to exchange turbans as a sign of friendship. Having acquired the diamond by guile, the shah was assassinated eight years later by his own officers, an event that added force to the superstition that the Koh-i-noor has brought misfortune to its male, though not so far to its female, owners.

Another story is that the Koh-i-noor is really the Great Mogul, a diamond sighted in 1665 by a French merchant visiting the Indian court. Shortly thereafter, the legendary stone disappeared. Whether or not



The raw Cullinan, a gift to King Edward VII, looms beside his crown of state.

the Koh-i-noor once went by another name may never be known, but this much has been reliably recorded: in an earlier state, it weighed an enormous 787.5 carats. No longer. It seems that the great mogul of Delhi gave the massive stone to a Venetian cutter who, in attempting to give it a rose cut, reduced it in size to a mere 279 carats.

Queen Victoria often wore the Koh-i-noor as a brooch. Later, however, it was set, so that it could be removed, into the crown worn by three queen consorts in successive coronations. During his visit to India in November 1980, Prince Charles was confronted by angry Sikh demonstrators who loudly demanded the diamond's return to India.

Both the Koh-i-noor and the Cullinan diamonds were cut by craftsmen trained in Amsterdam, for centuries the center of the cutting trade. Today, the most important center is Antwerp, with scores of workshops in which more diamonds are cut than anywhere else on earth. The Amsterdam diamond exchange, however, is still famous, and the quality of the diamond cutting there is unsurpassed. □

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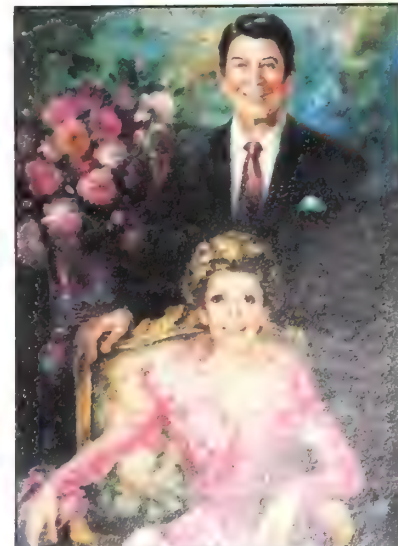
INTERNATIONAL PORTRAIT ARTIST Eva Makk greets President Ronald Reagan in the Oval Office at the White House presentation of her 60" x 40" Portrait of the First Family. With her is husband Americo Makk, whose portraits of Presidents Reagan and Carter are also in the White House. Present also, but not shown here, was their son, Ronald Makk, who, in 1983, won the Arpad Academy International Gold Medal.

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THE REQUIRED COAT AND TIE

Now that men's fashions have turned casual, we have often wondered what happens to tieless or jacketless clients in those restaurants that demand proper attire. To find out, we dispatched our intrepid scout to two of New York's most famous establishments. The report:

At New York's venerable "21," at 21 West Fifty-second Street, not even royalty is seated unless properly dressed. About twelve years ago, when Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands arrived fashionably in a turtleneck, Harry Lavin, keeper of the portals, lent him a handsome navy-blue tie emblazoned with the red numerals "21," hand-loomed by Indians in Arizona. Nowadays, such ties are real collector's items: the restaurant no longer supplies them. Our scout had to settle for a black cravat, just like the waiters'. It matches the two jackets the restaurant keeps for the rare patron who shows up without one of his own. One is pinstriped, the other solid; both are dark blue, single-breasted, single-vented, with set-in pockets and three-and-a-half-inch lapels. No choice of size: both are 40s, and one is a hand-me-down from one of the club's owners.

If you happen to be some other size, you'll make out better at the Four Seasons, in the Seagram's Building, at 99 East Fifty-second Street. They keep blue blazers in every size, from a boy's 12 to a man's 48. Our scout went for the only double-breasted, a gold-buttoned affair in 100 percent polyester. The label said "Four Seasons," but the hatcheck girl told us it came from Alexander's. She had no ties. At the Four Seasons, ties are optional.

What if a patron is not wearing socks? No comment from the Four Seasons, but Lavin of "21" had this to say: "At '21,' we don't supply socks. It happens. What can you tell a man who doesn't wear socks?" Tell him he can't eat in your restaurant, our scout suggested. "That depends on the length of his pants," Lavin replied. "If they're short pants, he cannot. Long, he can. But we make it clear that next time he must wear socks."



ONE GOOD DEED

Out of the goodness of their hearts, the sisters of San Carlo Borromeo at Puy-en-Velay, in the Massif Central region of France, decided in 1980 to help out a local antiques dealer. They gave him some old stuff that had long been lying about in the convent hayloft. Among the bric-a-brac was a painting showing the stations of the cross, said to have hung for many years in the convent's main hall, whence it passed to a corridor and thence to the loft. The grateful dealer turned it over to the furniture restorer Benoit Helluy for four thou-

sand French francs (then a mere \$1,000).

Helluy set about cleaning the painting and uncovered, to his delight and amazement, "Laur. Lotus 1526," the Latin signature of the Italian Renaissance master Lorenzo Lotto. The Louvre took it off his hands in 1982 for 3.25 million francs (\$480,000). Everybody was happy except the sisters. They now claim that the painting was never part of their gift to the antiques dealer and are demanding its return. Their case, still pending against the French Ministry of Culture, makes one conscious of what enormous difficulties there are in acts of Christian charity.

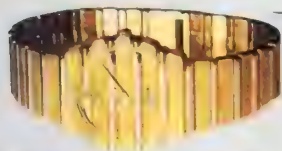


A HOT TICKET

The Brooklyn Academy of Music being one of the few places to risk showing new talent on the way up, we like to keep an eye on it. And we want you to know about the Mark Morris Dance Group, which will appear there November 28 through December 2. Morris is a big, thick-boned fellow with tumbling brown curls, a pretty face, and unlikely credentials. He comes from Seattle; he danced for three years with a Balkan folk group; he doesn't know any of the well-placed painters who have boosted the likes of Trisha Brown and Lucinda Childs. But his sophistication is exhilarating. His musical choices range from Brahms waltzes (against which he



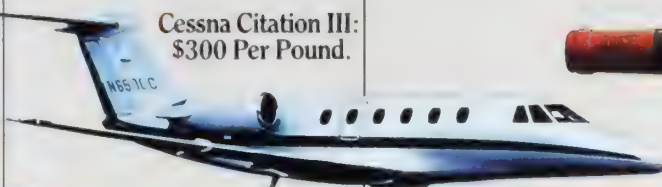
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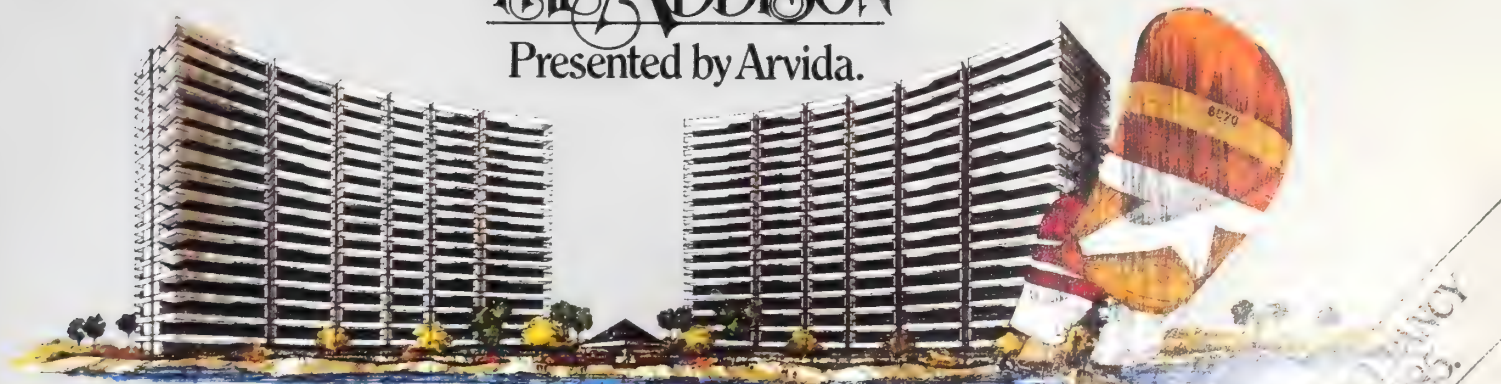
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rings a thousand and one changes on three-quarter time) to Thai pop songs (around which he spins a sort of postmodern Virginia reel). It all has wit, seriousness, and often a limpid beauty. You'll be hearing a lot more about this group.

BAYREUTH WITHOUT HOOPLA

Even though the bill at this year's Wagner bash in the baroque southeast German town of Bayreuth consisted of nothing but revivals, our itinerant Wagnerite checked in to see *The Flying Dutchman*, the first opera of the Bayreuth Seven, and *Parsifal*, the last. He came back in an unprecedented state of euphoria. Both operas were presented in idiosyncratic, mesmerizing productions, far from the letter of Wagner's scripts, yet right in touch with the spirit. *Dutchman* was staged as an Ibsen-esque psychodrama, culminating in a ghostly hurricane. *Parsifal* was played out in a tower struck flat, it seemed, as if in some unnameable global disaster. Central to the success were two sopranos, neither yet familiar on the international circuit: the lustrous Lisbeth Balsev, from Denmark, as the hallucinating heroine of *Dutchman* (onstage without a break through the opera's single, hurtling two-hour act); and, from Germany, the sultry, seductive Waltraud Meier (our picture), as *Parsifal*'s mysterious temptress, Kundry. Both have honed their portrayals in previous Bayreuth seasons and deliver performances with the excitement of a premiere and the polish of experience. Our friend is coming to the conclusion that the "quiet" years at Bayreuth—the ones during which nothing new is unveiled—may be the best ones.



But for those who still crave the first-night thrill, it is time to start angling for next year's new *Tannhäuser*, under the baton of the Bayreuth newcomer Giuseppe Sinopoli (a polymath who also composes and pursues philosophy and mathematics in scholarly fashion). These days, orders outnumber the available seats—just 1,925 per performance—by a factor of five.

PARIS GASTRONOMIQUE

The next-best thing to carrying a string *filet aux provisions* down the streets of Paris and sampling every good-looking morsel is to browse in *The Food Lover's Guide to Paris* (Workman Press), by Patricia Wells, the restaurant critic of the *International Herald Tribune*. Restaurant guides are usually dated by the time you buy them. Wells gives information of another kind. She has essays on oysters, foie gras, truffles, sardines, coffee. She describes in detail the treats you'll find at the charcuteries. She explains the difference between bistros, restaurants, and brasseries. There are chapters on chocolate shops, tea salons, specialty spots, wine stores, even housewares emporia, not to mention a wonderfully epicurean glossary. Throughout, Wells scatters favorite recipes, gleaned from favorite restaurants and shops, ranging from the very easy (the definitive madeleine) to the rococo (ragout of oysters and scallops with caviar). At \$8.95, the book is a steal, but the long-term cost could include an impromptu trip to Paris.

A SERIOUS HANGUP

The wall is a funny place for a bicycle, but that is probably the only place anyone will ever see a Quest twelve-speed racing bike. The speedsters are now being offered through the glossy mail-order catalogue of the Brielle Galleries, in Brielle, New Jersey, at \$6,400 apiece, and although they will be roadworthy, they are probably too artful actually to use on the road.

What's most special about the Quests is not the fine Columbus tubing, the hand-made lugs, or the worth-their-weight Campagnolo and Cinelli components, but the detailing: 200-plus hours of sanding and polishing, plating, and perfecting even before the paint goes on. The metallic sable Imron paint job, usually a classy one-coat covering, is not declared done until after seven color coats and two of clear polyurethane. Tom Kellogg, the frame maker, hasn't stinted with twenty-four-karat-gold electroplating: the entire front fork and right chain stay are gold-plated,



Walter Ufer / "The Southwest" / oil on canvas / 40 x 50 inches



Albert Bierstadt / "Untitled" / oil on board / 19 x 13 3/4 inches

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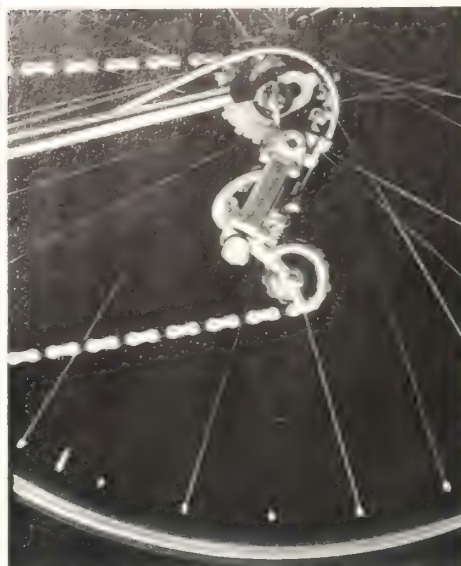
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and so, wittily, are select washers that glint between ordinary nuts and bolts.

Only the prototype (shown here), which will remain on display in the Brielle Galleries' permanent collection, has rolled out of Kellogg's shop in nearby Breinigsville, Pennsylvania. Replicas will take at least three months each to deliver—longer if you want the bike fitted to your own measurements (which will also cost you an extra \$500 and a trip to Breinigsville). The edition will be limited to five. That's all Kellogg and the painter Michael Overcash think they can turn out with the requisite compulsiveness.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

You've just returned to Denver from a punishing fortnight in Scottsdale. On the hall console you find a cream vellum envelope with an invitation, R.S.V.P., to a posh soiree that very evening. You have nothing to wear. Do you panic? No. You order up the car and drive to Carrick's.

Two years ago, the enterprising fashion merchandiser Katy Kadar Hill decided to open an exclusive women's fashion shop in Cherry Creek North, the city's burgeoning answer to Rodeo Drive, in Los Angeles, but couldn't find the right space. So, she and her husband, Carrick Hill, for whom her shop is named, built a shopping center of their own. Now Fashion Plaza and powder-pink Carrick's, at Third Avenue and Detroit, are fashionable Denver's new mecca. "I love that store," raves Mary Lou Walters, the chairman of the inventive community arts program Artreach. "Whether I need something or not, I can always walk into Carrick's and find something I can't live without." "It's the per-

sonal touch," explains Jeannie Fuller, the Denver Symphony's new president of the board. "If there's something I've been ooh-ing and aahing over in the shop, my husband always seems to have a way of finding out about it."

The personal touch can result in birthday baskets filled with finds like Shalimar in an antique atomizer, a bottle of Mumms, a Madeira-like lace handkerchief (says Katy sensibly, "You don't carry Kleenex in a \$1,000 bag"), a whipsnake belt ("Everything else seems to be endangered"), and Petrossian caviar. As for what you'll find on the racks: it's top Blass, de la Renta, Beene, McFadden, and Herrera, not to mention exotica from Tarquin and Koos Van den Akker.

Denver is a big little town, so among the services Katy provides is an early-warning system. If you buy a major gown at Carrick's, you can safely bet your silver claim that no one in the Queen City has one like it—or, at least, that she won't be wearing it to the same gathering you do.

SHOOT THE SOCCER PLAYER

Who wouldn't want his portrait taken by Alfred Eisenstaedt, one of *Life* magazine's great masters? Meet Willie Miller, captain of the Aberdeen (Scotland) soccer club, winners of the 1983 European Winners' Cup. Eisenstaedt, in the city on assignment from Mobil North Sea, decided he needed Miller to round off his take. The club thought well enough of the photographer to unlock the stadium for him, and the light was fine, but Miller just wouldn't pose. "For ten days," Eisie tells us, "he said, 'No, it's not important enough.'" When Miller came around, he refused to put on his uniform. After two and a half hours' coaxing, he donned his shorts and jersey, but by then the light was gone.

Of course the old pro got his picture in



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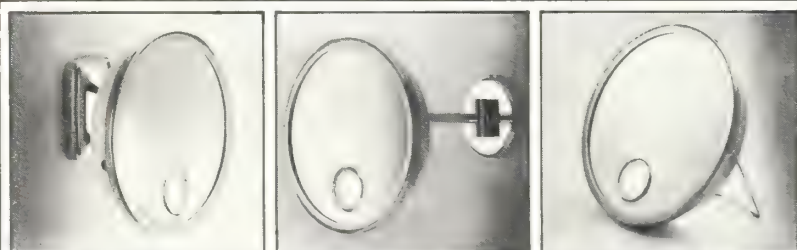
the end. It appears here—and in his new book *American Portrait of a City*, with text by Allan Massie, published by the Louisiana State University Press.

CHAGALL AFTER CHAGALL

This sketch, unmistakably from the hand of Marc Chagall, is the memento of a remarkable tale, told to us on the occasion of the artist's ninety-seventh birthday, in July. The storyteller is Max Tamir, an art-loving city planner, whose friendship with



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Chagall goes way back. Having fled Paris and the Nazis in 1939, the two men often met in the cafés of Marseilles, waiting to make their break across the border to Spain, Portugal, and then America. Tamir moved back and forth into occupied France, working undercover for the Maquis. Chagall sat tight.

One winter morning, as Tamir was heading back north, the artist handed him the keys to his Paris apartment and asked him to spirit his most precious canvases to safety. Chagall sketched their subjects quickly on scraps of newspaper.

The unsung Tamir accomplished his mission by rolling up the paintings and smuggling them over an unpatrolled section of the Spanish frontier. But of Chagall's impromptu aide-memoire, only this one miniature survives. Tamir tells us Chagall called the corresponding painting *The Green Donkey*. Even though it once ranked among the artist's own favorites, we have been unable to discover where it hangs today. □

Contributors: Scott Cohen, Ross Davies, Corby Kummer, Frances Vieta, George Whitmore, Stephan Wilkinson
Edited by Matthew Gurewitsch



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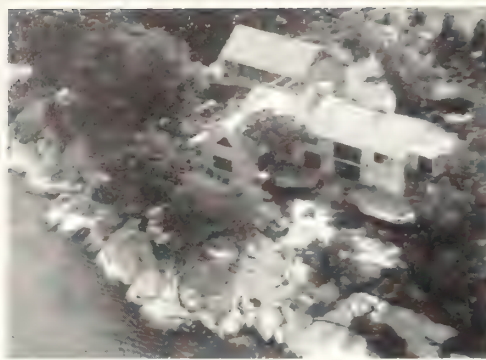


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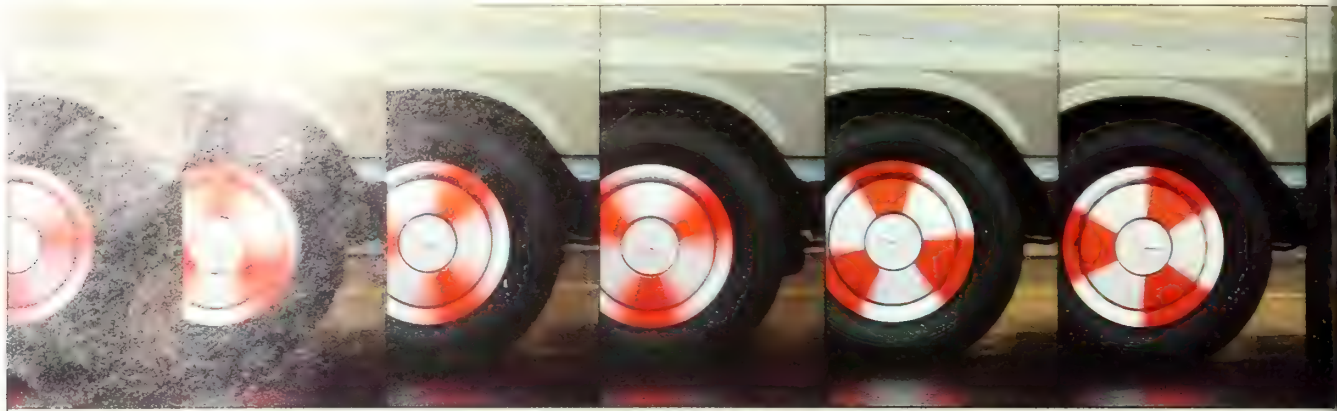
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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

MY EYE by Thomas Hoving

LET THE SELLER BEWARE

Back in the early sixties when I broke into art collecting for the Metropolitan Museum and The Cloisters, the law of the art business was "caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware! Few dealers were willing to guarantee the authenticity of any work of art they purveyed. A terse historical description of an object might be provided, but everyone tacitly recognized that it would not hold up in court. One dealer I knew had the words "guaranteed genuine" written on his stationery—but not on his bills.

We young curators reveled in the belief that one could gain the highest levels of connoisseurship only by hacking through the dangerous jungle of "caveat emptorism." We enjoyed being tested, and we sniggered when a colleague got stung with a fake. When we got stung, we swallowed hard, proclaimed that no collector of true significance had ever existed who had not acquired a fake, and quietly deposited the offending material in deepest storage. Any suggestion that we would sue for redress or even ask the vendor for an exchange was spurned. It had something to do with the pride of the institution.

Some pride! Swallowing fakes could be expensive. In 1961, The Cloisters gulped down without a whimper three "Romanesque" Catalan artifacts: an altar frontal, a giant painted cross, and a "majestic" piece of ecclesiastical furniture. The items had been purchased from a pair of elderly Barcelona collectors for around \$300,000. Weeks before the objects were to be written up in an ambitious publication on the famous Fuentidueña Chapel, we discovered that the "medieval treasures" dated to the twentieth century and had been created, amusingly enough, in part by Pablo Picasso's father, Ruiz, who occasionally turned a fast peseta in Catalan "twelfth century" religious art. When we learned the grim news, what did we do? Rush to Barcelona with a team of lawyers? Shout our rage from the heights of Mount



Tibidabo? No. We kept quiet. The then president of the Metropolitan figured that the embarrassment factor would be more painful than the loss of the money.

How silly! Today, such irresponsibility would never wash. Museums recognize fully that they have to follow the laws of charitable institutions, of which one is most basic: Get your money back! The Cloisters, so pusillanimous two decades ago, now demands redress—and gets it, too, as in a recent case involving a spurious Gothic piece. Not long ago, the then director of the Cleveland Museum, Sherman Lee, courageously admitted in public that he had been taken and got his million dollars back for a fake Matthias Grünewald.

Beyond that, a number of the finest art dealers, the most prestigious antiques fairs, and a few auction houses have commendably begun to help the buyer. In Paris, the "magnificent seven" dealers—Maurice Ségoura, Didier Aaron, Bernard Steinitz, Michel Meyer, Jean-Marie Rossi, Jacques Perrin, and Claude Lévy—will give you in writing a guarantee of authenticity or your money back. The two best antiques fairs, the Biennale, in Paris, and the Grosvenor House, in London, have committees of experts that rigorously vet every single work offered for sale. If it isn't absolutely authentic, it cannot be shown.

Yet there are still those who cherish the

let-the-buyer-beware system. You probably know a few dealers who smile wryly when you ask for proof that a work of art is what it is claimed to be. Most flagrant of all is the New York Winter Antiques Show, which provides neither a vetting procedure nor any warranties on goods sold by the exhibitors. As a result, the show is being looked on by more and more serious collectors as a joke.

An eminently simple way to lay to rest the last vestiges of "caveat emptorism" is demonstrated, perfectly, by the New York print dealer Theodore B. Donson. In crisp, direct language, Donson gives an ironclad guarantee for his clientele. His catalogues state, "Any defects in condition are disclosed in detail," and, "Any work incorrectly described may be returned." Foolproof.

But as long as fools exist, there will be some vendors who still live by the credo that once an object of art has been purchased, "it's your problem, Buster." The next time you enter the portals of an art gallery, an antiques fair, or an auction house, be sure those responsible for the merchandise are willing to describe the condition of the work you desire and guarantee that "any work incorrectly described" as to provenance, date, and maker can be returned. My advice is: Donson cannot get that guarantee, go elsewhere.



TREASURE OF THE TLINGIT

Four monumental carved and painted totemic house posts and a screen, known as the "Rainwall"—these ritual objects are so important that they could be called the Elgin Marbles of Northwest Coast Indian art. Right now, they are in a warehouse in Seattle, wrapped in controversy.

Belonging to a large Tlingit family clan from southeastern Alaska, these masterpieces of animistic symbolic art have been sought after and fought over by anthropologists and art collectors, not to mention the Indians themselves, for at least half of their two-century history. This spring, the massive artifacts—the house posts, which once supported the interior beams of a tribal dwelling, stand nine feet tall; the rain screen is eleven feet by fifteen—were removed from the Tlingit clan's ancestral "Whale House." They had been stored in this dilapidated cement-and-wood structure in the village of Klukwan, where they had long been kept from public view. Their next stop, by the agreement of fourteen leading clan members, was a storage warehouse in Seattle. In late July, an an-

The sacred Tlingit Rainwall and the carved house posts flanking it have not been photographed since this shot was taken, ca. 1890.

onymous patron, acting on behalf of a New York museum, obtained an option to purchase the objects, for a reported \$2 million, subject to clear title.

Then the storm broke. Opposing members of the clan signed an affidavit claiming that under Klukwan rule, no art object could legally be removed from the village. The press was alerted and the wires started humming with the news that the house posts and the Rainwall had in effect been stolen. Pending investigation by the attorney general's office of the state of Alaska, the pieces remain under lock and key in the warehouse in Seattle. Apart from a few late-nineteenth-century black-and-whites, no photographs of the house posts and the rain screen have ever been published. For now, no one is being allowed into the warehouse for any purpose whatever. The purchase option lapsed on October 1, and the future of the treasures is still unknown. All involved hope that the legal knots will soon be untangled and that when they are, the world at large will not be denied the privilege of viewing these Tlingit masterpieces. —Barry Herem

INSTANT HEIRLOOMS

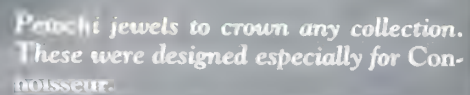
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A Petochi jewel is one of a kind, born of a close, enthusiastic partnership that inevitably develops between the family and their clients. Most creations require almost as much imagination and time in the planning stages as in the crafting. The fabulous tasseled, seventy-centimeter pearl torsade pictured below and designed for *Connoisseur* is no exception: complete with emerald, diamond, sapphire, and ruby inserts, it can be disassembled for use



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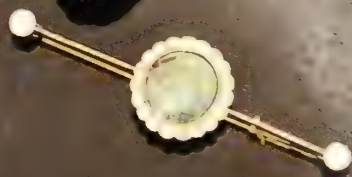
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Shown Actual Size

CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

9.92-carat Burmese ruby, a 4.93-carat diamond, a 5.26-carat emerald, and a 7.76-carat sapphire. The baguettes, tapers, brilliants, choker clasp, and ring add up to a whopping 13.95 carats. Even the ivory handle of the miniature screwdriver used to set and unset the gems bears a small diamond chip.

The Petoichs feel that the woman who wears their necklace, or the man who buys it for her, is likely to be a collector of fine gems. "We want to allow her the freedom of adding something of her own choice—another diamond or perhaps a topaz—thus

giving the piece a new lease on life," says Domenico. This provision for change is in keeping with family tradition, he continues. The Petoichs aim to make jewelry with a timeless quality that sets them apart from other, more modish *joailliers*: "Although we keep an eye on current fashions, we firmly believe that important creations should never date too quickly." One far-seeing lady, pondering the consequences of investing in such a versatile acquisition, mused half in jest, "That means I would never have an excuse to buy jewels again." —Anne Headington

LITTLE LANTERNS OF CHRISTMAS

In the hot, arid regions of the Southwest, where you wouldn't even dream of snow at Christmas, the Yuletide spirit is borne on a vision of unrivaled beauty—the lighting of *luminarias*, or little lanterns, on Christmas Eve. Then, thousands of *luminarias* suddenly appear along streets, sidewalks, driveways, roofs, and window ledges and in parks and plazas, with spectacular effect. Santa Fe, New Mexico, near the place where the custom originated, is noted for its display around the Palace of Governors, built in 1610. Albuquerque features an elaborate show at Old Town Plaza; and tiny Tularosa lines its two-mile stretch of highway through town. San Antonio, Texas, illuminates its famed River Walk and bridges. El Paso, Texas, has perhaps the most stunning display of all: hundreds of volunteers place over 6,000 *luminarias* on the rock wall of Scenic Drive, which climbs high above the city in the Franklin Mountains. Spaced two to four feet apart and lighted at dusk, they offer a breathtaking sight.

Originally brought to the New World by Spanish settlers, the custom long involved the igniting of little fires of piñon boughs to light the path of processions in remote settlements and Indian pueblos to the village church for midnight mass. Then, in the early 1800s, Yankee traders introduced paper sacks along the Santa Fe Trail, and some ingenious individual conceived the idea of putting some sand in the brown paper bags and then placing a candle in the sand. The flickering light of the candles cast a soft, luminous glow, and the practice quickly spread. Today, there is no more popular and heartwarming Christmas custom in the Southwest.

Whole neighborhoods in El Paso get together to arrange elaborate displays, through which cars and tour buses move slowly, lights off, to get the full effect. On

Pennsylvania Circle, Mrs. George Harvie and all her neighbors continue the practice of preparing the community display, which has attracted throngs of visitors for over forty years. Mrs. Harvie says, "We



The lawns of Albuquerque glow with the light of the luminarias.

have tried to create a real 'Silent Night' scene, one of quiet and beauty." Thousands of viewers, waiting patiently in long lines to enter the Circle, will attest to their success.

The soft glow of *luminarias* offers a gentle reminder of Christ's birth—a far cry from the garish displays of holiday neon lights so common elsewhere. Some visitors to the Southwest have been so moved that they have introduced the custom back home. In Cleveland, after spending several Christmas seasons in Albuquerque, the John Rybak family set up a display of 350 *luminarias* in their front yard. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reported it as a hol-

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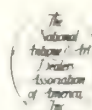
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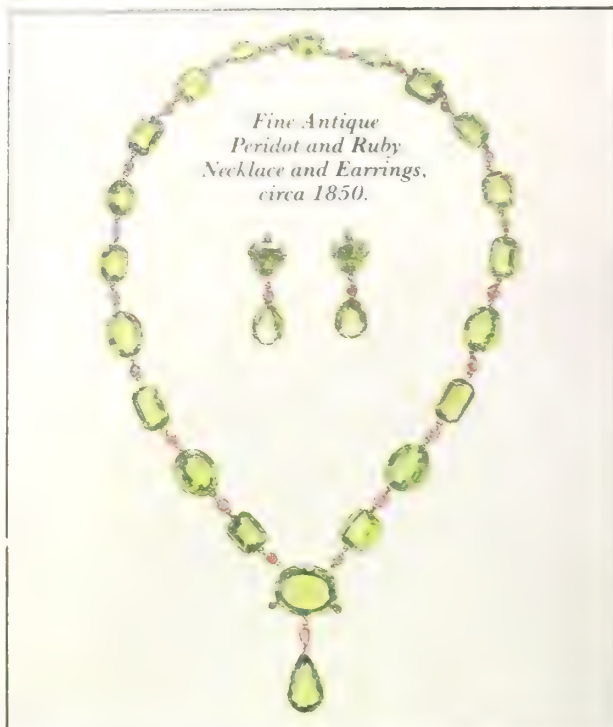
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iday-season sensation, and soon it caused a traffic jam from dusk to 4:00 A.M. while a constant stream of cars passed before the Rybaks' home.

No one was more surprised than Mrs. Rybak. She purchased several gross of votive candles from a religious-supplies house, prompting a confused clerk to inquire, "Lady, are you starting your own religion?"

By now, the amber glow of row on row of luminarias has become a magical sight across the nation. And the custom of lighting them on Christmas Eve has become so popular that it has spread to Ottawa, Canada, in the north, and to Lima, Peru, to the south, and Connecticut, in the east. You might say the "little lanterns" are a Christmas present to the world from the Old Southwest.

—Justin F. Gleichauf

BEYOND RIO, BEYOND COMPARE

Unless you are Humbert Humbert you will avoid the beaches of Rio de Janeiro on a Sunday. Instead, just south of the city, down a winding seaside road you will find the beautiful beaches all but empty of anyone, even young girls in string bikinis. Farther on, about an hour's drive from Rio in the village of Pedra de Guaratiba, you will find some of the finest food in the region, in a modest little cottage on the bay.

Restaurante Quatro Sete Meia, which serves only forty-eight people, is situated right at the water's edge on the main street of the fishing village (Rua Barros de Alarcão 476). There is no sign, just a high white wall and a bolted driftwood gate through which you are unlikely to be admitted if you have not called ahead for reservations (telephone: 395-2716). On a hot Sunday, after a swim at one of the beaches along the way, it is the perfect place for a long and lazy lunch with a view of the fishing boats bobbing gently on the water.

The restaurant is run by two amateur cooks, Eugene Moss, a Canadian who worked in theater groups with the Peace Corps, and Antonio Bartolomeu Moraes, a Brazilian from Alagoas and a former decorator. Since they opened their restaurant, seven years ago, they have never advertised. Their following developed by word of mouth. Indeed, the feeling here is more like that of a private house than that of a restaurant. The small dining room is

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decorated with Moss's own paintings, pottery, and bowls of flowers. Outside, you can eat on the patio or in a cabana.

Moss and Moraes began by inviting people in to Moss's studio to drink *batidas*, a strong Brazilian drink made with a sugarcane liquor called *cachaça* mixed with lemons or limes and sugar (Moss uses hon-



The best moquecas (fish stew) in Rio.

ey instead). At first, with the *batidas*, people were offered shrimp.

Soon the menu expanded. It is now an international mix, featuring Polynesian dishes, Indian curries (made from Moss's recipes), and Bahian specialties. The food is entirely original, unlike anything else in Rio, and made with the freshest local ingredients. The *moquecas*, Brazilian fish stews made with *dendé* (palm) oil from Moraes's native Alagoas and considered the best in the environs of Rio, are served with twelve different condiments, including yellow *farofa* with slices of fresh mango and grated coconut. Other specialties include Japanese yakitori, or chicken marinated in soy sauce and fresh ginger and served with green scallions on almond leaves; sweet-sour shrimp with fresh pineapple; breaded fish marinated in vermouth; and spectacular shrimp and chicken curries. For dessert there is a remarkable aromatic Caju fruit sweet with cream cheese from Alagoas, and a totally North American apple crisp and chocolate cake. The prices are high for Brazil, about fifteen dollars for a main course, but the experience of eating here is so pleasant that it is worth it.

A local favorite named Pedro visits the tables playing on an instrument he calls a "bateria exotica," fashioned from a matchbox, a harmonica, a paper clip, a toothpick, and the top of a powdered-milk can. As thanks for tips he leaves on the table a small bird made from silver paper perched on a bottle cap.

—Moira Hodgson

A ZURBARAN EMERGES

At the height of his powers in the 1640s, Francisco de Zurbarán of Seville had a large clientele for his religious paintings in Latin America. Jesuit missionaries, from what is now Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Patagonia, needed inspirational works to support their ambitious attempts at converting the recalcitrant natives. Zurbarán's works probably appealed to the heathen for the same reason they speak to us now: they are large, dramatic forms portrayed with powerful simplicity.

Christ on the Cross, pictured here, is a striking example. One can easily imagine the impact it would have on a seventeenth-century Quechuan—this dominating white Christ presiding over an entire world. (Interestingly, the painting was composed so that the viewer would look at Christ's feet, with the perspective arranged accordingly.) Now, it can be appreciated better than at any time since its creation. The reason: it was restored, last August, in New York.

The Crucifixion has never been seen in a public exhibition and has been described in print but a few times, and even less often with an illustration. Besides a background landscape, which has been invisible under a thick coat of black paint for a century, the signature, in the lower right corner,

Zurbarán's *Crucifixion* with its full power and glory restored.



has also been revealed—strong evidence that the Crucifixion is by Zurbarán himself, not by his large workshop.

Although the true history of the painting in South America is vague, it was painted over with a Madonna on a black field in the 1870s, probably by the Jesuits who owned it, as a means of hiding it from marauders. When the Zurbarán was finally discovered under the surface, in the twentieth century, it was cleaned only enough to reveal the central image.

In October 1983, the dealer Neil Morris and his partner Steve Abrams, both twenty-six years old, purchased the piece in New York, confident enough of its maker to hope it could become the centerpiece of their a-building collection of old European masters and nineteenth-century American art. Their first task—to clean the painting—was an arduous, even awesome, undertaking. Imagine tackling a six-by-nine-foot canvas—that is, nearly 8,000 square inches—with a Q-Tip. Luckily, Frank Zuccari, formerly a restorer with Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, was available and had worked on a painting by Zurbarán before. Stunned by the powerful impact of the looming image as it took on depth against emerging details, he knew he was at work on the real thing.

Gradually, the process of restoration revealed a background landscape of rolling hills and town spires shot with sunlight and, at the bottom, Zurbarán's signature. For the hopeful young art dealers involved in the project, it has all been tremendously exciting. In fact, they have put a price tag of over \$2 million on the work. If this seems steep, it merely plays off the ever-increasing interest in Zurbarán nowadays. Both the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, and the Louvre, in Paris, are planning major exhibitions of this seventeenth-century master in the next five years.

—Julie V. Iovine

DEJA VU DE MILLE

In 1983 Husky Oil had just completed five years of negotiations to drill in a desolate stretch of California coastal sand dunes when two young Hollywood upstarts made the unlikely announcement that the sand held buried treasure more precious than oil. They were talking about Cecil B. De Mille's *City of the Pharaoh*, which was made for the 1923 version of *The Ten Commandments*, under the sands somewhere.

The cinematographer Bruce Cardozo, thirty-one, told his film-school friend the documentarian Peter Brosnan, thirty-two,



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Two hundred and fifty tons of not so ancient Egypt, far from the Nile.

about the long-forgotten set and its supposedly careful dismantling some sixty years ago. After months of gathering the necessary permissions to dig in the dunes, the two won the technical support of the archaeologist Larry Wilcoxon, at the University of California at Santa Barbara. This fall they began exploratory digging, and as soon as they collect the \$50,000 necessary to proceed, the team will presumably raise and restore the entire last remaining "great set" of the Silent Era. Husky Oil has kindly agreed to work around them.

The set was the largest of its genre, which included De Mille's City of Jerusalem for *The King of Kings* (1927), torched in 1938 to simulate the burning of Atlanta in *Gone with the Wind*, and D. W. Griffith's Babylon for *Intolerance* (1916), torn down also in 1938 to make way for urban overgrowth.

De Mille had trucked the City of the Pharaoh in pieces from Hollywood all the way to the Guadalupe Dunes, four hours north of Los Angeles. There, 1,000 workers labored for more than a month to erect the 120-foot-high, 800-foot-wide gates to the city, adorned with bas-relief chariot warriors, plumed horses, and hieroglyphs. Before the gate sat four 35-foot-high black statues of Rameses II modeled after those at Abu Simbel. An avenue of twenty-one white sphinxes flanked the route of the exodus from the city. When filming was completed, De Mille ordered all 250 tons of plaster, lumber, and clay to be buried on-site rather than dragged piece by piece back to Hollywood.

Brosnan and Cardozo, now partners in Lost City Productions, are shooting their own film of the recovery of the set. Their interest being purely historic, they plan to donate their finds to the Smithsonian

Institution and to the newly opened Hollywood Studio Museum. A documentary of the dig, set in the context of Hollywood's greatest film spectacles, is due to be aired in 1986. It will reacquire the world with that pharaoh of films Cecil B. De Mille.

The excavators hope to open their dig to the public eventually. Brosnan notes that a number of other digs are being funded by volunteers joining in as part of an adventure-travel package, living on-site for a week or two, hauling sand, and enjoying the thrill of discovery.

Perhaps the fondest wish of these latter-day Lord Carnarvons is to locate descendants of Paul Iribe, designer of the great set. If discovered, Iribe's notes and sketches would provide invaluable assistance for understanding the techniques of building an ancient Egyptian city in the twentieth century.

—David Reed

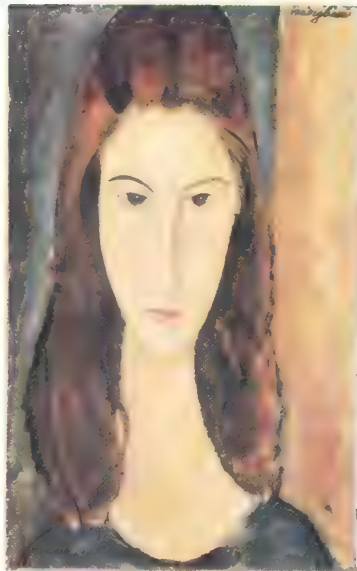
CHOICE AUCTIONS

Christmas is the time for giving and getting, the auctioneers know full well. So, to help you in your searches through the piles of pelf laid out in the showrooms, we've picked out the most splendid stocking stuffers of the season.

New York—William Doyle Galleries has gifts galore at three sales. On **December 5, estate jewelry**, an art deco diamond-and-platinum jabot (est. \$6,500–\$7,500) is the bauble to eye. On the evening of **December 13**, come all ye faithful to Doyle's **eighth annual Christmas sale**, where there are all sorts of desk and table-top goodies, among them a crystal and silver biscuit box (est. \$100–\$200).

London—Phillips will be Mecca on **December 11** for those trying to appease inveterate collectors of **British paintings**. Here's the sugarplum: on the reverse of a limpid Constable oil of his sister Ann in her garden (which passed through Christie's London in 1892 and Georges Petit, Paris, in 1908), the nineteenth-century pictures specialist Nicholas Wadham uncovered an oil sketch of Flatford Mill, Suffolk, Constable's favorite and best-known subject. Now revealed, it could easily double the \$62,500 estimate.

New York—Phillips has a potpourri of unusual gifties in a **December 8 collectibles sale**. I am asking Santa for an inge-



Clockwise from top left: Rubens's Last Supper; Bartholdi's cast-iron 49.5-inch Miss Liberty; a newly revealed view of Flatford Mill by John Constable; Phillips's rocking-horse winner; the irrepressible Mickey; Modigliani's mistress Jeanne; a crystal biscuit box; a Cartier watch; and a Moscovian kovsh, just the dipper for ladling out New Year's jam.

from late-nineteenth-century automation (est. \$2,500—\$3,000).

London—Sotheby's, December 4, **Impressionist and modern paintings.** Sotheby's, predictably, has outstanding selections in almost every range, but at the top of every blue-chip Christmas list is *La Gommeuse*, the most important Blue Period Picasso on the market in years (est. \$1.5 million). And on December 12, an old masters sale features Rubens's *Last Supper*, a brilliant conception in which a radiant Jesus and an obviously discomfited Judas with a cur at his feet share center stage (est. \$250,000—\$375,000).

New York—Sotheby's, December 5 and 6, **important jewelry.** Sparklies for one and all, two of which—a Schlumberger bejeweled shell clip (est. \$7,500—\$10,000) and a Cartier pendant watch (est. \$5,000—\$7,000) are especially striking. On December 13 and 14, there's a virtual surfeit of **English and Russian silver and works of art**, from two exquisite de Lamerie silver pieces (est. \$7,000—\$10,000) to a lavish Moscovian kovsh (est. \$10,000—\$15,000).

For the totally frivolous, Sotheby's New York collectibles sale, December 13, offers a gilded grab bag of genuine movie costumes. Indulge your wildest celluloid fantasies and bid on the Beatrice Dawson classic in which Marilyn Monroe waddled about in *The Prince and the Showgirl*, or Sydney Greenstreet's signature (one size fits all, and then some) white suit from *Casablanca*, or Orry-Kelly's sequined flapper dress, which hugged Jack Lemmon's husky hips in *Some Like It Hot*.

New York—Christie's East, December 8, **Walt Disney animation art.** Celluloid stills from *Fantasia*, *Bambi*, *Dumbo*, *Snow White*, and *Pinocchio*; animated shorts with Donald Duck, Minnie Mouse, and Pluto transcend mere holiday spirit.

New York—Christie's, December 14 and 15, **important twentieth-century decorative arts.** Too big for a stocking stuffer, but a real stunner is the macassar desk by Kohnmann, consigned by the Museum of Modern Art (est. \$50,000—\$70,000).

With all the hoopla surrounding the restoration of New York's famous Statue of Liberty for her centennial in 1986, an aura of inevitability surrounds the 49.5-inch muck of Miss Liberty, one of only six actually cast by the sculptor Bartholdi and likely the oldest based on the foundry

mark, featured in a sale of **American paintings and sculpture** on December 7. Don't let the presale estimate of \$100,000—\$150,000 dash your spirit; the cast is wired for electricity. You can use it to top off a really big Christmas tree.

London—Christie's, December 3 and 4, **Impressionist and modern pictures.** What more fitting way to celebrate the final month of the Modigliani centennial than by shooting for the early portrait (1917–18) of the artist's sometime mistress Jeanne Hebuterne (est. Refer Dept.; bah, humbug!).

London—Bonhams, December 11, sale of **good cheer.** Scads of reasonably priced claret jugs, decanters, silver labels, goblets, and corkscrews—all you need to toast the New Year with magnificent aplomb. So, all the best to you! —James R. Lyons

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For fifty years some of America's most admired women have looked to Martha Phillips for their couture. To get her stunning dresses and gowns, they have flocked discreetly to the exclusive Martha, her chandeliered salon on Manhattan's Park Avenue. The great lady can still be found there nowadays, dispensing invaluable advice as well as expensive clothes to her ever-loyal clients.

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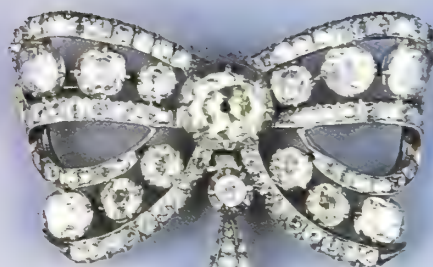


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QUEEN MOTHER

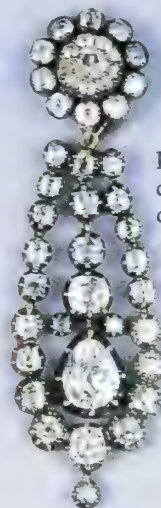


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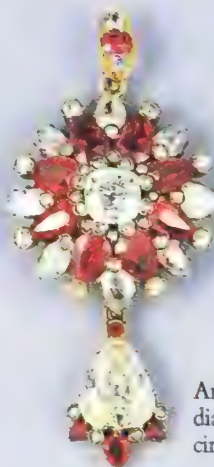
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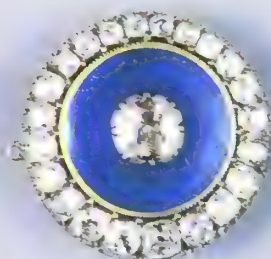


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Antique ruby and
diamond pendant/brooch,
circa 1850; £10,500

Pair of antique diamond
cluster drop earrings,
circa 1850; £11,000



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into our new place are young and snappy. They prefer the nonpreferential treatment they get here," says the self-assured matriarch. Adds her daughter, the president of Martha, Lynn Manulis, "They're used to shopping in a different type of store. Here they can buy couture off the peg, and even just browse if they'd like."

Besides a new look—mirrored walls, plenty of plants, and colorfully displayed accessories—the style of service is less exclusive; the young sales personnel busy themselves "relating" to the younger clientele. But no customer can resist feeling that the main attraction is the splendid, ageless Martha herself. "I have a very young attitude," she says, snapping her fingers. "Everyone wants to look young, and we try to dress our clients in clothes that will help them achieve that look. I'm not at all intimidated by the new client we're getting. If I don't know her yet, I'm going to get to know her."

She need not worry. The moment a model or client appears from the dressing room, Martha reacts: "It's lovely, but you're wearing it wrong. Here, let me show you." And as she nips and tucks in a way no ordinary salesperson would dare, you sense that you are about to discover something about the designer, about Martha, about yourself. "She's a natural," says Lynn. "She establishes a rapport with each woman as if she's known her forever."

Martha's talent has launched more than a few designers' careers—those of Halston, Rhodes, Herrera. Rarely does a designer's special gift for dressing women escape her. "The fashion world is like show business," she says. "When you see something different, you just have a feeling about it. Don't ask me to explain it; I don't want to tamper with my intuition." Twenty years ago, to give only one example of how that intuition works, Valentino was unknown on this side of the Atlantic, showing purple-shaded mink coats with lilac dresses in Rome. Martha brought him to New York. "It was a high-class riot," Lynn recalls. "Women were grabbing Valentino jackets out of each other's hands."

"We're always looking for new designers with talent," continues the disciple, who notes her mother's every move. "There are plenty of true artisans out there who haven't gotten caught up in commercialism yet." Even as she speaks, a woman in the next room is heard saying, "It's fabulous! I'm going to buy this cape instead of a fur coat this year." It is a newly arrived piece by a still widely unknown Portuguese designer named São, which "some clever

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now. But
I remember
when you
were only a
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back in 1880."

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CONNOISSEUR'S WORLD

...person was sharp enough to show," says Lynn, who hadn't even gotten around to giving the customary orientation to designers still in the "experimental stage." "I'm so intrigued with São," she says. "She's young, she's a real designer—there's nothing commercial about her."

As her daughter speaks, Martha asks the potential buyer to put the cape on again. "Isn't it gorgeous? And look at the workmanship! It's as beautiful inside as out," Martha continues. "And after all, everyone has a fur," says the woman. "That's right," says Martha, her eyes ever on the cape, "that's right."

And another career is launched.

—Joyce Pendola

ART OF CERAMICS

New York—"New Vistas: American Art Pottery, 1880-1930," Cooper-Hewitt Museum, November 6, 1984-January 27, 1985. In honor of the newly donated collection of Marcia and William Goodman, seventy-six works by many of the key artists who laid the foundations of the art-pottery movement in America are on display. Highlights include an early "dragon" vase (pictured below) by Maria Longworth



Nichols, founder of the famous Rookwood Pottery, in Cincinnati, Ohio; an iridescent vase decorated with flowering iris by Jacques Sicard, the master artist of the Weller factory, in Zanesville, Ohio; glazed ceramics by Louis Comfort Tiffany; and the eccentric works of George E. Ohr of Biloxi, Mississippi. A ceramics collection of this stature and significance has not been donated to a public museum since the E. A. Barber collection went to the Philadelphia Museum, more than eighty years ago.

THE MAESTRO RETURNS

At his debut in London's Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on December 4, 1959, Sir Georg Solti conducted Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. The performance, praised for its lightness and elegance, was the beginning of a relationship that turned



London's loss of a favorite, the always surprising Sir Georg, has been the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's gain.

into a love affair. Solti became Covent Garden's music director, working in London throughout the 1960s and conducting thirty-four productions there, twenty-six of them new ones. Then he went to the United States to become principal conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Now, exactly twenty-five years to the day after that first appearance, the love affair is being celebrated: Solti is returning to Covent Garden to conduct *Der Rosenkavalier* once more.

Solti was forty-seven when he arrived at Covent Garden in 1959; the price of a stalls seat was two and a half guineas (about \$7), and the immortal Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sang the part of the Marschallin. This time Solti will have Kiri Te Kanawa as his Marschallin; Agnes Baltsa succeeds Sena Jurinac as Octavian. The production team comprises the film and theater director John Schlesinger and the designer William Dudley, who has produced lavishly authentic rococo sets based on rooms decorated in Austria in the first half of the eighteenth century. The price of a stalls seat has risen to £34 (\$42).



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The common factors are Solti and Strauss, and even they have changed a little. Solti wears his seventy-two years lightly, energy undiminished—so much so that his performances are criticized by some as being too muscular, athletic, and hard-driving (exactly the complaint he encountered in his earlier years). Physically, time has taken its toll. His cheeks are a bit hollower than they were, and the fringe of hair grayer. He felt unwell earlier this year and canceled his engagement to conduct Wagner's *Ring* in Bayreuth. But after a summer spent at his Italian home in Tuscany, relaxing and studying scores, he was tanned and raring to go.

Strauss will probably be different because Solti's work rarely sounds the same. The characteristic rhythm and energy apart, 1984 will not be an exact echo of 1959 because, as he says, "You must always go ahead." Indeed, he prefers not to listen to his own records, because he does not like to hear the way he used to do a piece. "I am a Libra man, always up, then down. I love balances, but never find them."

Well, not *never*. He certainly did find them often at Covent Garden, which is why December 4, 1984, will be such a felicitous celebration.

—Stephen Fay

DOLLHOUSES AND SEPTEMBER CHEESE

If you plan to visit Holland between now and January 14, consider a trip to the special dollhouse exhibition at the Frans Halsmuseum in Haarlem (see page 112). Haarlem is a fifteen-minute train trip from Amsterdam, thirty minutes (also by tram) from The Hague, and a fifteen- to twenty-minute ride by car or taxi from Schiphol Airport.

While in Haarlem, you might want to take in a few additional attractions. Certainly, while in the Frans Halsmuseum you should see not only paintings by Frans Hals, Jacob van Ruisdael, and Jan Verstronck but also the work of more recent Dutch artists (Leo Gestel, Isaac Israels, Jan Sluyters, and Karel Appel), as well as the fine collections of Haarlem silver and Dutch decorative arts.

Walk along the canals and the river Spaarne, where you will pass historic almshouses, the guild hall of the goldsmiths, and numerous antiques shops. The Teylers Museum, on the Spaarne, is the oldest museum in Holland. It houses drawings by Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, and



One of Haarlem's smaller attractions.

Claude Lorrain, as well as a fascinating collection of old scientific instruments. The visitor should also stroll through Grote Markt, or Great Market Square, where tournaments were held during the Middle Ages. Here you can visit the fifteenth-century St. Bavo's Church and the Stadhuis, or town hall, once a summer residence for the princes of Orange.

Haarlem offers some excellent cuisine, too. Coninckshoek, at the corner of the Grote Markt and Koningstraat, occupies what was in the seventeenth-century a

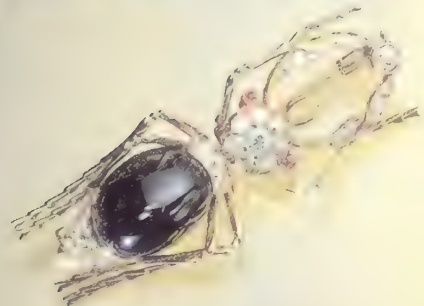
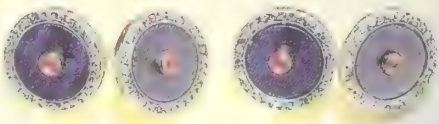
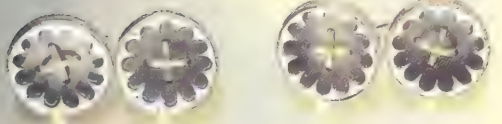


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wineshop, and three adjacent old houses. Specialties: Dutch herring, tiny shrimps from the North Sea, smoked Spaardam eel, and breast of wild duck with cranberry or blackberry sauce, beet salad, and fresh chestnut puree.

A twenty-minute taxi ride out of town will take you to Bokkedoorns, on a small lake in the dunes in Overveen. Specialties there include a wonderful, light salmon pâté, rack of Dutch lamb, roe deer, a dessert of strawberries and raspberries with fresh mint, outlined in chocolate, and a wine list three hundred items long. Bokke-

doorns has earned one Michelin star; reservations are definitely required.

There is an added bonus for cheese lovers, a shop called Samson Kaashandel, at Nieuwe Groenmarkt 39, run by the Samson family since 1820. You can get September cheese from Bodengraven, prepared from the last milk of cows before they leave fresh pasturage to go into the barn for the winter. And try the rare Sappemeester *schapenkaas*, a mild, low-fat sheep cheese from Friesland. It is surely as good now as it was in the heyday of the dollhouse collectors. —Shirley Glubok

HOW DALÍ CAME TO ST. PETE

Long before Andy Warhol turned art into a media event, Salvador Dalí was popping his eyes out and wiggling his mustache at the public while they puzzled over his paintings. He served dinners in ladies' slippers and broke the window of a Fifth Avenue store because the owners altered a display he had designed. His behavior was silly and narcissistic, but his work—paintings and sculpture of limp watches, double images, and cephalic deformations set in a dream world—hallowed his niche in surrealism's hall of fame.

Now Salvador Dalí is eighty years old and winding sadly down in Spain; no longer able to promote himself, his publicity has been limited to ghastly reports of malnutrition and accidental fires in bed. But for a generation who grew up on television, who would just as soon wear a limp watch as consider it art, the Dalí Museum, in St. Petersburg, Florida, is the place to get acquainted with this outrageous master of twentieth-century art.

How the world's largest Dalí collection wound up in a city that still drowns in the midday sun is a fantasy of its own. The story began when an enterprising attorney named James Martin read a *Wall Street Journal* item about Mr. A. Reynolds Morse, a Cleveland industrialist, and his search for a home to house his extensive collection. Martin wrote Morse, who was intrigued; he wanted his collection kept intact. Wheels turned. In 1981, the Florida state legislature appropriated \$2,000,000 to renovate and enlarge a run-down waterfront building for the huge collection. And on March 10, 1982, \$35,000,000 worth of art found a new home in the very buckle of the Sun Belt.

And now, there it is, a classy, little



Here hangs the most Dalí in the world.

structure smack in the middle of the oleaner and the bougainvillea, sharing the Tampa Bay shoreline with shrimp boats and rotting piers. A former one-story warehouse converted into a climate-controlled gallery, with offices, library, and information area, the Dalí Museum houses 1,400 oils, watercolors, drawings, sculptures, and objets d'art. Dalí's famous signature adorns the plain white façade in brilliant blue. Inside, the visitor proceeds from the artist's early, Impressionist phase to his best-known, Surrealist period and on to his "new" classicism. The arrangement effectively dramatizes Dalí's debt to Catalonia and Cézanne, Vermeer, and Velázquez, Picasso and Freud. So far, in the museum's first two years of life, more than 200,000 art lovers have come to pay homage, helping to bring youth and vitality back to the aging city.

Before you dash south, you might want to browse through the brand-new Dalí tome—with more than 1,000 illustrations, 672 in full color—just published by Abrams. In honor of the artist's eightieth birthday, the monograph purports to be "the most comprehensive book about Dalí ever published." At \$145, it is just about half the price of a round-trip plane ticket from New York to St. Pete.

But even the most definitive reproductions cannot compare with the visionary works displayed in the flesh, as it were, in St. Pete. —Barbara Phillips



Photo: Pésin

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WIDE THROAT BUSINESS

The Swiss army knife by Victorinox
is so good the whole world tries to copy it.

By Philip Jacobson

Not long after Ronald Reagan first settled into the White House, the U.S. embassy in Bern received a rather unusual presidential request. Would they please place an order for two thousand pocketknives with a factory up in the beautiful Swiss Alps south of Zurich? Mr. Reagan wanted his knives to come with blue plastic covers embossed in gold with the presidential seal and his own signature.

In Great Britain, purveyors of goods and services to royalty are privileged to announce the fact on their stationery and delivery vans above a reproduction of the monarch's crest. Mr. Reagan's order to Messerfabrik Carl Elsener, purveyors of Victorinox Swiss army knives to millions of discerning customers every year, understandably gratified the company. But when you have been making what is, incontestably, the finest pocketknife in the world for the best part of a century, a certain sense of achievement—not, please, complacency, which is practically against the law in Swiss business circles—does occasionally creep in.

The Swiss army knife was not, after all, exactly unknown in the United States. Victorinox had previously supplied Lyndon Baines Johnson with four thousand presidential knives, virtually identical to Reagan's (though in a rather classier glossy black finish), for handing out as keepsakes. Since then, the company's "Master Craftsman" model has been chosen as the official knife for use on both Skylab and Space Shuttle programs. After some experimentation, it seems, the astronauts concluded that it was far more convenient to stick to their knife, packing seventeen different blades and accessories into a three-and-a-half-inch-long "pocket tool kit," than to grapple with wrenches, screwdrivers, and pliers while floating in the living compartment in the cramped conditions.

Reagan was also an admirer—once.

Philip Jacobson is a free-lance writer based in

When Francis Gary Powers was shot down over the USSR in his U-2 spy plane, back in 1960, the tools of his trade were displayed to the Soviet public—poisoned suicide needle, transmission codes, gold coins, and the instantly recognizable pocket-knife: bright-red cover embossed with the silver Cross of Helvetia, gleaming steel blades. The pride of Victorinox. When Powers was released, two years later, his knife stayed behind him.

Excellence of design and material plus durability and a fairly unrestrained sense of competition are, of course, what rival manufacturers have grown ruefully to expect from the best of Swiss exports. Yet these qualities have failed to protect many of Switzerland's skilled craftsmen from the relentless competition of Japan and other Asian exporters. It is a striking compliment to the ability of Victorinox and the only other company authorized to produce the knives, Wenger S.A. (whose latest addition to their knife is a wrench), that a booklet from the national tourist board should feature not a watch, a camera, or a piece of optical equipment but a Swiss army knife, as the most instantly recognizable of Swiss products.

Naturally one does not expect Swiss



The Champion: 16 blades, 24 tools, 160 grams.

businessmen, German Swiss at that, to be careless with information about best-selling products. I was told politely but firmly that outsiders' cameras are never allowed anywhere near the shop floor in the Victorinox factory, in Ibach, a delightful overgrown village full of traditional rustic chalets. Sales figures are also guarded like nuclear secrets, though the company's export manager, Xavier Ehrler, seemed happy enough when I suggested that they turn out at least four million pocketknives



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annually (and almost as many superb kitchen and butcher's knives). All the steel comes from a special plant just over the border in France, Ehrler let me know, with the air of a man uncertain whether he is giving away official secrets.

Mr. Ehrler was alarmed by the suggestion that Victorinox is to knives what Rolls-Royce was to automobiles. This is a cutthroat business, he confided, too gloomily for a pun. When you are a market leader, everyone tries to beat your prices. And, alas, it is also a market in which the enduring commercial ethics of Switzerland do not always apply elsewhere.

This is the cue for the appearance of a large tray of knives. At first glance, they look like Victorinox models, but as Ehrler morosely observes, appearances can be de-

Victorinox is to knives what the Rolls-Royce was to automobiles.

ceptive. One is prominently labeled "Swiss Army Style Wonder Knife." You can barely see the words "Made in Taiwan." The knife is covered in red plastic and bears an emblem that is, only just, not quite the authentic Cross of Helvetia.

"We can't stop anyone copying our colors," Ehrler concedes, "but do you know, these people in Taiwan and Japan claim that we cannot even copyright our own Swiss cross?" He gazes out of the window, too pained, it appears, to appreciate the magnificent sight of the mist rolling down from the mountaintops. He begins to open the Taiwanese knife: the steel looks coarser than that of the glittering Victorinox blades beside it.

"There is no such thing as a good fake Swiss army knife," Ehrler declares, but the company is uneasily aware that in workshops around the world the fakes are getting better every year. Besides the Far East, the United States, West Germany, and Austria are regular offenders: Victorinox

usually enlists the local Swiss embassy to protest, rarely to dramatic effect. In the end it comes down to a golden rule: if the words VICTORINOX, SWITZERLAND are not stamped on the shaft of one of the blades (along with STAINLESS and ROSTFREI), you do not own the original and incomparable Swiss army knife.

We are on much happier ground with the history of Victorinox and the Elsener men (all called Carl) who founded the company just one hundred years ago, still own it lock, stock, and barrel, and have always run it very much from the shop-floor end of the business. The first Carl served his apprenticeship as a cutlery craftsman in Germany in the early 1880s. Returning to Ibach, he started producing knives of such quality and durability in Alpine conditions from a one-room factory that he was able to persuade the Swiss military authorities to drop their standard-issue, German-made knife and buy his.

This was not yet the Swiss army knife. Until then, pocketknives could be opened on only one side of the handle, with one spring for each pair of blades. Elsener devised a revolutionary design that used only two springs to operate six blades opening on either side of the handle. He was thus able to provide two cutting blades, a screwdriver, a can opener, a reamer, and a corkscrew. He patented the new model in 1897 as the *Offiziersmesser*—officer's knife, loosely translated in English-speaking markets as "Swiss army knife." The new range was named for his mother, Victoria (the "inox" was added after the discovery of stainless steel).

Today every citizen-soldier in Switzerland's efficient little army receives a silver-metal Victorinox knife when he takes the oath of allegiance. Once a year it is laid out for the commanding officer's inspection, alongside the automatic rifle, ammunition, boots, and uniform. The current military knife, I noticed, has no corkscrew. Well, Ehrler suggested, maybe the generals don't think soldiers should drink wine. Not so the West German army. Having



An unfazed worker in the Victorinox factory, where highest precision is required.

polled the troops about what they wanted from a knife, the Bundeswehr delighted Victorinox and enraged its own domestic manufacturers by ordering the Swiss army knife for general issue. It is field green with the German eagle stamped on the handle, and it possesses a corkscrew, wine bottles for the opening of.

The American love affair with Victorinox—the United States is easily the most lucrative market—began after World War II. The second Carl Elsener contrived to get his knives into the PXes, where GIs snapped them up as perfect homecoming



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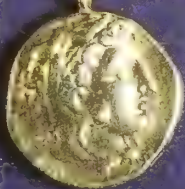
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BRIEFING PAPER

Designers are at
wit's end thinking up additions
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gifts from Europe. A generation or two later, the third Carl Elsener's knives could often be seen dangling next to grenades on the belts of U.S. soldiers fighting in Vietnam (which is when Lyndon Johnson found out about them).

Those who, like myself, become hopelessly addicted to Swiss army knives naturally aspire to ownership of the "Champion," flagship of the Victorinox range. With its twenty-four blades and tools all exposed, the Champion looks rather like a huge red centipede. The excellence and economy of its design—it weighs less than 160 grams and fits snugly into the palm of the hand—were acknowledged some years ago by the Museum of Modern Art in New York, where the Champion is included in its collection of outstandingly well designed functional objects.

There are exactly 348 separate steps in the making of a Champion, from the presses stamping out gleaming coils of steel to the intrepid women opening, testing, and closing every blade on every knife at breathtaking speed without drawing blood. Victorinox's customers have come to expect something new on their Champions every year or so. The latest innovation is a combination cap lifter and can opener (whose functions were hitherto performed by two blades). The designers are frequently at wit's end thinking up useful additions that won't make their pride and joy too cumbersome.

The present Carl Elsener and his oldest son, Carl the fourth, came into the boardroom while I was admiring the Champion's versatility. A tall, gentle-looking man who greatly prefers overalls and the machine room to suits and balance sheets, Mr. Elsener is on first-name terms with his 800 employees, many of them the grandchildren of men who first started working with his own grandfather.

Mr. Elsener gets to work before anyone else and is usually the last to leave. There are no trade unions in Victorinox, he told me, because there is no need for them. "If there are problems, they come and tell me

and we sit down straight away to sort things out as friends." In Britain and the United States, he observed politely, the union situation is different, no?

Almost every morning, Victorinox's mail includes unsolicited testimonials from admirers around the world. Some incline toward the loony: what about adding a power saw or a food mixer?—that sort of thing. Others are quite sensible: why not build in a small flashlight? I was present when a request arrived from the Malibu colony home of Mr. Larry Hagman, alias the unspeakable J.R. in the TV soap opera "Dallas." This all-but-interminable series is extremely popular in Switzerland, so Mr. Hagman's letter provoked something of a stir among employees (though not with Carl Elsener, who had never heard of J.R. or of "Dallas").

Would it be possible, Mr. Hagman asked, to purchase one of those striking window displays of a vast Swiss army knife with the blades opening and closing electronically in almost mesmeric fashion? It was just what he wanted for his "very eccentric" collection of art.

Victorinox rarely feels it necessary to spend heavily on promoting the knives. It even charges distributors about eighty dollars for the moving displays, reasoning that if you give material away, people won't bother to put it in prime positions. On the other hand, free advertising never hurts. The company may have mixed feelings about the blood-stained Swiss army knife that appears on the cover of a best-selling novel by Lawrence Sanders entitled *The Third Deadly Sin* (which deals, inter alia, with a young woman who uses her Victorinox to slit the throats of her lovers). But virtually everyone in Ibach was still buzzing about the photograph of a stunning black model who appeared at some recent Paris fashion showings with an elegant little "Bijou" knife from Victorinox hanging from the gold belt on her minuscule dress. I would imagine that Larry Hagman can start clearing a space in the gallery for his latest conversation piece. □



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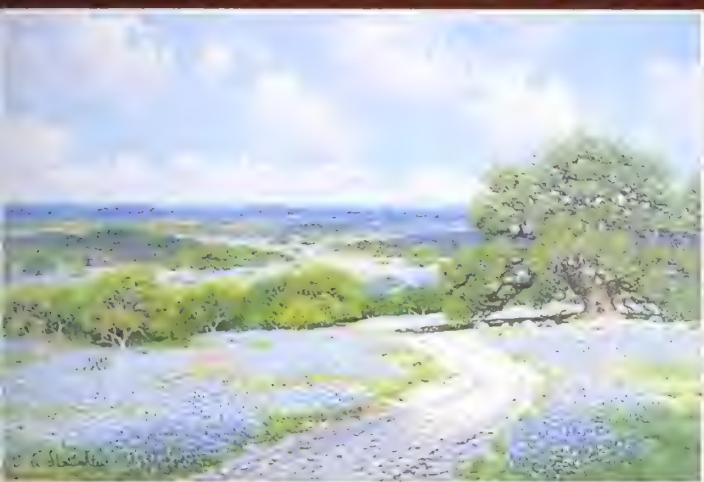


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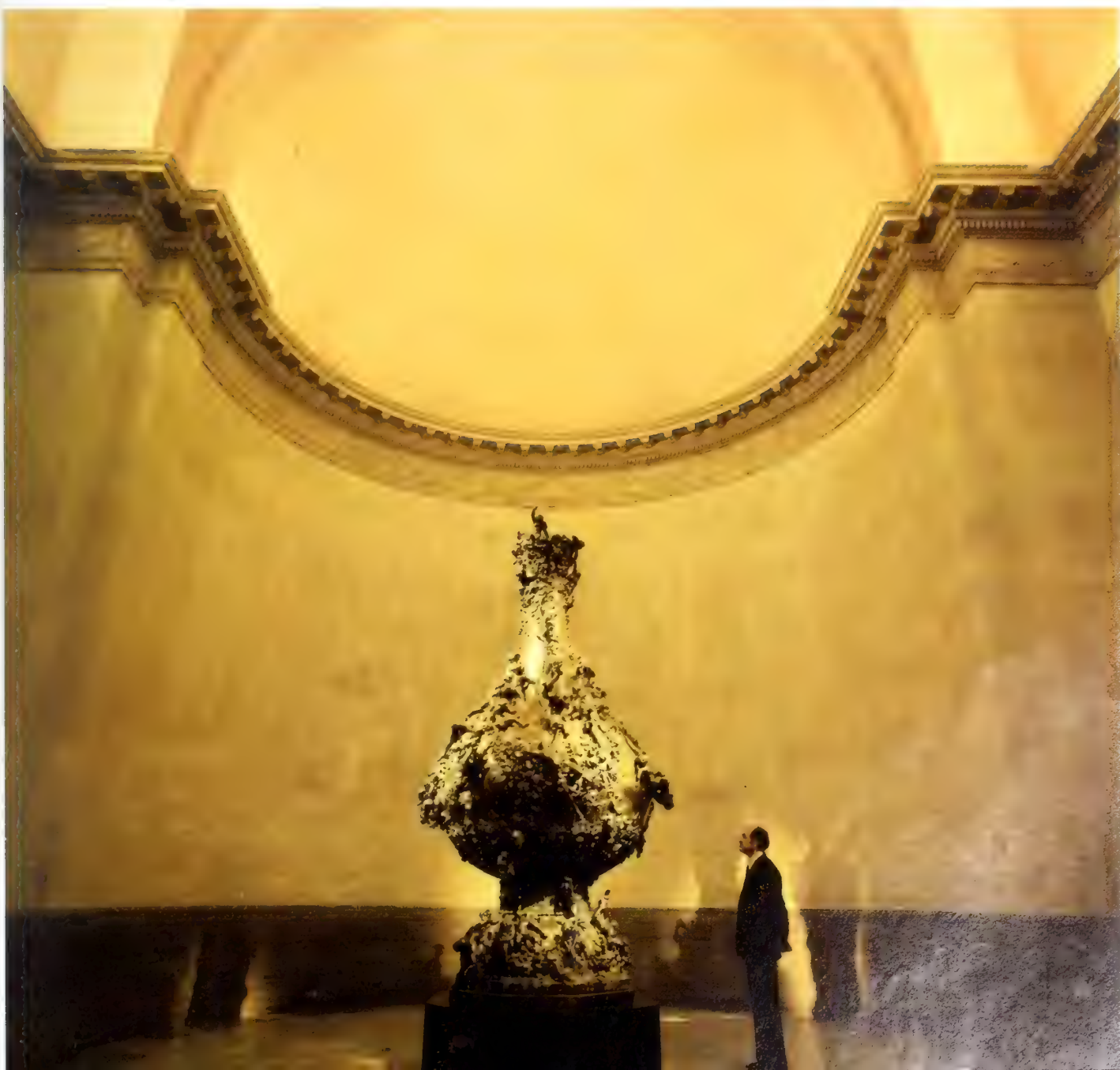
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Below: The Legion's rotunda, with Gustav Doré vase. Overleaf: Board members at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor.





“WE HAVE A LOT OF BREADTH; WHAT WE LACK IS PEAKS.”

Like many cultural institutions, the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco were in sorry financial shape during the 1970s. Inflated operating costs had led to cutbacks in staff. Declining stock prices had eaten away at their endowment. To top it off, California's infamous Proposition 13, passed by the voters in 1978, had forced the city of San Francisco to reduce the museums' funding practically overnight, leaving them to enter the 1980s with a 50 percent cut in their budget—and facing an annual deficit of \$1 million and not the least idea of where to find the cash.

A deeper trouble was decay from within. For years, the institution—which had been two separate museums until 1972—was saddled with a notoriously somnolent group of trustees whose idea of boardsmanship consisted of little more than showing up for the Christmas dance and meeting occasionally to approve a modest acquisition. Many of them bearing old San Francisco names, the trustees perpetuated themselves in office in some cases for as long as thirty years and tended to view their museums as a private club. Members were not above leaning on the director to borrow a work of art or get use of a gallery for a coming-out party. Not long ago, one lawyer trustee volunteered to have his firm handle the institution's legal business; later he sent a fat bill for his services.

Few trustees did any real work. They never held a concerted fund drive; when the city cut back its support, they were bewildered by suggestions that they might lobby politicians to restore cuts. “They seemed to think the money was theirs by some kind of right,” says John Jacobs, executive director of the city's chamber of commerce and a board member since 1976. In all the years of the museums' existence, their board had endowed them with less than a million dollars. A former president of the board, in fact, died recently, leaving the museums not a cent. Another trustee, a woman who had sat on the board for twenty-five years, left tens of

millions to her relatives; to the museums, she gave \$2,800 in cash and two eighteenth-century French pastels. Says John Rosekrans, grandson of one of the founders and husband of a current trustee, “You'd have to say that for years the board was a real dead-ass group.”

The situation today is a good deal less grim. Not only have the museums managed to survive; they are undergoing what promises to be a dramatic transformation. Their deficit was overcome by a series of tremendously successful traveling exhibitions. One of them, the King Tut show, netted over \$1 million and drew more visitors than it did in any other U.S. city. Since 1979, membership in the Museum Society has tripled to nearly 60,000, one of the three highest in the country. And in June the museums opened their New American Galleries, housing paintings donated by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd, the biggest museum bequest in years and one hungered after by New York's Whitney Museum and the National Gallery, in Washington.

It has taken a six-year effort to revitalize the thirty-member board. “We knew where we wanted to go,” says Leonard Kingsley, a senior partner in an investment firm who was brought in by the reformers as president two years ago. “We just wanted to be sure we had the kind of board of trustees to take us there.”

Along with limiting members' terms and easing a few timeservers into retirement, the museums went about collecting a high-octane blend of movers and shakers who could provide access to hitherto-untapped sources of wealth. The board's five main ingredients are chief executive officers of major corporations; politicians who know their way around city hall and Sacramento; art collectors with contacts on the East Coast and in Europe; lively women

Bruce Porter is a free-lance writer and director of the journalism program at Brooklyn College, in New York.

who know how to give good parties; and a bountiful selection of what Jacobs likes to call "just plain rich people." When feeling out prospective members, the board's nominating committee explains in no uncertain terms the Rule of the Three G's: fun, money themselves; get it from someone else; or get off the board. "We don't exactly put a price on a seat on the board," says Kingsley, the first board president born outside San Francisco. "Let's just say we have become much more aggressive than we used to be about telling prospective trustees what's expected of them."

As San Francisco is showing, a souped-up board can help create a national, even international reputation for a regional institution. Indeed, if the new trustees succeed in digging into the area's untapped wealth—and last fall they began a campaign to increase their funding and double or even triple their endowment by 1990—the future of the Fine Arts Museums could be heady. "Right now I'd say we're in between acts," says Charles S. Moffett, the museums' coordinating curator, who came last year from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. "But this institution is poised on the verge of a long, long roll."

The story behind the two museums that make up the Fine Arts Museums has its bizarre touches. One of them, the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, a homely, Mediterranean-style structure in Golden Gate Park, was the brainchild of Michael de Young, who founded the *San Francisco Chronicle*. A sensationalist and sometime blackmailer, de Young raised money for the museum through a newspaper campaign to memorialize the city's International Exposition in 1894 and then had it named in memory of himself.

The other museum, on a dramatic promontory in Lincoln Park overlooking the Pacific Ocean, was donated in 1924 by the exuberant, eccentric Alma Spreckels, wife of a Hawaiian sugar-fortune heir and a devotee of French art and modern dance. Smaller but much more impressive than the de Young, the Spreckels

Building is a replica of the Palace of the Legation of France in Paris (and named after it, too), built in honor of Louis-Adolphe de Young who died in World War I. (There was some embarrassment a few years later when it was revealed that the then-director had been in the Kaiser's Luftwaffe.)

Feuding between the museums' founding families broke out after the *Chronicle* accused Alma's husband, Adolph Spreckels, of having cheated his company's stockholders. In response, Spreckels strode into de Young's office with a revolver. He fired and missed, but the incident soured relations between the two families, so that even years later the maitre d' at the Mural Room of the St. Francis Hotel had to seat Alma Spreckels and the de Young sisters at opposite ends of the dining room. It was not until 1972 that an amalgamation of the two museums became possible.

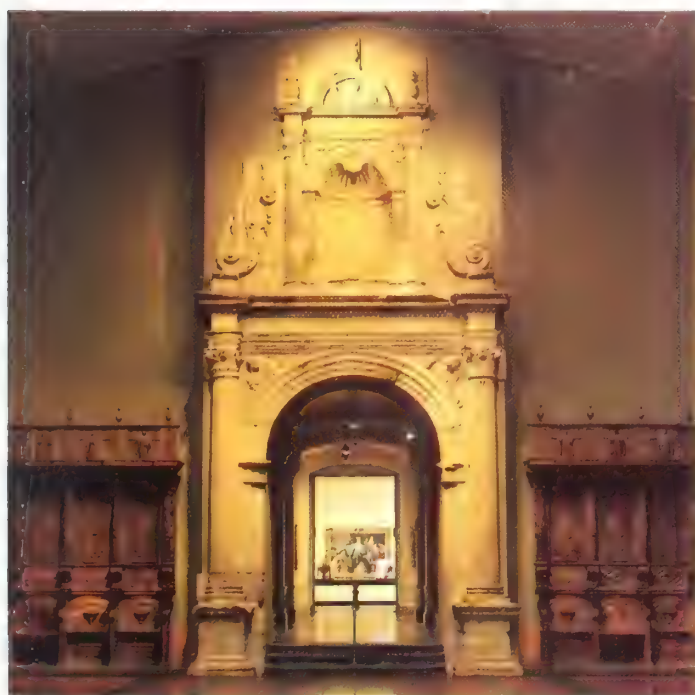
In content they were always very different. The de Young's Dutch, English, and American paintings were mixed up with stuffed birds and rusty mining artifacts; the Legion leaned toward French art, particularly of the eighteenth century, and had seventy-six works by Alma's friend Auguste Rodin. Until the 1970s, however, neither collection could be called impressive.

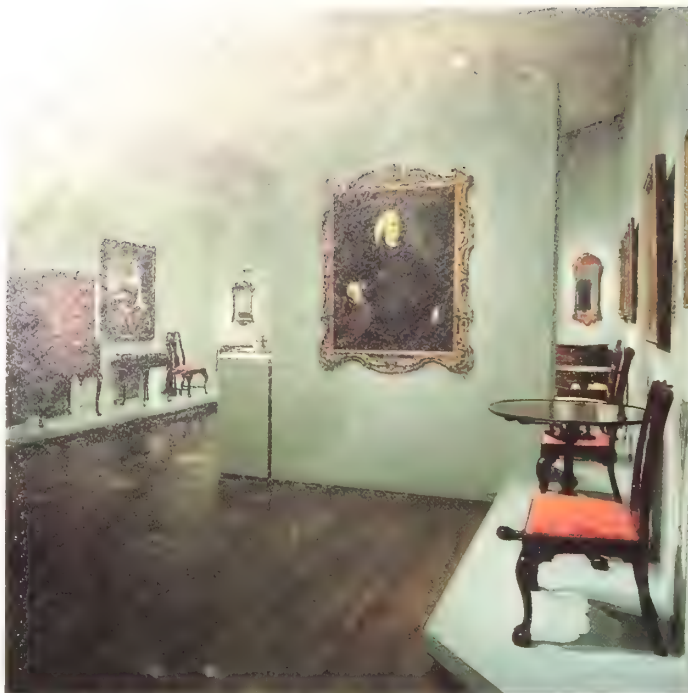
Indeed, one critic noted that if the two were united the city would have one mediocre museum instead of two.

San Franciscans have traditionally spent their culture money on the performing rather than the visual arts, while the West in general has struck a rather know-nothing attitude toward things European. "If van Gogh was a great artist," a newspaper's art critic wrote in the 1930s, "we have a lot of great artists in the Bay Region." There have been but three major art collectors on the entire West Coast, all from southern California: Norton Simon, Walter Annenberg, and the late J. Paul Getty. Rather than enrich other museums, all of them chose instead to found or dominate museums of their own.



Above: El Greco's Saint John the Baptist. Below, left: From the Hearst collection, the portal of the monastery of Santa Maria de Oliva, Spanish, sixteenth century, with seventeenth-century choir stalls. Below, right: Painted room from Tirano, Italy, ca. 1800.





Left: In the New American Galleries, a Copley. Right: Marble bust of Cosimo I de' Medici, with paintings by Cesare da Sesto and Bartolommeo di Giovanni. Below: Mary Cassatt's *Mother and Sara Admiring the Baby*.

For this reason, the Fine Arts Museums have had to look east to broaden their collection, as with the Rockefeller bequest. In 1980, they acquired one of the world's greatest collections of Middle Eastern tribal rugs from H. McCoy Jones, a Marylander renowned for his prescient investments in uranium. Jones had served as a naval aide in Istanbul after the Russian Revolution and picked up dozens of carpets being hurried out of the Soviet Union ahead of the commissars at a fraction of their current value.

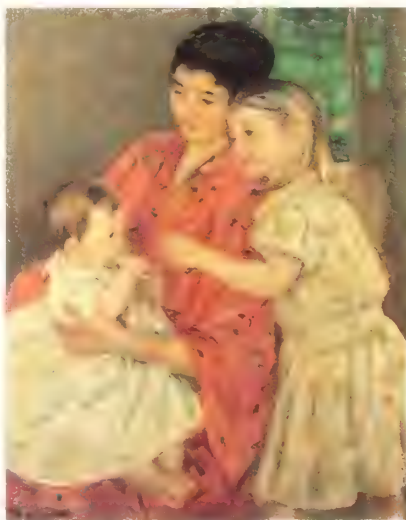
In one way or another, the Fine Arts Museums acquired art now worth about half a billion dollars. "We have a lot of breadth; what we lack are the peaks and mountain ranges," says Ian White, who has been director of the joint museums since 1972. Their collection of tapestries is the best in the country after those at New York's Met and the Art Institute of Chicago. Their Dutch and Flemish, and now American, collections are also excellent, as is their eighteenth-century French, in spite of its lacking a Chardin. From Spain they have three El Grecos but no Zurbarán, no Murillo. Of the nineteenth-century French, they have four Monets, including a water lily, and a Cézanne landscape, bought four years ago for nearly \$1 million, but not a single painting by Ingres, Delacroix, Gauguin, or van Gogh. George Fitch, chairman of the trustees' acquisitions committee, despairs of ever getting any of what he calls the "Four Vs": da Vinci, van Eyck, Velázquez, or Vermeer.

Until their endowment is beefed up, the museums' acquisitions strategy is to buy against, or ahead of, the market. The tactic does not always succeed. On a Friday in December of 1983, Fitch, a retired executive of Young and Rubicam, spotted in the Christie's auction catalogue a tiny painting of apples called *Greenings*, by a nineteenth-century German-American artist named Joseph Decker. "Only a few people know about Decker," he said, "so I thought we had a chance at it." The

museum staff guessed the painting might sell for about \$25,000, but to be on the safe side Fitch scrambled about to raise a lot more, partly from a special fund controlled by the women's auxiliary, partly from an acquisitions reserve. The following Friday, Director White flew to New York, authorized to bid as high as \$75,000. He needn't have bothered. *Greenings* was knocked down for \$220,000.

The need to raise money for acquisition attracts all eyes to the newly renovated board of trustees. A key figure is its chairman of the development committee, Alfred Wilsey, a wealthy real-estate developer who shuttles back and forth in his own helicopter between his homes in San Francisco and Napa Valley. As chief fund-raiser, Wilsey sees as his main target northern California's deep pool of newly created wealth, from venture capitalists, real-estate developers, and, most important, the semiconductor business in Silicon Valley, south of San Francisco. "These people have to be cultivated very carefully," says Wilsey. "If you've acquired your wealth quickly you tend to be very protective of it." To give him a hand, the museums set up a twenty-member steering committee. Its job is to identify prospects capable of giving more than \$100,000, assessing how much to ask for, then working up a dossier. "We want to develop as much information as we can," says Wilsey. "What their interests are, their habits, their friends, the institutions they deal with. If a person is interested in horses, then we'll get someone who can start out by discussing horses."

The trustees themselves are not exactly without resources. Wilsey is reported to be worth about \$30 million; Cyril Magnin's family founded the specialty-store chain. Four women are wives or daughters of founders or chairmen of the city's largest banks: Crocker, Hibernia, Wells Fargo, and Bank of America. Mrs. Robert A. Magowan collects English antiques and goes with



Director White on what she calls "little shopping trips" to London and New York to pick up things for the museums' period rooms. "I don't remember the prices," she says. "Most of the things are paid for by a trust set up by my father." That would be Charles E. Merrill, founder of Merrill Lynch & Co., Inc., whose trust is worth about \$100 million. There is also Mrs. William P. Roth, one of the more threadbare trustees, who several years ago

sold her oil refinery in Hawaii to Standard Oil for \$20 million. Asked what she planned to do with the money, she replied in blunt tones, "Well, after all, it's all the money I have."

Giving parties is the specialty of John Rosekrans's wife, Dodie. He is the grandson of Alma Spreckels, who is the daughter of a Lebanese theater owner, and the parties are held in their house, a reproduction of the seventeenth-century villa built for the man-

WHAT THE ROCKEFELLERS KEPT

Fabulous as the newly opened New American Galleries are, the family has understandably retained, at least for the time being, some of the finest pieces brought together by the late John D. 3rd. "By and large, the smaller, more intimate paintings are the ones the family has kept," says Meg Perlman, curator of Mrs. Rockefeller's collection. "Most are really exquisite, better than the things in any museum collection."

Among the works that the family has retained are some of the nineteenth century's most beautiful devotionals to nature—a version of Edward Hicks's *The Peaceable Kingdom* (ca. 1845), *Tut-tut-light, Spouting Rock Beach*, by Martin Johnson Heade (1863); Asher Durand's *A River Landscape* (1858); Eastman Johnson's *Woman Picking Waterlilies* (1865); and *Heron on the Marsh in Moonlight* (1851), by Thomas Worthington Whittredge. *Dish of Blackberries*, a small still life by Raphaëlle Peale (1813) remains in the family, as do two portraits by his father, Charles Willson Peale: one of Thomas Fitzgerald (1816) and one of himself (1822).

Below: One of the museums' largest benefactors—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd with her son Governor John D. 4th and his wife, Sharon.

The Rockefellers have decided to keep one of John D. 3rd's first major American acquisitions: Fitz Hugh Lane's 1860 *Ships and an Approaching Storm off Camden, Maine*. Mrs. Rockefeller describes the painting in a 1979 catalogue as "magical," and it is said to be one of the family's favorites.

Several modern gems include Andrew Wyeth's 1967 watercolor *Frosted Apples* and Charles Burchfield's starkly beautiful industrial landscape *Black Iron* (1935). Two of the most intimate pieces remaining in the family are a couple of tiny oil landscapes by William Sydney Mount of his hometown of Setauket, Long Island, (1845): *St. George's Manor* and *The Farmhouse at St. George's Manor*. *Oranges in Tissue*, by William J. McCloskey (1891), is a little-known but extraordinary still life in oil.

Family representatives decline to reveal which members own which paintings, though the largest number has been kept by Mrs. Rockefeller herself. These will eventually go to the Fine Arts Museums. The four children have the option of keeping their choices for their own families. But since the Rockefellers have traditionally been generous in lending and giving away their art, the public will probably get to see most, if not all, of these paintings someday.

—Kevin Krajick

THE COLLECTION HAD NEARLY EVERY MAJOR AMERICAN PAINTER.



place is on Broadway in
 100th Place, on the
 100th Street. The cream
 of the collection are the Zellerbachs
 Anne and Gordon Getty (es-
 pecially the day). Much to the museums' disap-
 pointment, the Rosekrans failed to get either to sit on the board.
 The trustees in 1980 and
 1981 were in 1980, but his
 1981 was to chair the board's
 special council, which works to
 build a nationwide constituency for
 the museums.

Dodie Rosekrans's get-togethers
 are of two sorts: cocktail parties for
 persuading newly arrived San Fran-
 ciscans to become \$1,000-a-year pa-
 trons; dinner parties for bigger fish.
 "Some people say we're putting too
 much emphasis on money," Dodie
 says, "but that's the phase we're in
 right now."

Unlike Wilsey's CIA approach,
 Dodie's fund-raising style is direct
 and unpredictable. One day four
 years ago, Director White was fretting in his office over how to
 find people willing to put up \$250,000 to fund a traveling exhibi-
 tion of Greek art, "The Search for Alexander." Suddenly Dodie
 appeared with a stranger whom she introduced as Alex Spanos, a
 real-estate developer from Stockton, which to the San Francisco
 social world might as well be in Nebraska. Would Spanos like to
 be a partial sponsor of the exhibition? No, Spanos said, he would
 not; he would like to sponsor the whole thing. "I had just had a
 party for him," Dodie recalls. "I thought the exhibition would be
 just right for him, so I came out and asked. And he said yes."

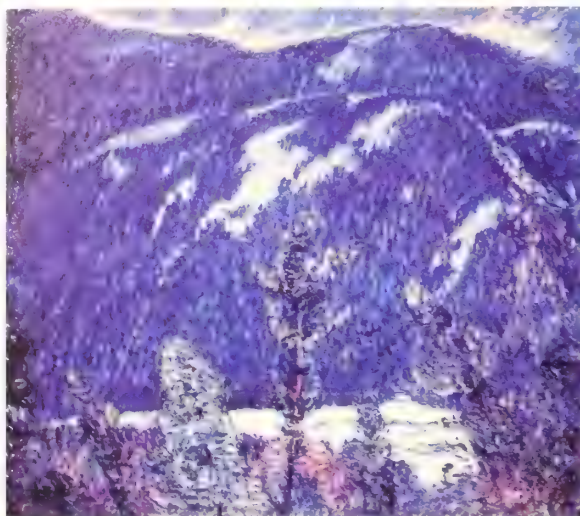
The museums' political fences are kept in repair by Jacobs of the
 chamber of commerce, who once served as head of an urban think

tank and deals regularly with public officials. At election time
 Jacobs gets the trustees to ante up \$1,000 to every member of the
 city's board of supervisors running for reelection. The politicians
 are also given lunches and VIP treatment at every exhibition.
 Not surprisingly, while other city departments still have to live
 with the Proposition 13 cuts made six years ago, the city's contri-
 bution to the museums is up over 50 percent this year, not includ-
 ing an extra \$2 million for capital
 improvements.

When it comes to soliciting cor-
 porations, the board counts on its
 half a dozen chief executive officers,
 including Carl E. Reichardt of Wells
 Fargo, James Harvey of the Trans-
 america Corporation, and Rodney
 Willoughby of the Chevron Corpo-
 ration (formerly Standard Oil of
 California). The museum was at first
 turned down by Chevron when it
 asked the public-affairs department
 for \$700,000 to underwrite the Vati-
 can exhibition, but after Willough-
 by went to his chairman, the depart-
 ment saw the wisdom of funding the
 show.

As a body of art collectors, however—trustees who can give art
 themselves and get it from others—the board still has a conspic-
 uous weakness. One trustee collects from the Hudson River
 school and has promised to leave his Coles, Church, Bierstadt,
 and Inness to the Fine Arts Museums. But another, George Fitch,
 who collects American watercolors, including Hartleys,
 O'Keeffes, and Hoppers, caused great unhappiness when he
 revealed that before he retired to the West Coast in 1968 he had
 promised his paintings to his alma mater, Yale University. "It sets
 a rotten example," said one curator, "to have your acquisitions
 chairman give his entire collection to someone else."

Hunting down art bequests has devolved mainly on Director



Above: Marsden Hartley's Summer Camp—Blue Mountain, a gift from John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Below, left: A Rodin sculpture on the grounds of the Palace of the Legion of Honor. Below, right: Thomas Hart Benton's Susannah and the Elders.





"THE NEW RICH HAVE TO BE CULTIVATED VERY CAREFULLY."

White, a smooth, Harvard-trained architect, who spends almost as much time stroking potential donors as he does running the shop. Indeed, as an administrator he has displeased several trustees for his failure to control the institution more firmly. He believes in giving curators a free hand when it comes to laying requests before the acquisitions committee. Confusion results over how the museums should spend their limited budget, and a number of valuable paintings have slipped through their fingers. Because of dithering several years ago, they reportedly fumbled a chance to buy a van Ruisdael and also missed a chance to buy Turner's *Fingal's Cave* for \$1 million—a week later it sold for \$1.5 million and is now at Yale, worth about \$9 million.

To counter this weakness, the trustees in 1982 split the directorship, giving the housekeeping duties to a retired colonel who had run the army terminal at Praesidio. Moffett has been made "coordinating curator," to run the professional staff, thus freeing White to concentrate on what he does best—pursuing works of art.

His wooing of Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller began back in 1972 when they visited their daughter at Stanford and, along with a cousin of theirs on the Fine Arts Museums' board, stopped by one of the museums to see a new landscape by Church. First conversations about the Rockefellers' own collection went gingerly indeed. "He said, 'Now, we're not really talking about anything; we're just walking around the subject,'" White recalls. "It was a walk that lasted seven years."

The collection consisted of more than a hundred works and included just about every major painter in the country's history:

West, Copley, Peale, Benbridge, Wright, Allston, Stuart, Trumbull, Sully, Birch, Cole, Heade, Church, Bierstadt, Bingham, Homer, Johnson, Eakins, Farny, Hovenden, Page, Ryder, Vedder, Sargent, Wyeth, Burchfield. White argued that it would be better for the Rockefellers to give the paintings to a museum in a region of the country where they would stand out, rather than to an institution already rich in such holdings. To bolster the point, the Fine Arts Museums held a special bicentennial exhibition of the Rockefeller collection in 1976. Then Rockefeller sent a signal to the Fine Arts Museums that raised hopes. In their own American collection the museums had four works by Harnett. Rockefeller also owned a Harnett, but he suddenly sold it, replacing it with something the museums lacked. "That," says White, "was a clear indication that something was in the wind."

The announcement that the paintings would be left to the museums came in January of 1978. At the ceremony, Rockefeller made a quip Rockefellers often make on such occasions, about the family's longevity. "We figured we'd have to wait ten years," says White. Four months later, Rockefeller was killed in an automobile accident. Soon afterward the paintings were crated and shipped west. There was only one small hook. According to his will, each of the four Rockefeller children was to pick \$500,000 worth of paintings from the collection first; among those they chose were some that White had dearly desired.

On June 21, one of the four children, John D. Rockefeller 3d, the governor of West Virginia, was present along with his wife and mother at a ceremony honoring the museums' New American Galleries, dedicated to the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. White would have liked the other three children present, too. "You can't have them all," he says, "that we'll be actively trying to attract the rest of Rockefellers in the museums' future."

Above: A glass ceiling in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, with Rodin's bronze The Prodigal Son, given by Alma Spreckels.





THE HOUSE THAT PEI BUILT

A MAGNIFICENT HOME
FOR A FINE
ART COLLECTION

BY SALLY HELGESEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY GROSKINSKY

"I never design houses," says the architect I. M. Pei, who has made his name creating big buildings. Pei did design one house, though, in the mid-1960s, in the American Southwest. He just doesn't like to talk about it. "I really don't consider it my house now," he explains, "because it's changed so much. I never wanted to build a family home. I wanted to build a house-museum, like Isabella Gardner's place in Boston." Gardner, but in the style of Pei. That's quite a pair.

Melanie Kahane, the New York interior designer who brought the architect and the original client together, doesn't understand Pei's attitude. "With all due respect to Mr. Pei, has he become so haughty, is he really so great, that a house doesn't mean anything to him anymore? And does he really believe that a house shouldn't live, shouldn't grow?"

The answer is Pei's to give, of course, but in the face of his polite silence, it must come from the history of the house. The original client was an avid patron of the arts. "She had a great eye, a passion for art, a wonderful collection," rhapsodizes Kahane. "A true Renaissance woman; she had a deep respect for creative people, and she was a patron in the grandest sense, like a Medici." Like a Medici, too, the client had strong opinions, and she and

The garden room reaches up three stories to a skylight. Works of art include a Frank Stella painting, left, a Maillol sculpture of a woman, left rear, and a Giacometti standing figure, right rear.



The white marble area to the left of the main corridor is the garden room's bar; nearby are the piano and the gathering area for guests. To the right, the long gallery, with fluted concrete and glass, displays part of the art collection.

Pei eventually had a falling-out. But at the introductory luncheon, at Manhattan's "21" club, to which Kahane invited the skeptical architect and the ebullient client, sufficient charm was exerted to persuade Pei to overcome his distaste for building houses. "I liked the project because it was for a single person who entertained groups of several hundred and had a great art collection to display," he says. "That meant the house would function as a kind of public space."

The space has seen some changes through the years. For instance, a pavilion was added to the rear of the house with which Pei will understandably have nothing to do; he was no longer working on the project by then. Kahane scoured Europe for rugs and bought antiques by the truckload at Mallet's in London, to complement the house's grandeur, but then had her own disagreement with the Renaissance woman; Ben Baldwin was called in to finish the interior decoration. All the disagreements notwithstanding, the owner lived in apparent contentment in her dwelling for the next twelve years, until her death, in 1981. Then her daughter (who insists upon anonymity) inherited it and commissioned Kahane to redecorate the interior. And so the house has come full circle, to the satisfaction of the designer. Kahane and the present owner have labored to make the imposing structure "warmer, brighter, less institutional." Pei, who intended it to have a more monumental air, cannot share their pleasure.

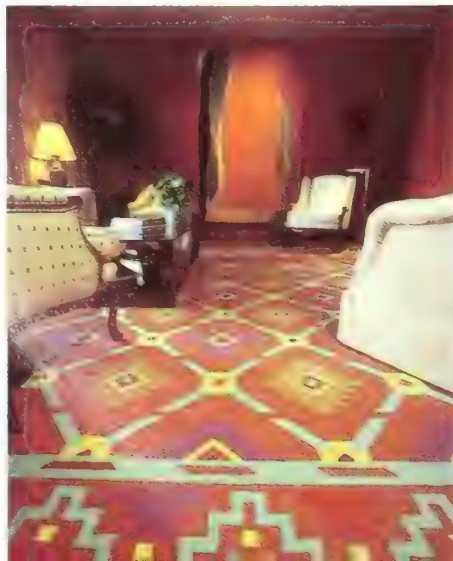
Despite the changes, the house retains its boldness, grandeur, and simplicity. Ap-

proached from the front, it looks like a museum, low-lying but magisterial, set into a dense wood of live oak, red oak, and cedar; as Pei has remarked, "the only way to see into the house is by helicopter." A long wall overhung with crepe myrtle leads to a wide circular drive surrounded by marigolds, caladium, and more live oaks; in the center stands a large bronze sculpture by Duchamp-Villon, a promise of the treasures that lie within.

The visitor entering the house has an acute awareness of light, space, and height, recalling a similar impression conveyed on a walk through the East Wing of the National Gallery, in Washington, D.C., Pei's chef d'oeuvre. While the house is largely a single-story affair, this enormous "garden room" reaches up three stories at the peak of its slanted roof. The roof itself is mostly skylight, glass treated to keep out the sun's harmful ultraviolet rays and further softened by recessed latticework, which throws patterned shadows over the room and adds to the overall geometrical effect. (This is characteristic also of the great East Wing.) Here is Pei's valued "public space" seen at its most dramatic.

The far end of the room is a wall of glass. Sliding doors open onto one of the many terraces that surround the house; beyond lie deep woods. A grand piano and a low sofa stand before glass doors, which look out on a vista of trees; the color in this room is neutral. The floor is built from massive blocks of highly polished Portuguese marble, and the walls are of cast-in-place concrete. This concrete, made with a rose-quartz granite aggregate, is in fact

The sitting room-library: at the rear is a painting by Helen Frankenthaler.





Along the gallery corridor are exhibited works by Picasso, Braque, Rothko, and Dubuffet, as well as a collection of African masks and pre-Columbian figures. At the end of the corridor, to the left, are the family's living quarters; a guest room is to the right.

the house's most distinguished feature. "It came from a special mine in Colorado," Pei recalls. "It took an entire year to find that mine." The granite was pulverized to reveal its shimmering texture, and then, after being mixed with concrete and poured into molds, was visually softened by a demanding process known as bushhammering, which results in a deep, continuous fluting. Pei first used this technique several years before the house was built, in his design for the National Center for Atmospheric Studies, in Boulder, Colorado. The original contractor for the house remembers how his workers became muscle-bound between the shoulders from operating the thirty-five-pound machine in order to make the requisite grooves in thousands of feet of concrete, a task that suggests a labor of Hercules.

Pei's plans called for a large ficus tree to grow inside the garden room and provide shade, "like a huge umbrella." He also designed a fountain. The first owner lived with both tree and fountain, but her heir scrapped them. "The tree was a nightmare, sap running down and dead leaves all over the place," she explains. Pei expresses displeasure at the tree's removal but, retorts the owner, "he wouldn't have had that thing in his house, I can guarantee you. As for the fountain—someone always ended up falling into it whenever Mother gave a party." Large

potted plants now provide greenery in the garden room, and the tree's place has been taken by a Giacometti sculpture, tall and attenuated. The art displayed here continues the neutral theme: a dark coromandel screen; masks from Nigeria and the Ivory Coast; a large Nimbi statue, carved from wood. Near the entry hangs a rather austere Picasso, and by the screen stands a human-scale Maillol. The startling exception to these restful tones is an enormous canvas by Frank Stella, a vivid painting that exemplifies the present owner's taste.

The art here is substantially different from that which hung in the house in the 1970s. The current owner, whose collecting forays were restricted mainly to lithographs, prints, and drawings before her mother's death, began acquiring paintings after inher-

iting the house. "I'd lived here for more than a year before my mother's death, so my ideas about what I wanted to put in it were firm. I kept some of Mother's things—the Picassos, the Braque, a Gauguin, an early Miró, two O'Keeffes, and some old Lautrec lithographs of my father's. They're hung in my bathroom now, so the sun won't destroy the paper. Then I went out and bought some things: a Rothko, a Stella, and a Frankenthaler, to start. I knew just what I liked. I'd been an art-history major in college, studied design after that, and taken correspondence courses

*The rug in the master bedroom was inspired by an American Indian design. Over the bed: Gorky's *The Plough and the Song*.*





through the years. Mother thought the Abstract Expressionists were ridiculous and would never last, but I loved them. And so I bought them—in New York and Basel, mostly. I'd always loved African art too, and was lucky enough to acquire about seventy percent of what I have in a single private sale." The collection was assembled very quickly, yet the quality of each piece is remarkable. "I never set out to get myself a de Kooning, a Kline, a Pollock. I wanted something I really loved, something I could look at every day. I waited until just the right piece came along." Her education was

clearly complemented by a good eye as well as a lavish budget.

While the owner was acquiring, she was also divesting herself of much of what she'd inherited. "Mother had a lot of small paintings, and I wanted big paintings, to fit the scale of the house. She also favored the German Expressionists—definitely not my favorites. I didn't want anything gloomy or institutional, and that went for the furniture too. Mother had used Ben Baldwin, who tends to do too much Ward Bennett for me. And then there were these crystal chandeliers . . ."

What the new owner wanted most was color, and that's where Melanie Kahane came in. "This client has a real joie de vivre," she explains. "She loves color, really needs it; it's like air to her. The house, being neutral and full of light, responds to color well, so we used lots of it. We kept a few of her mother's things, a couple of Chinese altar tables, and some screens, but otherwise we began from scratch. My client had taken possession of this unique house, and she wanted to put her mark on it."

That mark is everywhere evident. In the large dining room, where the walls are either fluted concrete or upholstered in a fine white cotton ("I just hate silk," declares Kahane; "it's really passé"), two vibrant Stellas hang beneath a high window that offers a pleasing view of cedar tops. A large woven rug of deep coral, yellow, and white also seems to vibrate, in a manner reminiscent of op art. "The owner's mother's rugs were all European, but we had all the new ones woven in America," says Miss Kahane. "Some were done by Eddie Fields, some by Stark. The rug in the dining room is from a Hungarian flame-stitch pattern, and the rugs in the living rooms are made after an old Spanish design."

The rugs in those adjacent living rooms are very warm, soft browns, beiges, and yellows, and the cotton and leather upholstery of the furnishings picks up this theme. So do most of the paintings: the three walls in the largest room are almost completely covered by a huge Pollock ("the finest I have ever seen," says Kahane), a Franz Kline, and a magnificent Clyfford Still that



A Picasso hangs over the living-room fireplace; the painting at the far end of the room is by Jackson Pollock.

"SOMEONE ALWAYS ENDED UP FALLING INTO THE FOUNTAIN WHENEVER MOTHER HAD A PARTY."

opening of a long gallery, or hall, at the other. This gallery, along with the garden room, is part of the "public space" that so intrigued Pei. The gallery is built of fluted concrete and glass—sliding doors that, because they have been set into the house without visible frames, give a feeling of transparency, of being open to the outside. The gallery hangings begin with a large and compelling Rothko and include pieces by Picasso and Braque, a variety of African sculpture and masks, a dark Dubuffet from his abstract

figurative period, and another solemn and dramatic Rothko. At the end of the hall, a kind of altar effect is achieved: a skylight and planting of greenery frame the dramatically lighted *Spoon Woman*, by Giacometti, an uncharacteristically rounded sculpture. This end of the gallery was altered to accommodate the extraordinary piece, and the effect it has is of

The living rooms afford a view of treetops, terraces, and a Marino Marini outdoor bronze at one end, and of the

a grandeur and austerity that are almost Chinese in feeling.

Here the family wing of the house begins: bedrooms, a small library, an office, the owner's daughter's apartment, lots of closet space. "We were so short of closets that we considered building onto the house," says the present owner. "But then we discovered that the mine in Colorado where the quartz came from had been closed, and it would cost about \$40,000 just to start it up again." Since opening a mine seemed a rather extravagant means of supplying closets, Kahane decided to redesign the dressing area. The art that is displayed in this private wing is no less impressive than that found in the rest of the house—here are large de Koonings, a fanciful Gorky, the inherited O'Keeffes, a Lichtenstein, a Rouault.

"This house loves people," says Kahane. "I have designed it in two very different ways, the first to accommodate acquisitions, the second to express passion. Two very different women have lived here, and both have made the house their own, but the original architecture is stronger than living people, so the house accommodates even drastic changes."

I. M. Pei may not entirely agree, but the house remains one of his dramatic masterpieces. □

Stella's Grey Scramble Double and a Hungarian flame-stitch pattern rug, made by Stark, dominate the dining room.

Sally Helgesen, a contributing editor at Harper's magazine, is completing a first novel.

THE LITTLE BLACK DRESS

WITH ITS SUGGESTION OF
EROTIC ALLURE, REFINEMENT, AND ENERGY,
BLACK CAN MAKE
COLOR LOOK FOOLISH



BY ANNE HOLLANDER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEN MACWEENEY PRODUCED BY KATHLEEN B. HEARST

Black is everything and nothing, a color vibrant with a mysterious ambiguity, a color that allows whatever takes it on to enjoy total associative freedom. So in our century what has come to be called "the Little Black Dress" seems to belong wherever it appears. It may effectively go to a formal dinner, a lovers' tryst, a funeral, a wild party, or a committee meeting. A woman may teach school in it and worship God in it, or seduce, entrance, betray, and take revenge in it. A black dress will show vividly among colors but submerge swiftly among shadows. Skin of all tints and all ages is

flattered by black, as are all eyes and all hair. In it, all things are possible, yet it sets its wearer apart from the dailiness of life—a notion strongly supported by the photographs of this season's Little Black Dresses on these pages.

At the ball in Moscow where Vronsky falls in love with her, Anna Karenina appears in a black velvet dress. Tolstoy describes her through the dazzled eyes of the young Kitty, who has a crush on Anna and has imagined that she would come to the ball in lilac: "But seeing her now in black, she felt she had never before realized all her charm. . . . Anna could not possibly

In a Little Black Dress, a woman belongs wherever she may find herself, be it a ballroom or a deserted beach. In this instance, the dress is Carolina Herrera's black cotton chenille with small dots woven on black silk gazaar.





BLACK IS THE COLOR OF THE UNKNOWN; IT IS EVERYTHING AND NOTHING.



have worn lilac. . . . She stood out from whatever she was wearing; her dress was never conspicuous on her. The black velvet served only as a frame. It was Anna alone, simple, natural, elegant . . . whom one saw." Vronsky also saw; the fatal drama commenced. The black dress had done its work.

Tolstoy here invokes the power of the black dress to signal both acute sexual readiness and tragic distinction. Anna emerges like Venus from a black shell, her full shoulders and bosom gleaming like ivory and tendrils of hair curling on her neck; but Tolstoy has seen to it that we also know she is doomed, and that her dark fate envelops her like a gown. To create such romantic effects in literature, a black dress seemed indispensable in 1870, and it probably seemed a wise real-life investment for achieving maximum impact in any ballroom.

Black clothing has a long literary history that can be traced at least to Castiglione's influential *Book of the Courtier*, published in 1528. It recommended that both sexes wear black to emphasize individuality without vulgarity. Castiglione was the first to suggest that black clothing indicates a superior degree of fashionable taste, a notion that has kept cropping up in fiction ever since. In art the black dress has even more brilliant lessons to teach than it does in literature. By the time Tolstoy created Anna, black dresses had been projecting their powerful spell from the canvases of Leonardo and Bronzino, of Memling and Titian, of Rubens and Velázquez, of Goya and Ingres. Such painters demonstrated with sympathetic genius that a woman's beauty could find no better foil than a black dress, garnished to suit the times and the lady.

Though fashions vanish, great portraits and great novels endure. Women interested in clothes could learn much about the telling effect of black from Ingres and Tolstoy long after the clothes they described were outmoded—even, indeed, from Memling and Leonardo, after a lapse of many centuries. And if they did not learn it directly, their dressmakers and dress designers and all the inspired creators of clothes for the stage and the screen could teach them. Those who make careers out of enhancing women's looks have always profitably raided the history of art for fashion's most successful ideas. The black dress (along with its rival and counterpart the white dress) is obviously one of the greatest of them.

Until this century, dresses, whatever their color, were anything but "little." A fashionable dress, however simply designed, was an enterprise of great visual importance. It extended a woman's body, making her take up a lot of space, thus automatically expanding the emotional influence of her presence. By Tolstoy's time, women's dresses had become extremely eloquent and rhetorical, while men's clothes were consistently more abstract and reticent. In the psychological temper of their clothes the sexes

diverged radically. While strict economy of line and shape ruled male costume, extent, variation, and expressiveness governed the character of feminine dress. Women's costume therefore played a large emotional part in the nineteenth-century drama of the sexes, and a woman in a black dress was like a ship with black sails—a vivid portent or a vast mystery, a cloud before a storm.

She could also be a depressing sight. Black for mourning had been introduced by the Christian church as early as the sixth century, and it was ritually worn throughout the nineteenth, including thick black veiling. The custom did not die out until well after the First World War. Although conventional deep mourning might be fetchingly becoming to certain very beautiful widows and daughters, it had an oppressive effect on most women's looks. To succeed as fashion, a nineteenth-century black dress had to carry a lot of extra, sensuous elements. Décolletage, glittering trim, lace, jewels, and the spread of richly tactile fabric were needed to keep the connotations romantic or possibly tragic, but not dismal.

Two things changed the Great Black Dress of artistic tradition, such as the one Anna wore at the ball, into the Little Black Dress now famous as a modern classic. One was the reduction and simplification of all social rituals, and consequently of all elegant clothes, after the First World War. Along with formal visits and at-home days, conventional mourning was gradually abandoned. As women went to work and took up sports, the clothes of the two sexes began to occupy similar amounts of space and, despite all their other differences, were designed with equal simplicity. By the mid-1920s, all dresses were "little," whatever their color. Gabrielle Chanel, who gets credit for inventing the Little Black Dress, was a pioneer of the new casualness, but she was also canny and insistent about feminine allure. With her acutely modern sensibility, she was quick to seize on simple black for its range of erotic suggestion as soon as it stopped signifying bereavement.

The other great promoter of the Little Black Dress was the camera, especially the movie camera. When the movies first seized the public imagination, the visual world of romantic drama was totally recast in terms of black and white. Black for clothes took on a set of meanings never perceived before the age of cinema. On the screen, all social and sexual messages had to be conveyed within the black-and-white spectrum. For clothes, the cut, texture, and sheen of fabrics became more significant than their colors, and the range of tones from black to white the most important element in creating the emotional flavor of all screen productions. Thus a new romantic era was born, ushering in the shimmering platinum blonde in the sequined sheath and the raven-haired temptress in tight, slinky satin or fluffy marabou, inky velvet, smoky black net, or frothy white ruffles, all set against shiny black lips, glittering white teeth, and deeply shadowed eyelids.

A woman may go to a wild party, a formal dinner, or a lovers' tryst in her Little Black Dress. This wistful lover waits, not in vain, one hopes, wearing a wool crepe dress with dropped waist and velvet cuffs, by Carolina Herrera.





In a Little Black Dress all things are possible. Three immediate possibilities appear here, ankle deep. Left, Geoffrey Beene's wool jersey with black satin sleeves; center, his chemise with wool jersey top and satin skirt; right, his mock corselet of wool jersey and satin. Jewelry is by Sydée Lansing.

CHANEL SEIZED ON SIMPLE BLACK FOR ITS EROTIC SUGGESTION.



And among these sleek and glamorous beings also moved their unobtrusive attendants, the maids, hairdressers, and shopgirls in their neatly fitting, dull-surfaced black dresses, who kept their own counsel and hid their aching hearts, or perhaps cracked wise, or came adroitly to the rescue, or otherwise helped complicate the plot. It was these subdued and essential characters of the Hollywood legend, as much as the great sirens, who furthered the romance of the Little Black Dress.

Chanel had already perceived the romantic possibilities of shopgirls' black. At the couture level, she perfected and enhanced the appeal in the schoolgirlish black dress, unpretentious in line and trim, that suggests a slightly mistreated and much misunderstood but deeply sensitive and responsive feminine soul. By the serious 1930s, the poor working girl struggling on her own, though considerably modified since Jane Eyre's day, was once again a romantic heroine in both the comic and the melodramatic vein. In the new American folklore, sirens and madcap heiresses were getting tough competition in the race for men's hearts from secretaries, newspaper reporters, and aspiring scientists.

Apart from clothing the discreet maid or manicurist, a Little Black Dress might now be the modest but stunning and utterly transforming evening garb of an ordinary nice girl who spent her days earning her living in a tailored suit or a lab coat. Such a black dress could combine the ancient task of enhancing individual beauty with the new job of displaying a modern girl's ability to be many different things. The Little Black Dress became a powerful resource in the emerging drama of feminine independence.

Late-twentieth-century visual imagery is dominated by color. Black-and-white film is no longer the standard vehicle of popular romance, and all media swamp the public eye with the intensive play of hues. But in fashion the Little Black Dress has prevailed as conclusively as ever in its history. Perhaps in our lurid and multi-form culture, just as in the Renaissance, elegant black can suddenly make color look foolish. For one thing, it still carries all its old symbolic freight. Black was worn by the religious orders in the Middle Ages, by the scholars and thinkers of the humanist Reformation, by the Dutch burghers and Puritan divines of the seventeenth century, and by the austere Spanish nobility. In a frivolous and colorful world, black is serious. Indeed, in certain perverse, extreme circumstances, it is far more than that—it is sinister.

When religion is subverted into witchcraft, when obsessive scholarship leads to pacts with the devil, when overzealous piety seeks to purify with fire, then the black costume of sober righteousness becomes the thrilling cloak of evil, dyed the color of the bottomless pit. And so in the startling beauty of a lady in black lurks a note of menace. A woman in alluring and festive black is always a potential witch, a possibly fatal trap for the unwary, as Anna was. She seems to wear her somber color for a purpose: her

sexual power is deliberately unleashed, not just displayed. Who can fathom her design? Apart from links with Satan, black clothes suggest an intense concentration of moral energy. Inner force has been banked, not diffused and diluted by the distractions of color; and just like spiritual power or intellect, sexuality is given extra depth when it is expressed in terms of black clothing. But if it is done in a well-fitting and becoming dress, designed and made with subtle care, it cleverly incorporates ideas of refined taste, social assurance, and good fashion sense right into the erotic message, instead of flouting all these to create a crude sensation. The effect is thus redoubled, and the Little Black Dress scores another triumph.

A Little Black Dress sets off contemporary female sexuality particularly well, because it enhances the look of mobile slimness that gives modern women the fullest sense of their power. A black dress seems to make the body neater and smaller and to unify its parts. Since many bodies are not slim and lack either perfect harmony or absolute coordination, a black dress can help give them that delicious resemblance to a stretch limousine that seems so desirable in the present fashion climate.

The currency of the Little Black Dress also expresses the uneasy fluidity of modern social demands. It may either deny or assert the importance of the wearer; it may be both risqué and dignified at once; and it may be perceived to make an advance or a retreat, depending on the circumstances. Except for ceremonial events, present-day social occasions often fall into no clear category, and dressing perfectly for them may defy even a practiced social skill. But through its complex history, the Little Black Dress has acquired so flexible a set of virtues that it offers a certain safety to the undecided. It rises to almost all occasions. The convenient "littleness," the inherent simplicity of such a black dress means that its visual effect is somewhat subdued—not too much bizarre, not too much exposure—yet it never lacks a distinctively interesting character. It must not look safe. In its stringent way, it must demonstrate good judgment, and so wearing it must never convey the idea of an impoverished imagination.

Apart from the camera, the greatest influence on the arresting beauty of black dresses has been modern abstract art. Through it, a new awareness of purely visual form has profoundly affected all twentieth-century women's clothing; but because of their clarity of shape, black dresses have expressed it best. After Chanel, the modern designer who most dramatically showed to the world the visual value of the Little Black Dress was Cristóbal Balenciaga, in the 1950s. His historic affinity, as a Spaniard, both for black and for strictness of form gave him great control over the theme: his black dresses are indestructible masterpieces of pure design. He

She may teach school, worship God, seduce, entrance, betray, and take revenge in her Little Black Dress. At this moment, prepared for anything, she wears Jackie Rogers's crepe-back satin with fanny wrap and three-quarter-length dolman sleeves.



BLACK HAS BEEN WORN BY THE REBELLIOUS EVER SINCE HAMLET.



gave an authoritative presence to the simple Little Black Dress, raising it from its association with maids and shopgirls into the company of princes and patrons, without once cluttering its lines, exaggerating its size, or overloading its surface. The shape of the dress has its own distinction. He absorbed and transmuted into sartorial terms the visual lessons taught by Picasso, Braque, and Matisse; and his aesthetic contribution gave new scope to all subsequent designers of simple black dresses.

At odds with elegance, black clothing has played a large part in the long history of antifashion. In a world wholly committed to fashionable change, antifashion black has been worn by the rebellious of all sorts ever since Hamlet, for whom ritual mourning was obviously only an excuse. The impulse often takes the form of using black for things conventionally not black—sports-wear, loungewear, and, of course, underwear. The Japanese offerings of recent years have shown that black garments have even

greater imaginative possibilities than either fashion or antifashion in the West has yet considered. Formless black bunches of shredded fabric, the look of wet ashes, sick crow's feathers, or charred rags have shown further paths for black to follow.

Colors are worn by those who prize rude health, lively fellowship, and simple views. Black suits those who challenge all simplicities, keep to themselves, brood a lot, and seem to be dangerous even if they do nothing. Black is the color of the unknown. Whatever developments occur in future fashion, the infinite Little Black Dress will have something to contribute to them so long as black itself resonates so deeply in the fashionable mind and dresses keep their feminine message—and fashion itself continues to entrance us all. □

Anne Hollander, an art historian, is the author of *Seeing Through Clothes*.

In alluring and festive black, she is a possibly fatal trap for the unwary. Above: Trapper or trapped? She wears Oscar de la Renta's satin-faced silk dress. Right: Waiting for the right moment in Chanel's cutout dress of silk and viscose velvet.



THE QUESTION OF AUTHENTICITY

THE PERILS AND JOYS OF ART COLLECTING

Collecting art is an eternally mystifying, often humbling, and absolutely captivating occupation. Universal quality depends on minute tolerances: a few millimeters in the placement of a line can spell the difference between a sublime painting and one that is mediocre. Connoisseurship demands split-second reactions, yet being too hasty can win you a fake. The route to obtaining a masterpiece may lie in years of waiting—although waiting too long also may court disaster.

The art world contains a few originals and many more copies, look-alikes, reworked pieces, and outright forgeries. No matter how many learned treatises you have absorbed and how many thousands of works have fallen under your scrutiny, the vexing truth is that, at times, it is virtually impossible to be positive a piece is authentic.

If only there existed a universal data bank that could be consulted for verifying just what year the Florentine sculptor Giovan-

ni Bologna cast a certain bronze, or how many times Rembrandt touched up a favorite picture or enhanced a pupil's work! Alas, such information is not there for retrieving. Documenting works of art was considered irrelevant until fairly recent years. Art history is a modern invention. Attributions are often wildly subjective. Provenances are frequently based on rumor.

The following three articles deal with that central question: how trustworthy is a connoisseur's eye? One is a candid memoir of a distinguished expert taken in by a series of fakes. The second is about an intriguing painting that for the time being resides in art history's limbo, neither approved as a classic nor condemned as a daub. The third is a portrait of self-delusion, the story of the richest collector of modern times, who yearned to transform an inexpensive painting into a universally recognized masterpiece. Each one chronicles the implicit joy—and the explicit anxiety—of art collecting.

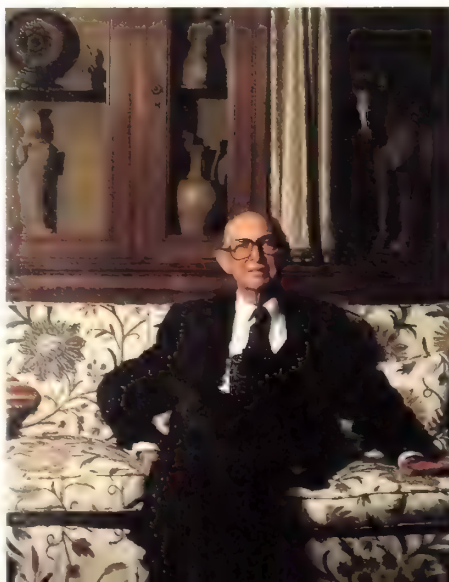
—Thomas Hoving

FAKES, FRAUDS, AND FREE RIDES

CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR OF CHINESE ART

BY EARL MORSE

My wife and I have been collecting Chinese works of art for many years. One of the most prized and admired ancient bronze vessels in our collection was the large *pou*. This bronze, dating back to the Shang period (ca. 1600–1050 B.C.), was a most impressive example of early Chinese bronze casting, admired by scholars, museum curators, and other collectors. One day I noticed what appeared to be a chip on the rim of the vessel. This seemed strange, so I called a bronze restorer. A few days later, after he had



The collector, with some of his treasures, at home on Manhattan's Upper East Side

picked up the piece to restore this small break, I received a call from him, asking if I was aware that the vessel had been heavily restored. It was full of huge holes that had been covered over. After I caught my breath, I told him to remove one-quarter of the restoration. The original section thus revealed shows how a talented restorer, using the object's genuine shape and design as a guide, could perpetrate a massive fraud—taking a broken shell of a vessel and enabling it to pass as a very important and valuable Shang bronze. As a warning to future bronze collectors, my

Earl Morse has been collecting and exhibiting Chinese art for about thirty-five years.

wife and I donated the pou to the art museum at Princeton, where it stands, one-quarter in its original condition, with all the holes, the remaining three-quarters cleverly restored.

The value of an ancient bronze is determined not only by its rarity but also by its condition—loosely described as “quality.” Repairs and restoration that affect its value can be detected with the use of ultraviolet light and X rays, which show up repairs and restoration. But while such technical approaches are able to verify an object’s condition, there can be no substitute for the experienced eye of the collector, who almost unconsciously compares each new piece with the best examples he has previously seen in important museum collections.

This brings me to the case of the blue lady. In the spring of 1981, our collection of Tang tomb figures was researched and catalogued by a scholar in preparation for an exhibition scheduled for the summer of 1982 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The manuscript was ready to go to press when a dealer in New York called my attention to the ceramic figure of a plump court lady, swathed in a brilliant-blue glazed gown, holding a green-feathered parrot. The dealer was excited by the rarity and beauty of the piece. I had never seen a similarly glazed fat lady except in China, for during the Tang period blue glaze was very rare. Even though I had never seen the object and the price quoted was close to six figures, I was obsessed with the idea of acquiring this beautiful lady to be the star of the forthcoming exhibition. When the blue lady arrived, she fulfilled all my expectations, besides giving me the pleasure of enjoying my fellow collectors’ envy.

The scholar doing the catalogue immediately began looking in the literature for comparable objects to be noted in the catalogue, as had been done for all the other objects. She soon reported that she could find no fat lady with a comparable head. Nevertheless, en-



The bronze pou, above—an example of a restorer’s art; below, the “blue lady”: a new head on an old body.

chanted by the dramatic beauty of the piece and beguiled by my pride and enthusiasm, she included it in the catalogue—noting, however, that she could not find a figure with a similar head.

Together in their lack of enthusiasm



were my wife and I, we found the recently acquired black head dress—restoration—and Linda Murck, a curator for the Department of Far Eastern Art at the Metropolitan. To my chagrin, Mrs. Murck had taken a dim view of the blue lady from the outset. Without telling me, she had X rays made to show that the figure had been broken in several pieces. Since it is not unusual for ceramic figures over a thousand years old to have been broken and subsequently repaired, this information was of no great concern to me, especially since the X-ray photograph showed that the broken pieces were large ones that fitted together perfectly.

Some weeks later, Mrs. Murck asked, “Have you decided to remove the blue lady from the exhibition?” I was at first annoyed: why should a curator who was a scholar of Chinese painting persist in raising doubts about the authenticity of a tomb figure in a field with which I thought her relatively unfamiliar? I had no doubts myself; collectors and dealers of great expertise had seen the lady and were ecstatic in their praise. As though to humble the curator—and, deep inside, to remove any scintilla of doubt over the most expensive tomb figure I had ever acquired—I suggested that she have the head tested by thermoluminescence. In a week the results were in. The head was of modern manufacture; the rest of the figure was authentic. I immediately ordered the object removed from the catalogue and the exhibition. I also gave the bad news to the New York dealer who had acted as my agent and asked him to advise his colleague in London that I intended returning the object and wanted a refund. I was reminded that the bill of sale carried the word “restoration.” The same term had appeared earlier, in the auction catalogue of the time in which the blue lady had been acquired for \$100,000.

The dealer, who had been told to return the object to the Metropolitan Museum, had been told to return it to the Metropolitan Museum.

...this sculpture had been
...by a world-famous authority,
...the piece had been vigorously bid on
...in New York and London, all of
...them knowledgeable, the verdict seemed
...incredible. Unshaken in his confidence in
...the blue lady's authenticity, the dealer
...took it back to England for another test, at
...Oxford. The results confirmed those of the
...Metropolitan. I now had a legal and finan-
...cial problem.

When I arrived in London, I sought legal counsel to evaluate the legend "restoration" in the bill of sale as well as to determine whether I was entitled to return of the purchase price and to the substantial interest due from the date of payment. If the object was a fake, there had been no legal sale and I might be entitled to interest as well. As I had hoped, the London dealer did not press the point that the false head could be interpreted as "restoration" and agreed to refund the original purchase price as well as the interest due.

A less dramatic story is that of the imperial yellow amphora that I acquired from Dr. Jane Mahler, professor emeritus at the Columbia University art department, and a former classmate at the University of Wisconsin. Little did we suspect as students that some fifty years later she would be a distinguished scholar and writer in the field of Chinese art and I a collector and exhibitor in the same field. During a visit to her, I was intrigued by a Tang figure, a lady reading a book, which later became a star of the Metropolitan exhibit of 1982, both for its beauty and because it was unique. Since the Chinese of that period read scrolls, a lady reading a book must certainly be a foreigner.

I bought her from my friend, but she was so atypical that on first seeing her, dealers and scholars alike remained silent, implying that the piece was not "right"—a euphemism for "inauthentic." It was obvious my lady needed the support of a thermoluminescence test. She passed with flying colors. Now backed by the prestige of the Metropolitan exhibition and catalogue, she is recognized as a major Tang figure.

The yellow vase that I had also bought from my old classmate was not to have such a distinguished end. Since our dining room is devoted to a collection of imperial yellow porcelain, I was delighted to acquire this charming piece whose graceful form is reminiscent of the peach-bloom vase of the Kang Xi period (A.D. 1662–1722). It carried the reign mark of the Kang Xi emperor, but reign marks on porcelain are not always reliable: often, later

THE ANCIENT VESSEL HAD BEEN HEAVILY RESTORED IT WAS FULL OF HUGE HOLES THAT WERE COVERED OVER.



Imperial yellow vase: a skillful fake.

copies of an earlier style carry false reign marks. Authentic or not, my vase could not have been more beautiful, and it fitted in with panache among its eleven indisputably authentic counterparts.

Eager to have the vase correctly located in time and place, I showed it to leading authorities both here and abroad. Its

unique color and size raised doubts, while its superior quality and the seal marks argued for its authenticity. When Margaret Medley, the then director of the Sir Percival David Foundation, in London, and the unquestioned authority in the field, was in New York, I asked her to look at my imperial yellow vase. One look was enough for a person of her expertise: it had been made in the 1920s at a kiln in Jingdezhen, famous for its ability to reproduce with enormous skill the famous monochromes of the Kang Xi period. Were it of the period, we could not enjoy it more, and I was able to reduce the insurance cost to a nominal figure. A virtuous fake, a friendly forgery.

Now for the "free rides." It is the dream of every collector to find an unrecognized Rembrandt at some country auction or to discover that an umbrella stand left by Aunt Agatha is a rare Ming porcelain. The latter actually happened when such an "umbrella stand" was identified by Sotheby's and sold for over \$200,000.

The problem of forgeries is nowhere more complicated than it is in the field of antique Chinese paintings. The question of authenticity therefore was a major problem in assembling a collection of paintings, exhibited and published in a catalogue in 1969 as "In Pursuit of Antiquity." In that exhibition, largely devoted to examples by the master Wang Hui (1632–1717), were three imitations and a replica of a lost major painting by the master. When a copy in the West carries the signature of the original painter, it is considered a forgery intended to deceive. In the East the problem is more complicated. Many copies were made as exercises in virtuosity, others as homage to earlier masters or to record the existence of important original works of art in famous collections. As in the West, a master might sign a creditable painting as a financial favor to a pupil.

There are three forgeries in the collection "In Pursuit of Antiquity." The first professes to be by the Yuan master Huang Gong-Wang (1269–1354) and carries his seal as well as a purported inscription that is a palpable forgery. Scholars unequivocally ascribe this painting to Wang Hui. It is puzzling that a master so famous in his own time should sign and inscribe a painting in the name of a master who lived several hundred years earlier. Since the brushwork is so obviously not that of the earlier master, we can assume that the painting was made as a record of the original, since it was not likely to deceive a knowledgeable collector or scholar.

The second copy purporting to be an original painting by Wang Hui has been

declared a modern forgery. Even so, the great scholar and painter C. C. Wang, who helped me find this forgery for the exhibition as an example of its kind, said that it was a first-class forgery and could deceive any but the most discerning student. It was difficult to persuade even the dealer that this painting was a fake, which was necessary unless I wanted to pay the price for a genuine Wang Hui. Obviously it had been done to capitalize on the reputation and high price that the genuine painting would bring in the market.

Pastiches in painting can be as troublesome as outright forgeries to someone not knowledgeable about Chinese art. If the seal on a genuine but tattered antique painting is intact, it can be detached and woven in to a piece of antique silk. Then, using genuine woodblocks of the period, a skillful forger can represent the work of the famous artist whose genuine seal appears. Because everything but the painting itself is authentic, it may well pass as genuine. Other deceptive practices abound, which only add to the problems in a field where differences of expert opinion about authenticity are the rule rather than the exception.

I found the Chinese equivalent of a Rembrandt in the gallery of an obscure dealer, but I wasn't aware of it until twenty-five years later, and by then it was on display at the Metropolitan Museum. It was a very dark painting on silk, a large landscape reminiscent of the famous painting now at the Taiwan Museum called *Travelers in the Mountain*, by Fan Kuan. Since the size and style seemed of great historic interest, I bought it for study purposes. Later it was identified as a copy of Fan Kuan, made some five hundred years after his death. Since it was large and dark, we gave it to the museum for study. About fifteen years later, it was exhibited as a Ming copy of an earlier, Song painting. The years went by and the painting slipped from my memory.



OLOF WAHLUND

About four years ago I received a call from the Metropolitan Museum inviting me to come to the Far East Conservation Studios of Takemitsu Oba and Sandra Castile, who restore traditional Chinese and Japanese paintings. There on the floor was my old friend—the early silk carefully removed from its backing, earlier restorations removed, the silk cleaned so that the composition was more clearly visible. By now, Prof. Wen Fong, of Princeton, and

the Metropolitan had authenticated it as a major work by an anonymous painter of the Yuan period (1279–1368) and in the style of Fan Kuan, who painted from about 990 to 1030. He revised his dating of the painting to the twelfth century, the southern Song period. This painting is now in the Met's collection among other Chinese masterworks. Its value and importance are comparable to that of a Rembrandt in the history of western European painting.

One final free ride. About twenty-five years ago, I acquired a celadon glazed porcelain vase in the shape of a pilgrim bottle from a well-known New York dealer for \$500. This was then the normal price for a piece of this kind. The bottle stood on an open glass shelf in our dining room over the years until a leading London dealer came for a visit. Noting the object, he asked whether it was for sale. "I hadn't thought of selling it," I replied, "but what is it worth?" He said that he would pay me \$75,000 for it. I thanked him for the compliment and after he left removed the vase to the safety of a box in a closet. Later I learned that Chinese collectors in Hong Kong were vigorously competing for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century imperial ceramics; hence the enormous escalation in the value of our bottle.

A year later, while I was acquiring a few ancient bronze vessels to round out our collection, I recalled the pilgrim bottle and told the dealer I might be interested in exchanging it for a bronze of a type I did not have. He responded by sending from Japan a magnificent large *fan lei*. Feeling this would be a major addition to our collection, I approved the exchange on condition that he sell the vase at auction in Hong Kong and credit me for the surplus. He agreed, and the pilgrim bottle was sold for \$100,000. This little exchange, costing \$500 turn into a major bronze Shang vessel.

Tang figure, above: atypical but authentic; below, celadon vase: its value escalated dramatically.



INSIDE THE LABYRINTH

CAN THE OWNERS EVER PROVE THEIR PAINTING IS BY CHARDIN?

BY ANTHONY ASTRACHAN

This was done by a master painter," George Cohen told himself the first time he saw the painting that was to become his grand passion. "It's exceptionally well executed." The words are too cautious to convey the feeling that glows on his face when he talks about it. "I was excited. Even now, twenty years later, when I'm in its presence I'm just delighted by it." Cohen recognizes mastery with the eye, hand, and viscera of someone who is himself a painter, a one-time leader of the Chicago school of Fantastic Imagists, whose work was included in a surrealism show at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1968. His watercolors now hang in Chicago's Art Institute, and until last year he taught

painting to graduate students at Northwestern University.

On a summer day in 1961, Cohen was wandering through Richard Feigen's Chicago gallery, checking out one of the exhibitions that made Feigen a major dealer at an early age, when his eye fell on the mysterious work. It was an imitation bas-relief, a big painting made to look like a sculpture of Roman women around a sacred flame—clearly the Vestal Virgins. It was predominantly gray but had so many tones from amber to pink that to call it a grisaille would have been misleading. Cohen calls the tones "sanguine," the name of a Conté crayon color. "They're warm," he says; "they're used to shape the forms." Feigen had bought it several years

earlier simply for its visual appeal, as a campy example of eighteenth-century neoclassic trompe l'oeil, from an antiques dealer in Vence, on the French Riviera. Neither he nor the dealer could guess who had painted it.

Nor could Cohen, at first, but he went ahead and made a deal, bartering a painting of his own, worth less than \$2,000 at the time, for the mock bas-relief. He hung it in the front room of his house in Evanston, and as he looked at it he remembered something. Years earlier, one of his students had given him a copy of a magazine article. On the other side he had noticed a reproduction of a bas-relief by the eighteenth-century French master Jean-Baptiste Chardin. Chardin is best known for

George Cohen's "Chardin," *Les Vestales*, 36 inches by 64 inches, depicts a seated Vesta and seven women attending a sacred flame.





Above: Details from an authenticated Chardin imitation bas-relief painting of 1769, in the Bühle collection in Zürich, Switzerland.

his scenes from everyday life and his still lifes of game and household utensils, but he also did a number of paintings with classical elements, many imitating bas-relief sculpture. "It was a summer night," Cohen says, "a week after I got the painting. I ran over to my office at Northwestern to get the article. It was the first time I began to think my painting might be a Chardin."

Were it ever to be certified as the master's work, it would be worth \$150,000 to \$250,000 in today's market, according to dealers willing to make a hypothetical appraisal, though unwilling to be identified. The market for an imitation bas-relief by Chardin is hard to evaluate. The few that Chardin painted, according to a dealer who specializes in neoclassics, "don't say much about what we've been conditioned to want from Chardin and love him for."

"Nobody's going to pay for this what they might for one of the wonderful still lifes or the exquisite genre paintings," agrees Alexandra Murphy, of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. A tiny genre painting sold in April 1982 at Christie's London for \$288,800. Informed sources say *La Bonne Education*, a small Chardin with a fine provenance given to the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, in the spring of 1983, was purchased by the donor for \$2.5 million. Even a fraction of such prices would still be quite a profit for Cohen's putative Chardin, but he isn't looking for a buyer—though at times he allows that he might listen to an offer at the high end of

the dealers' hypothetical range (\$250,000).

The fact is that *The Vestals*, as Cohen calls it, is not yet attributed to Chardin. He and his son Paul, a rare-books librarian and writer, have spent years doing research and consulting experts, well aware that disputes over attribution can become jungle warfare. The Cohens make a con-

their offices because they thought it a wonderful painting. Maxon first saw it in Cohen's house, called it "glorious," and offered to have the institute do the conservation if Cohen would put it on extended loan. When Maxon died and again when Brettell changed offices, *The Vestals* was put in storage, and each time a new curator picked it out from hundreds of other paintings without knowing its story. But it has never been shown in one of the public galleries, because it has never been authenticated.

Brettell says that to hang it as a Chardin would require concentrated study that no curator has time to give it. If *The Vestals* were museum property instead of a loan, it would have higher priority, but the institute would hardly buy it until it was authenticated. Catch-22 works in the art world, too.

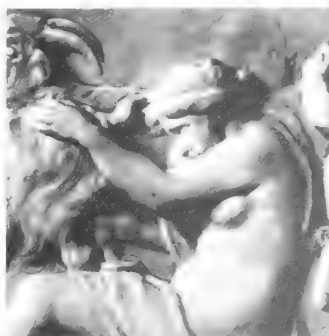
Brettell liked to use it as a test of his visitors' eyes. Edmund Pillsbury, of the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, took one look and immediately said, "It's by Chardin." But Pillsbury's specialty is Italian painting of the late sixteenth century. "My reaction was that it's a picture of great quality," he recalls. "Having seen the Chardin exhibition [at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, in 1979], it was a thought. But I'm not qualified. All I was saying was 'But that's a well-

painted picture.'

If not from the Art Institute, confirmation could come from Pierre Rosenberg, chief curator of painting at the Louvre. He has seen the work twice and included an essay about it by Maxon and Paul Cohen in the bibliography of his catalogue for the 1979 Chardin exhibition in Boston and



Hands, in details from Cohen's painting, above left, and the Bühle Chardin, right. Compare their proportions, articulation, and the looseness of knuckles and joints.



Note the modeling of arms and shoulders; the shapes of brows, noses, and lips. Chardin is above right; a section of Cohen's painting appears to the left.

vincing case, but they still hope for either of two certifications without which *The Vestals* must remain in limbo.

One confirmation might come from the Art Institute of Chicago, to which Cohen lent his treasure. Three successive curators—the late John Maxon, Richard Brettell, and Ian Wardropper—have hung it in

Anthony Astrachan has written on art and culture in many countries.

...logue raisonné of
...m, adding, "I acknowl-
...however, that the prob-
...of Chardin's works in gris-
...ile appears to be something I
...must take up again."

Rosenberg's frequent antagonist in the wars of attribution, the dealer Daniel Wildenstein, agrees that "the problem of Chardin's grisaille is very difficult" and says he understands Rosenberg's reluctance to attribute this work to the master. But, he adds, "The imitation bas-relief belonging to Professor Cohen seems to be of Chardin's quality and technique."

The late David Carritt, the leader of the Artemis group of dealers and discoverer of many previously misidentified old masters, was a Chardin enthusiast. He read the Cohen essay "with admiration and something like persuasion," and thanked him for "opening my mind to Chardin's links with neoclassicism." But he never saw *The Vestals* and in 1975 wrote Cohen a long letter detailing his doubts. Some had to do with trivia of documentation. A more serious doubt arose from the fact that Chardin generally used a seventeenth- or eighteenth-century sculpture copied from the antique for his model, rather than an actual Roman sculpture, and none like this is known. In an old library volume, however, Paul Cohen discovered the Roman model for the figures on the left side of the painting; later he obtained a photograph of the original from the Warburg Institute, in London. During the eighteenth century, this model was in the collection of antiquities at the Villa Albani, in Rome, where students of the French Academy often drew; both drawings and plaster casts were often sent home to Paris. As an official of the academy, Chardin was expected to examine these casts and might easily have seen one of this particular sculpture.

Carritt had several other



Chardin's *The Attributes of the Arts*, 1766, Minneapolis Institute of Art.

doubts but acknowledged at the end of his letter—quoting an eighteenth-century commentator on Chardin—"Mes coups ne

ATTRIBUTING A WORK FREQUENTLY LEADS TO JUNGLE WARFARE.

sont pas mortels" ("My blows are not fatal"). Later he took a leaf from Cohen's book. At Sotheby's in 1980 Carritt saw a small eighteenth-century grisaille trompe

Block forms: the pedestal in Cohen's bas-relief, left; the large book, right, from the Minneapolis Chardin.



l'oeil, attributed to the Belgian P. J. Sauvage but not authenticated. It was expected to sell for \$700 to \$900. Carritt and the Artemis group bid it up to \$3,400 on the chance that it might be a Chardin. Carritt died while awaiting Pierre Rosenberg's confirmation of his hopes and suspicions—which Rosenberg was no readier to provide than he was in the case of *The Vestals*. Some curators and dealers smile at this, suggesting that both Carritt and Rosenberg might be skeptical about a masterwork they hadn't discovered themselves.

In the essay that opened Carritt's mind, George and Paul Cohen summarize their research, first establishing that there was a now-lost bas-relief in the inventory of Chardin's estate when he died, in 1779. It was valued at 500 livres, the highest price put on any work in the estate, suggesting a large, important canvas. The Cohen painting measures thirty-six by sixty-four inches. The high valuation would also reflect its having the same price-to-size ratio as other paintings in the same inventory, as well as the appraisers' preference for classical themes over the domestic genre, for which Chardin is treasured today.

There is indeed documentary evidence that a Chardin painting was auctioned in Paris in 1840 under the title *Les Vestales*. The sale catalogue says no more, but all Chardin's known classical subjects were painted as imitation bas-reliefs, and the Cohen painting could well have been given that title. The attribution of the unknown *Les Vestales* to Chardin in the 1840 catalogue is explicit, while other paintings were more cautiously described as "genre de" or "d'après." This is significant, say the Cohens, because there would have been no point in faking an attribution to Chardin in 1840, when his works were little valued.

Where documentary evidence can be slippery, however, scientific analysis can sometimes settle vexed questions. Alfred Jakstas, who did the conservation work on *The Vestals* for the Art Institute, recalls that the canvas and pigments were demonstrably

eighteenth century. But it may be impossible to get any nearer the truth by technical means in the case of Chardin. Several curators have agreed that there are no definitive analyses of Chardin's pigments or brushstrokes, or of the ways in which the artist applied his paint; this leaves the experts with nothing at all to go on.

Some skeptics have nevertheless objected that whereas Chardin paintings have a thick impasto, *The Vestals* does not. Cohen replies that this is true only of his smaller paintings of domestic subjects. His larger works with classical elements are relatively smooth and finished in appearance, with a selective use of impasto—just as in the Cohen painting.

Cohen laments the loss of some of the original color values, since Jakstas's restoration removed the amber glow of the eighteenth-century varnish and substituted the colorless acrylics used today, but *The Vestals* still has the "sanguine" color of the known Chardin bas-reliefs. This is all-important to Cohen. "When I look at paintings like the *Attributes of the Arts* and this painting," he says, "I tend to read the color passages, the characteristic sequence from one color to

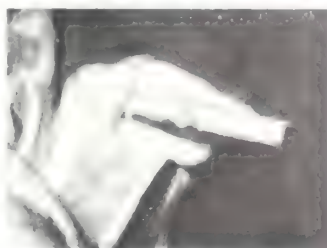
the next. Painters do this. The point about *The Vestals* is that you see passages that are characteristically Chardin-like, just as some paintings have Renoir-like passages. Nobody can imitate this."

Cohen's reading of the color in his painting is in accord with something he discovered only after he had formulated

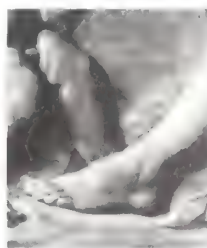
show how the color works both harmony and color even to objects which least require them. They are white, and yet there is neither black nor white nor two tints alike, and yet the harmony could not be more perfect. Chardin had been so very right in saying to one of his colleagues, a run of the mill painter: Does one paint with color? With what else, then?—With what else? With feeling. . . . It is feeling that perceives light rippling and reflecting on surfaces, the sensibility that captures those reflections and renders, I know not how, their impenetrable confusion."

Meantime *The Vestals* continues to pose its tantalizing questions, questions that neither documents nor science may ever settle. Ian Wardropper, of the Art Institute, says that even where scientific analysis can be applied, "it is only meaningful in coordination with connoisseurship." George Cohen agrees, feeling that the case for his painting's being a Chardin must go beyond the kind of evidence

that art historians normally deal in, to the nature of the painting itself. He speaks of his "Chardin" with the confidence of a painter who knows how an artist's eye and hand work.



Did one artist paint these hands? *Les Attributs des Arts*, 1765. Chardin, Louvre, right; at left, Cohen's work.



Feet, sandals, and drapery: in the Minneapolis Chardin, left; in Cohen's painting, center; in the Bührle Chardin, right.

it—a passage from Diderot quoted by Pierre Rosenberg in the 1979 catalogue. The encyclopedist wrote of Chardin's bas-reliefs: "It is mediocre sculpture, but these paintings fill me with admiration. They

Chardin's *Les Attributs des Arts*, Louvre. Does the chest drapery correspond to the staff in Cohen's work—or is that wishful thinking?



THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE MADONNA

J. PAUL GETTY'S LAST OBSESSION

BY CECIL GOULD

If you had gone to the National Gallery in London at almost any time in the century and a half between its opening, in the reign of George IV, and the year 1969, you might have seen a dingy portrait of Pope Julius II labeled as a copy after Raphael and hanging in an inconspicuous place. If you crossed the English Channel and visited the Musée Condé, at Chantilly, you might also have noticed a faded Madonna and Child—the so-called Madonna of Loretto—labeled as having been done by Penni, one of Raphael's more nondescript assistants.

Now, if you go to either of these famous museums you will see both pictures, physically the same but changed in almost every other way. They are clean, they are prominently displayed, and no one doubts that they are both major works by Raphael. In financial terms the transformation has been even more dramatic. The two pictures might, between them, have fetched four figures in the 1960s. Today each would be worth several million dollars. The same pictures.

How it all happened is a complex story. The main point is that all trace of both originals had been lost as early as the end of the sixteenth century. The portrait, and probably also the Madonna, were given by Pope Julius himself to the Roman church of Santa Maria del Popolo not long before



The main gate of Sutton Place, formerly the home of J. Paul Getty in Surrey, England.

he died, in 1513. After Raphael's death, in 1520, the demand for pictures by him became so great that it could not be met. Then, in 1591, Cardinal Sfondrati had the brilliant idea of simply removing the two from the church. No one could oppose him, as he was the nephew of the pope, Gregory XIV. And no one even dared to publish what had happened—and what was in fact bare-faced theft—for another two centuries and more. Then, in the relaxation from papal rule that followed Napoleon's invasion of Italy, a note appeared in a learned book briefly reporting the theft.

In the meantime no one knew what had happened to the two Raphaels. During the eighty-odd years when they had been

accessible in the church, many copies of both had been painted. As soon as these became dirty it would have been difficult to distinguish them from the originals, and after 1591, when the latter disappeared, complete confusion reigned. Innumerable old copies of both paintings still repose in the depots of many of the older art galleries.

My own involvement in this ancient mystery started about twenty years ago. I happened to run into an old friend and colleague at the Christie's auction rooms who asked if I had heard that J. Paul Getty, the American millionaire who had

recently settled in England for tax purposes, had a version of the lost Raphael Madonna that several people had seen and thought might be the missing original. I cannot remember what happened next, but before long, someone had mentioned my interest to Mr. Getty, who invited me to his house to see the picture.

The house, called Sutton Place, near Guildford in Surrey, had been built in the sixteenth century for a family who continued to live in it until comparatively recent times. Like the contemporary Hampton Court, which is even larger, it shows the beginning of Renaissance architecture in England, with a number of Italianate terracotta plaques built into the brickwork.

J. Paul Getty's appearance had already

Cecil Gould, an art historian, was deputy director at London's National Gallery.

Raphael's Madonna di Loretto, Musée Condé. The number 133, lower left, was a clue.



Some people—
bloodhound—
strikingly like that of
long and narrow and
without sharply pointed
and with great intensity of expres-
in the large and melancholy eyes.
For the next ten years or so I saw a lot of

him and got to know him well. As soon as he realized that his Madonna, which he had bought for less than forty pounds at auction just before the Second World War, might be the original, he devoted much of his energy (and a great deal of the time in which he might have been making more money) to trying to prove it. For days on end he dragged his current girlfriend around the British Museum and spent

hours in the reading room. As he was able to read French and German and Italian, he could, and did, consult all the major source books. He then used either to telephone me at the National Gallery to tell me what he had found, or else to come around himself, usually without appointment. Sometimes his telephone calls lasted for over an hour. But he had a truly American sense of democracy, and if he arrived unexpectedly and found other people waiting to see me he took his place in the queue without complaint.

At this time I genuinely thought his Madonna might be the remains of the lost original. I say "remains," as there was not much of the original surface paint left. But there were subtleties, such as the drawing of the Madonna's hands and of her mouth, that did suggest Raphael himself. There was also an evident alteration in one of her hands, which Mr. Getty thought amounted to proof that the picture was not a copy, though the degree of difference was not really big enough to prove the point.

After a year or so, Mr. Getty offered the picture on loan to the National Gallery. Thinking that it might be refused on account of its bad condition, he linked the loan with that of a fine portrait by Veronese, a thing he knew we did not have. When the loan of both was accepted, it flattered his vanity that something he had bought so cheaply, namely the Madonna, should now be on display at the National Gallery and labeled as Raphael. He admitted that the picture had come to have such a hold over him that he wanted it out of the house. But this ingenious therapy was not entirely successful; I often came upon him sitting for hours in front of his picture on a public seat in the gallery.

The next act of the drama occurred in 1969, after Mr. Getty's version of the Madonna of Loreto had been on loan to the National Gallery for several years. In that year I had an inquiry from a young colleague at the Albertina gallery, in Vienna. His name was Konrad Oberhuber, and he had already made a name for himself as a student of Raphael with several learned articles, mainly on the subject of the drawings. I had not met him previously but I knew that his opinions tended to be optimistic; and so I was on my guard when he said he had come to the conclusion that the National Gallery version of the portrait of Pope Julius II was Raphael's missing original. (I had catalogued it as an old copy.) There was an X ray of the head, taken before my time, which gave no reason to think it was other than a copy, but I now

Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II, National Gallery, London, dingy and unloved, was long regarded as a copy, then it was cleaned and X-rayed.



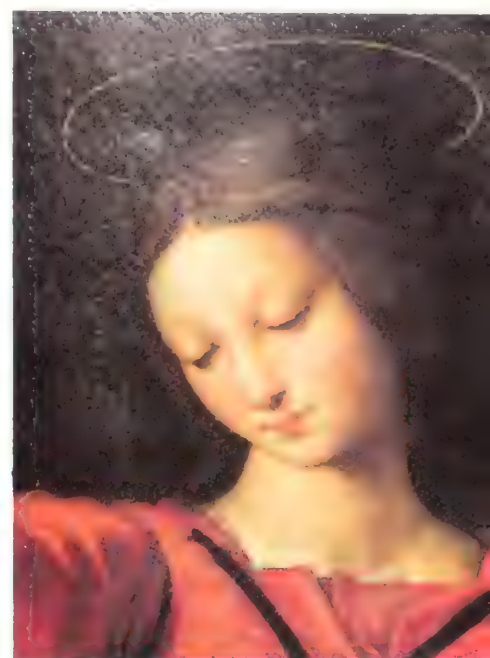
agreed to have the whole picture X-rayed. I suppose I thought that it would reveal nothing and that this would make Oberhuber keep quiet.

Far from it. The complete X ray showed that astonishing changes had been made—changes that would make no sense if the picture were a copy. The curtain behind the pope, whose visible paint is plain green, had originally been decorated with a pattern of papal crowns and crossed keys. Though my colleagues at the gallery were still not convinced, I was now sure in my own mind that this was indeed the missing original, and got down to further work on the history of the picture.

Here I had a piece of luck. I had recorded in my catalogue the presence of an inventory number—118—that was actually painted on the surface, although I could not identify it. Since my catalogue was published, an Italian scholar had published a series of inventories of the Borghese collection; in the one for 1693 I found that item number 118 corresponded with our portrait. I then found a record of a transaction whereby in the year 1608 Cardinal Sfondrati (who had stolen the two Raphaels from Santa Maria del Popolo) had sold his collection en bloc to Cardinal Scipione Borghese. That seemed to be that. In trying to disprove Konrad Oberhuber's hunch, I found that I had proved it.

Not unnaturally, Paul Getty was much impressed by the fact that the originality of our version of the Julius portrait had been clinched through the presence of the inventory number. He now spent hours poring over the surface of his Madonna trying to find a similar mark. As the painting was covered with old scratches, holes, and restorations, it was rather like looking for pictures in the fire. One could think one saw inventory marks all over the picture, and for a time Mr. Getty did.

Some time later he mentioned to me casually that he had heard that there was in fact an inventory number on the version of the Madonna in the Musée Condé, at Chantilly. But I have a strange habit of losing interest in a subject once I have published on it. In this case I had also grown too bored by Mr. Getty's persistence over the years even to inquire what the inventory number was. By the time I happened to visit Chantilly, in a tourist capacity during the August bank holiday in 1976, I had forgotten that he had mentioned it. I did notice that there was a version of the Madonna of Loreto in the museum and also that it had an inventory mark on it, but I did not make a note



Getty's folly: at left, the Madonna that obsessed him; at right, a detail from the Raphael that spoiled his dream, the real Madonna di Loreto.

of what it was. It was not until after I returned to London that this struck me as an omission. I then wrote to ask for a photograph of the picture. When, after a delay

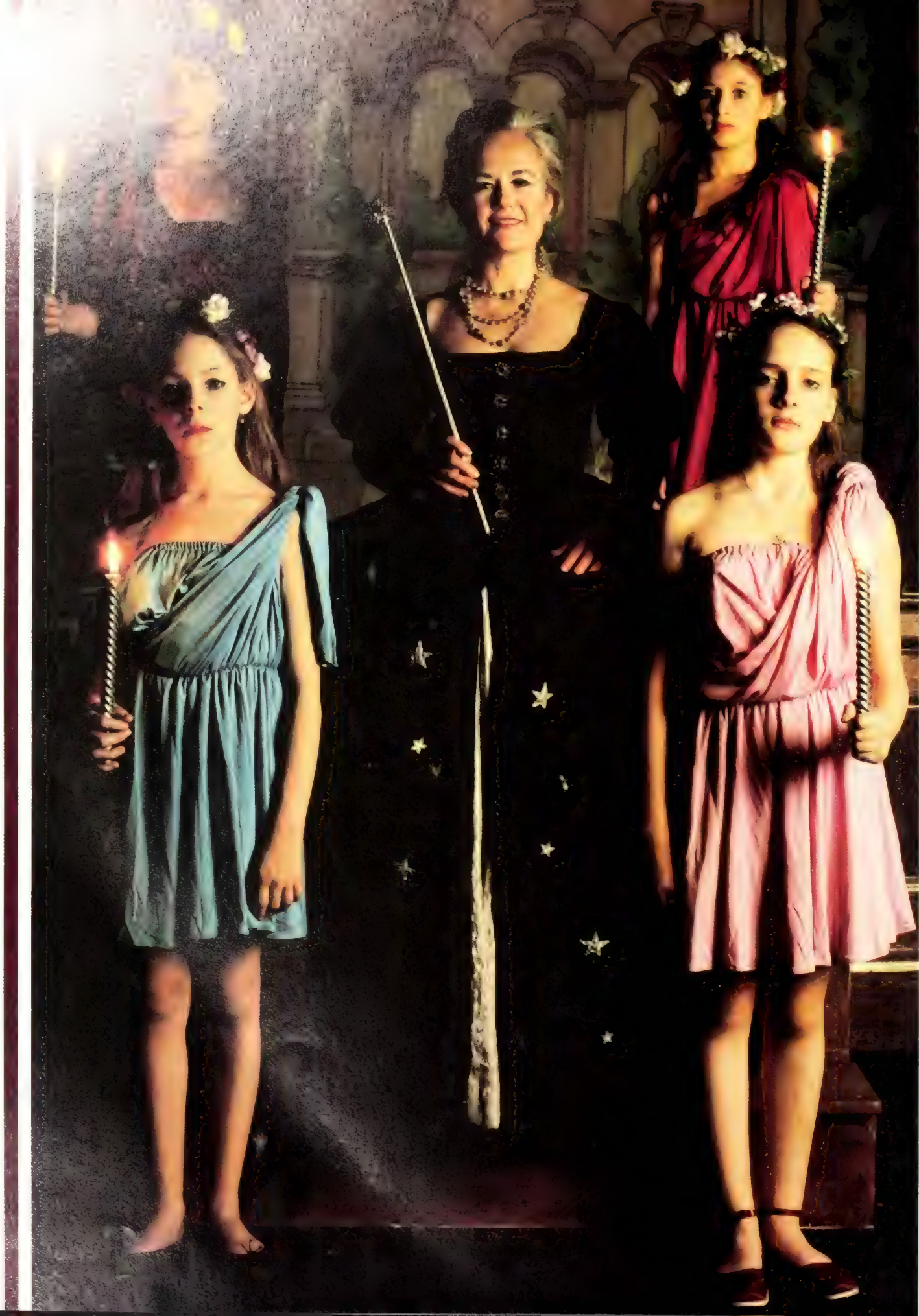
GETTY'S VANITY WAS FLATTERED THAT THE MADONNA WAS LABELED AS A RAPHAEL.

of several months, it arrived I saw that the inventory number—133—was the same as that for the Madonna of Loreto in the Borghese inventory. This was therefore the other missing original. Once again, I had proved something against my will.

In retrospect, I still find my behavior at this stage almost incredible. But I think that the main reason why generations of experts on Raphael—and also, of course, myself—had seen both the Julius portrait in London and the Madonna at Chantilly and had not recognized either was not only a result of the dirt but also that they were not expecting to find them in those places. Both collections were famous and recorded. I think, therefore, that when my eyes rested physically on the Chantilly picture, I must have said to myself, "Oh, that old thing again. I've had more than enough of it." Another factor was that at the time of my visit I had eyes only for

Titian (I was about to go to Venice to take part in a conference on the four-hundredth anniversary of his death). This episode demonstrates once again that the act of looking at a work of art is seldom a purely visual one. What we already know, and also what we are expecting to find, are factors that play havoc at times with what our eyes record.

The final irony springs from the fact that J. Paul Getty died just before my visit to Chantilly, in the summer of 1976. After the Madonna was cleaned on behalf of the Musée Condé in the restoration department of the Louvre, there was a special exhibition at Chantilly—in 1979—to launch it, which attracted a good deal of publicity. I then found myself wondering what Mr. Getty would have made of it. I think that at first he would not have believed it. He would certainly have been distressed by the recognition that his beloved Madonna, the picture that had obsessed him for several years and to which he had given an almost unlimited amount of time and indeed devotion, was no more than another of the old copies, possibly touched up by the master himself but certainly not the original. And surely he would have regretted that his insurance of it for a vast sum (which must have gone against his extreme natural parsimony) had been money wasted. I also think his strong sense of the value of evidence might have sufficed after a time to make him accept, reluctantly, the inevitable. But on the whole I think he may have died at the right moment for his peace of mind. □



A WHIRL OF TALENTS

IT'S TIME TO
REVIVE THE MULTIFARIOUS ART OF
THE MASQUE

BY BARBARA JEPSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LANCE

The queen flutters her fan of powder-blue ostrich feathers as she dances a sprightly galliard with an earl seeking her favor. Lords and ladies in sumptuous satins and velvets admire the couple as they step and turn to the music of recorders, krummhorns, viols, and harpsichord. The king watches indifferently, an empty wine goblet in his hand.

Although the scene may sound a bit stilted, it is actually great fun to watch. It comes from a court masque, a Renaissance entertainment combining dance, music, verse, and lavish set designs. More specifically, this vignette is part of the Capricorn Theatre Company's production of *Vision of Delight*, by the Jacobean playwright Ben Jonson. Originally presented on Twelfth Night in 1617 to the dissolute Stuart monarch, James; his wife, Anne of Denmark; and an assortment of foreign visitors, it was re-created last December by Capricorn's nineteen-member cast at Columbia University's Casa Italiana, in New York.

The masque is coming back into its own these days, spurred in part by the revival of interest in early music. Even so, most sophisticated theatergoers probably have not encountered many masques, for a very simple reason: the works are usually presented in university settings. Why don't more professional companies put on masques? Leading early-music ensembles (such as the Waverly Consort, who per-



Left page: Night (Evelyn Simon), surrounded by the other allegorical figures of Love, Harmony, Sport, and Laughter, in a re-creation of Ben Jonson's seventeenth-century court masque *Vision of Delight*; above, appearance of the phantasms, spiderlike creatures of the antimasque, a bawdy skit that interrupts the narrative and is part of the entertainment.

form everything from madrigals to morality plays at their concerts) don't often stage masques, because they lack the balletic skills required for the intricate period dances. As for commercial theater, it has other problems with the genre. "Most theater producers," observes Beth Kurtz, Capricorn's founder and artistic director, "look at a typical masque libretto and wonder what it's all about. There's no plot, no action, no conflict."

Indeed, the masque is not so much theater as it is spectacle—a whirl of color, pattern, and sound that evokes the pageantry and privilege of a bygone era. The mood is one of frolic and mystery. In our age of specialization, masques require

singers to dance, dancers to sing, all to act, in the style of another era—as if their common talent included a tradition of being versatile. Originally presented during the Christmas season or on special occasions, the masque was really a grandiose social event—an excuse for the nobility to dress up, dance, and indulge in considerable merrymaking. After the masque, the aristocratic participants and royal spectators joined in the revels—dancing, drinking, and feasting until dawn. Sometimes the revelry turned rowdy: one eyewitness account of a four-day bash during the reign of James I reported that "the ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication." In fact, the noblewoman portraying the queen of Sheba on this

occasion was apparently so tipsy that she tripped on some steps and dropped gifts "such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices and other good matters" into the lap of the visiting king of Denmark. More commonly, the courtiers paired off in the elegant dances of the day—stately pavanes, foot-stomping canaries, and lively corantos.

Vision of Delight centers around such allegorical figures as Fant'sy, Peace, and Wonder, conjured up by the character of Night (Evelyn Simon, in the Capricorn production) to celebrate the advent of spring and pay homage to the monarch. This is accomplished by means of a series of poetic declamations, songs, and dances. Six in-



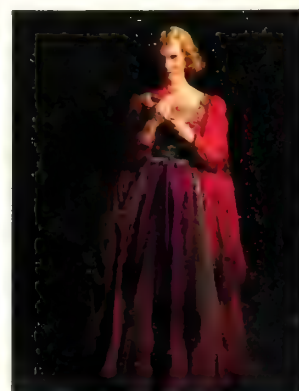
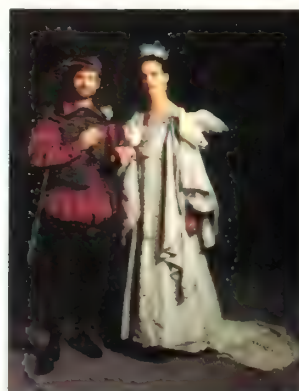

 THE MASQUE
 IS THEATER
 AND SPECTACLE—
 A WHIRL OF COLOR,
 PATTERN,
 AND SOUND
 EVOKING A BYGONE
 ERA.


Robert Atwood (floor) and Gene French warming up to rehearse the dancing.

Richard Sackville, earl of Dorset, as portrayed by Elliot Levine, left.

Center: Earl of Arundel (William Carney), countess of Arundel (Elizabeth Ann Taylor).

A play within a play: Lady Katherine Manners (Abigail Lewis) as Wonder.



strumentalists provide musical interludes and accompaniment on period recorders, cornetti, shawms, violas da gamba, and a harpsichord. By turns festive, blithe ("Sing we now merrily, our purses be empty, heigh-ho . . ."), or plaintive, as the flowery libretto demanded, the part songs, airs, and dance music help suggest the jovial nature of the Jacobean court.

No masque would be complete without one or more antimasques. These grotesque or bawdy skitlike interruptions served to remind the aristocracy that the idealized order of the masque—and, by extension, the kingdom—could quickly disintegrate into chaos. (During the reign of James I, this was no idle concern: the king was an ineffectual ruler, a drunkard, and a devotee of witchcraft, more intent on affairs with his male courtiers than on affairs of the state.) In Jonson's *Vision*, the first antimasque was interpreted by Beth Kurtz to focus on a long-nosed old woman who gives birth to two bickering commedia dell'arte characters who have been kicking up a rumpus under her skirts. After a second antimasque, of spiderlike phantasms, is banished, the masquers are revealed as the Glories of Spring in a pastoral bower. Holding garlands, they execute a graceful figure dance, bow to the monarch, and remove their masks, signaling the end of their performance and the beginning of the revels.

One icy winter evening, shortly before Christmas of 1983, members of the *Vision of Delight* cast assembled for their first dress rehearsal at Casa Italiana. The former American Ballet Theatre star Sallie Wilson, who played Queen Anne, gingerly climbed the stairs to the Renaissance-style Piccolo Teatro, where the masque took place. The petite dancer was clad in a light-blue leotard and a farthingale—the wide, hooplike petticoat that gave Elizabethan and Jacobean gowns their characteristic fullness. "It feels like I have a tire



Prince Charles (Robert Atwood),
left. Actors need musical and
balletic skills.

The earl of Montgomery (Gene French),
below, far left.

Queen Anne (Sallie Wilson) and King
James I (Paul C. Echols), below left.

Lady Anne Clifford (Nanette Ledet)
and the earl of Buckingham
(Charles Haack). Some scholars link masques
to medieval morality plays.

Don Diego Sarmiento (Bertram Ross).
Puritans denounced masques as frivolous
and wasteful.

around my waist," declared Wilson, patting the Styrofoam contraption.

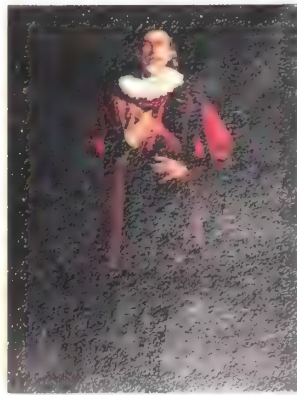
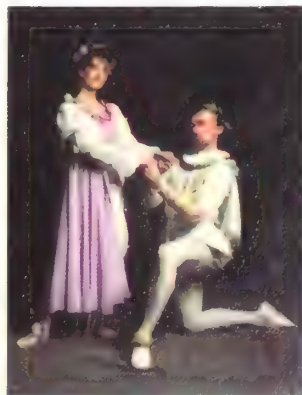
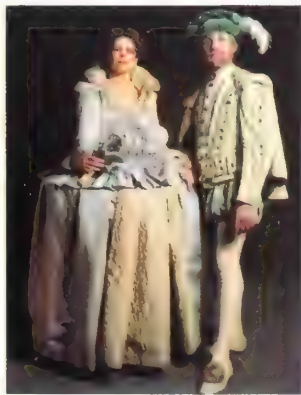
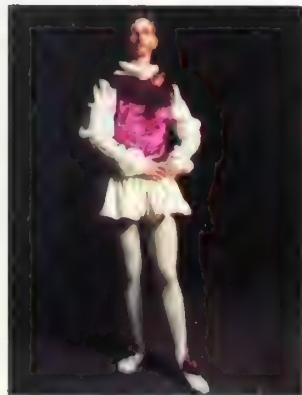
Her costar, Bertram Ross, grappled with his own costume's limitations. A former leading dancer and codirector of the Martha Graham Dance Company, the tall, distinguished Ross is accustomed to moving his body freely. In his role as the Spanish ambassador, however, he had to remember to keep his torso rigidly straight. "The corseted garments that men wore in those days," he explained, "would never have permitted the kind of fluid upper-body motion used in modern dance."

Adjusting to the farthingales, pancake hats, and pumpkin hose—short pantaloons worn by the men—was just one of the challenges confronting the Capricorn cast. Actors and actresses had to trade their naturalistic stage demeanor for a more stylized, seventeenth-century approach. Singers had to master the trills and rapid dynamic changes of English Renais-

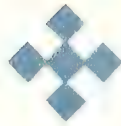
sance music and to avoid the use of vibrato except as an occasional ornament. The classically trained dancers had a new repertory of steps to learn. "I was used to the big, sweeping movements of ballet," observed the dancer Charles Haack (the earl of Buckingham): "The small, rapid steps of the period dances were difficult at first, but it was fascinating to see how ballet evolved from them."

The issue of authenticity was much more complex. "The masque is an art form created for a particular social situation that no longer exists," says Paul C. Echols, who heads the early-music program at the Mannes College of Music, in New York, and who directed the 1982 production of *Vision of Delight*. "In our respective stagings, Beth and I tried to re-create the masque in a way that today's audience could respond to, and still remain reasonably faithful to the period."

Some compromises were inevitable.



IN THE ENSUING BATTLE, THE
TWO EARLS TRY TO UPSTAGE EACH
OTHER WITH CAPERS, PIEGATE, AND
OTHER HIGH-FLYING LEAPS.



Although masques celebrate the harmony and order of the universe, Charles's increasingly lavish productions were a contributing factor to the civil war that led to his beheading. Vision of Delight masquers, above, remove their masks: the performance is over—let the revels begin!

"Had we aimed for total authenticity," quips Echols, a blond, bearded thirty-nine-year-old who played the role of King James, "we would have used fifty dozen candles for lighting instead of electricity." Actually, a strict reconstruction would have been impossible; the masquing dances and most of the music were not written down. Kurtz, a former ballet dancer with twenty-five years of experience in classical and Renaissance dance styles, consulted a number of historical treatises and used their step-by-step descriptions of seventeenth-century social dances as the basis for her own inventions. "The steps I chose are pretty authentic," she maintains, "but the way I arranged them reflects my own ideas." Echols selected and arranged vocal music by Jacobean composers such as Alfonso Ferrabosco, John Dowland, and Thomas Campion that seemed to fit the song texts in the libretto. (By contrast, the music of the revels is in its original form, although only one of the works is known to have been performed in the 1617 production.)

Finally, it would have taken a Metropolitan Opera-size budget to duplicate the opulent sets by Inigo Jones, the architect and stage designer who was Ben Jonson's chief collaborator. His constructions included wave-making devices, perfume-gushing fountains, and a smoking Hell scene that somehow metamorphosed into the two-story House of Fame in Jonson's *Masque of Queens*.

Capricorn, a two-year-old company with limited financial resources, had to settle for modest, free-standing painted scenery and backdrops by Marshall Coid that were loosely based on Jones's sets for other masques. Economic factors affected casting decisions as well. Kurtz was forced to reduce the number of dancers and anti-masque characters, and she assigned several courtiers to singing roles reserved for professionals in Jacobean times.

In the Capricorn production, Kurtz stressed the masque's social nature. Drawing upon eyewitness accounts, she determined who was actually present when *Vision of Delight* was performed, then added fictional characters or historical individuals known to have danced in earlier masques. Using a "play within a play" approach, the director created a prologue showing the aristocrats rehearsing their roles. Intended to introduce the characters to the audience, the invention also makes the twentieth-century viewer privy to the latest court gossip. This is enlarged upon in the revels, when a glance here, a gesture

there, is used to convey political intrigues or romantic longings based loosely on historical fact. For example, one seventeenth-century source noted that Queen Anne had danced with both the earl of Montgomery and the earl of Buckingham during the revels, even though she was nearing the end of her life. (Queen Elizabeth reportedly danced galliards until she was sixty-two, and often did five or six before breakfast.) Kurtz postulates that Buckingham and Montgomery were rivals. "Buckingham was an obvious favorite of the king, said to be one of his lovers," she explains. "Montgomery had lost his favored position twice. So I featured Buck-

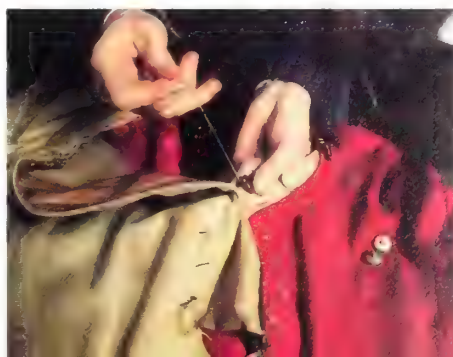
jumps into the middle of the galliard. The ensuing "battle," where the two earls try to upstage each other with capers, piegate (similar to the Italian-style changement), and other high-flying leaps, constitutes the most virtuosic dancing of the evening. At its conclusion, the queen bestows her ring upon Buckingham, and Montgomery contemptuously flings his handkerchief in a gesture of anger and despair.

Beth Kurtz founded Capricorn to revive this neglected art form and other total-theater works. Next month, during the week of Twelfth Night (January 6), the company will present *Vision of Delight* at



Above: *Fant'sy*, played by Elliot Levine, conjuring to send away the spiders (unseen); below: backstage, Susan Walker repairs *Fant'sy*'s costume

ingham in the *Glories of the Spring* and cast Montgomery as an eternal loser, always trying to get in favor, never quite making it." During the revels, after Montgomery (Gene French) dances with the queen, Buckingham (Charles Haack)



Marymount Manhattan College. Kurtz, who began staging masques in 1969 when she worked as assistant to the Renaissance dance scholar Julia Sutton on a modern masque production, doesn't plan to stop with *Vision*. "The masque is all-sufficient," she says. "One of the best of Jonson's thirty masques, is a fabulous concoction, with satyrs and wild woodland creatures. It is one of the most beautiful of the masque. I would like to produce the whole thing."

Barbara Jepson
special interest



Above: Hunting dogs catch the scent of grouse in Currier & Ives's lithograph On a Point. Below: Celebrants at Martin Townsend's sumptuous

All in the GAME

Sing we now a Te Deum in observance of the hunting season. Leafless woods, brisk breezes, and low, kindly light reveal a fresh and open countryside; guns are oiled, camping gear is packed, and the sound of the age-old quest for game to set on winter's table echoes once again across the land. The glorious company of hunters needs little urging, of course, to fill the marshes and uplands with its own version of the 1812 Overture. But the noble, and far larger, army of eaters and cooks may well benefit by some encouragement to join the music. It is no small thing to take the beasts of the field and the fowl

IN PRAISE OF THE NATURAL FLAVORS FROM FIELD AND MARSH—AND OF THE COOKS WHO MAKE THE MOST OF THEM

BY ROBERT CAPON

of the air and orchestrate them into unforgettable performances at stove and table.

We must not, however, settle for a modest opening statement of our theme. This is no time for the quiet passage on plain roast mallard or the simple hymn to jugged hare. The music of the season demands nothing less than full organ and chorus in praise of a monumental game dinner.

The scene is the rectory of Trinity Church, St. Marys City, Maryland. Outside, just below the bluff, the St. Marys River flows into the Potomac and on out into Chesapeake Bay. In the middle distance, the reconstructed seventeenth-century statehouse stands as a witness to the years when St. Marys City was the seat of the Calverts' original colonial government. And indoors, around the rectory dining table, it is six o'clock on an almost equally historic Friday evening. Martin Townsend, the priest of the Episcopal parish, is about to sit down to a newer but no less splendid bit of tradition: he, his wife, Barbara, and eight friends have assembled for the annual pre-Lenten black-tie feast at which, for five years now, they have celebrated the season's shooting.

This *vendredi gras* dinner—whose offerings of game have all been bagged by the company present—will go on until nearly dawn. Naturally, no two year's menus are ever the same, since the territories traversed and the game shot by the hunters vary from one season to the next. But geese and ducks from the Eastern Shore are almost always on the table, as is venison from West Virginia. And, depending on luck and whim, the oyster, the crab, the scallop, or the fish from nearby waters—or even the odd haunch of moose from Canada—may also find its way to the feast.

All in all, the Townsends' annual party is a shining example of the ambitious game dinner. Though it features choice raw materials and some impressive cooking—from delectable smoked oysters to a robust, winy muskrat—and more fine wines on its sideboard than any mortal has a right to expect, it is at the same time refreshingly unsolemn. Between the courses, members entertain the rest of the group with hunting stories, poetry, and musical performances until early in the morning.

Only a fortunate few can duplicate such a fortissimo presentation of the hunting

and eating theme. Yet those of us who find ourselves with a solo pheasant or a duet of grouse may still have praises to sing. Accordingly, it is time for some background—piano but with feeling—on the classification and seasonal availability of game animals and a few pieces of advice on their preparation, cooking, and service.

The game season in the United States, while it varies according to state and even locality, usually runs from the beginning of November to the middle of February. The dates for the shooting of migratory fowl are set primarily to preclude hunting during the mating and growing seasons and, when necessary, to prevent either excessive growth of specific game populations or overhunting of certain species.

Game animals are divided into four categories: waterfowl, upland game, small game, and big game. Waterfowl flourish and are hunted in almost all states, the principal specimens being ducks and geese. Upland game include partridge, quail, pheasant, woodcock, and the like. Of these, America is a rich source, having proved itself hospitable to not only native upland birds but imported ones as well: witness the Hungarian partridge; the chukar partridge, from the Himalayas; and the Chinese pheasant, now indigenous to the northwestern central states.

Small game are such creatures as rabbits, squirrels, possum, and raccoons. While under many circumstances these are considered varmints, in the hands of a resourceful cook they can grace any table with style. Finally, there is the category of big game, whose season is commonly shorter, beginning in December or even later. In addition to the ubiquitous deer, big game include bear, antelope, elk, moose, and—for more exotic tastes—the bighorn sheep of the Rocky Mountains and even the Russian boar, in certain parts of Tennessee.

Since large animals call for feats of handling and preparation best left to veteran experts, we will do well to limit ourselves to the more modest offerings of marsh and field. It is far more often the odd duck or the brace of pheasant, and not the noble deer, that ends up in our gunsights or on our porch. We will therefore offer a hand-

Robert Capon is the author of four cookbooks, including Supper of the Lamb.



THE GRANGER COLLECTION

the feast in St. Marys City, Maryland.



JOE MCNALLY / WHEELER PICTURES

ful of suggestions about game birds, beginning with the most important matter of all: the subject of hanging.

Quite simply, hanging is the suspension by the neck, in a cool, sheltered, dry, airy place, of a shot but otherwise untouched bird. Underscore *untouched*: the bird is neither plucked nor drawn (nor should it be severely shot- or dog-damaged). Like the aging of beef, hanging breaks down the tough fibers of the bird's flesh, which then, over a period of days, takes on a rich and distinctive flavor. During this time supervision counts for everything. In warm fall weather, birds should be hung for shorter periods. In any weather, though, they should be inspected daily (by the plucking of a few feathers from above the tail) for bluish or greenish discoloration, or for any more advanced and graceless signs of decay.

The length of time for hanging game birds varies with the species of the bird and the preferences of the cook. Young quail (four to six ounces, dressed) and grouse (one and a quarter pounds, maximum) can be eaten either fresh or with no more than twenty-four hours' hanging. Ducks can be hung for a few days, but only if they have been drained of blood; otherwise, twenty-four hours should again be the limit. Pheasant, though, turns into the "king of birds" only after three or four days.

The remainder of the subject of preparing game birds is straightforward, indeed down-to-earth. They must be plucked—a job to be done outdoors, in a place where the wind does not blow around you in circles. The feathers of a bird, like the hairs of our heads, are all numbered; but the number is large, and no one, not even you, will welcome an invitation to count them.

After that, game birds must be drawn—a prospect that is perhaps less than enchanting for those of us who grew up thinking that edible birds dwelt only in supermarket meat cases and were born hollow into the bargain. Still, what must be done can be done. Get out a basic cookbook, therefore, and address yourself to the task boldly. At the very least, the experience will put you in touch with one of the deep and otherwise unreachable roots of your nature.

At this point in your bird's progress from sky to table, it could be frozen for future use. Whether it is reserved or served immediately, though, the next major subject is, quite naturally, cooking. About that there are probably a thousand things that could be said, but two are of supreme importance. First, young birds (recogniz-

A WINTER'S FEAST

Smoked Pheasant

Venison Sausage

Smoked Bluefish

Oysters—Raw, Smoked, Baked

• •

Scallop Bisque

• •

Broiled Rockfish with Orange Sauce

Mushrooms Stuffed with Crabmeat

Green Salad with Kumquats

• •

Pheasant Stuffed with Pecans and Leeks

Wild Rice

Green Beans

• •

Bufflehead in Apple Dressing

Asparagus Vinaigrette

• •

Black-Currant Sherbet

• •

Venison with Sherry and Onions

Braised Musquash with Walnuts

Vegetable Kebabs

• •

Papaya Flan

Queen of Puddings with Raspberry Sauce

able by their soft, pliable feet and barely formed spurs) should be cooked as simply as possible. A quick roasting in a very hot oven or a brief stay under the broiler are all they need to be at their best. Older specimens require longer and more energetic treatments. Be warned, though, that it takes a mighty cook to turn an ancient, fishy duck or a superannuated, muscular goose into anything even half-palatable.

Second, though, and even more impor-

Below: Bob Kuzmick smokes fresh, local oysters, one of several appetizers in the Townsend's annual dinner. Right: Desportes's Still Life with Rabbit.



tant, is the absolute necessity of precluding dryness in the cooked bird. This is no simple feat, since game birds, and indeed almost all game animals, are far leaner than domestic ones. Nevertheless, there are two general techniques for dealing with the problem. On the one hand, the cook may apply fat during the cooking by covering, or wrapping, the birds with rashers of bacon or barding sheets of thinly sliced salt pork. On the other hand, one may add liquid to game birds either by marinating them before cooking or by basting them often. With any method used to retain moisture, the birds must be cooked at high heat for the shortest possible time consistent with rare doneness. This applies, of course, only to young birds (older ones should usually be stewed into submission); but if you ever find yourself with such a specimen in its prime, remember that overcooking game birds is more than a federal crime: it is a cosmic one.

Finally, a word about recipes. Since amateur plucking of a bird often results in torn skin—a condition that does not lend itself to elegant presentation of the whole roasted bird—consider turning your pheasant or grouse, or even a mixed bag, into a salmi, or ragout of game stewed in a rich sauce. Suppose, for example, it is indeed a fine, cleanly shot young hen pheasant that has been hanging on your porch for four days. You first dress it and marinate it in red wine and olive oil seasoned with onion, juniper berries, thyme, and salt. Then cover the breast and legs with barding fat and roast the bird in a very hot oven (425 to 450 degrees F.) for twenty to twenty-five minutes. At this point, it should still be underdone. Remove it from the oven, carve off all the breast and leg meat, cut it into bite-size pieces, and reserve the meat in a warm place. Next, chop the remaining bones and trimmings roughly; boil them for half an hour in some veal, game, or chicken stock; and strain off the broth and thicken it discreetly into a sauce (adding, perhaps, a bit of wine, cream, or marinade in the process). Last, place this sauce over barely simmering water, add the sliced pheasant meat, let it warm through for fifteen minutes or so, and serve it, simply but triumphantly, on well-buttered toast.

There! It may not be the eleven-hour, eight-course, twenty-four-wine *magnum opus* with which we began; but given a fresh green salad, a bottle of good red wine, and the company of even one kindred spirit, it will be a *Te Deum* indeed for the hunt—a culinary and gustatory song of praise at whose end no one need ever be confounded. □



G GLIMPSES OF HOLLAND'S GOLDEN AGE

TWO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DOLLHOUSES CELEBRATE DAILY LIFE IN OLD AMSTERDAM

In an Amsterdam auction room one April day in 1743, a group of cabinets filled with seventeenth-century miniatures came up for sale and passed to a well-to-do merchant's wife named Sara Ploos van Amstel-Rothé. She paid a price of 903 florins (about \$5,000), took her purchases home, and began converting them into the two dollhouses you see on these pages. • In Sara's day, dollhouses were playthings for adults, not for children. The 1600s had been Holland's golden period, a time when the Dutch were not only the world's leading bankers and foremost sea power but an important cultural force as well. Now the political tide was ebbing, but the nation retained its appetite for beautiful objects. Prosperous burghers filled their homes with fine furniture, magnificent paintings by seventeenth-century Dutch masters, and collections of all kinds—including collections, like Sara's, of miniatures, arranged in dollhouse fashion and reflecting with astonishing realism the lives led by their owners. • Set up on shelves inside large cabinets, these dollhouses usually lacked façades: interiors were what people cared about, and detail was everything. Thus, Sara's dollhouses contained not only beds and chairs and tables but also tiny replicas of ivory-handled forks, children's socks waiting in a basket to be mended, even a hand-lettered edition of Homer's *Odyssey*, readable by magnifying glass. • Many of Sara's original purchases were crafted a generation or so before her time, but she did not hesitate to fill in gaps with new pieces commissioned from local artisans. She hired the artist Jurriaan Buttner to paint rugs on her floors and cherubs on her ceilings and execute a series of tiny portraits of English royalty. He also collaborated with a cabinetmaker on a *trompe l'oeil* perspective, painted on the dollhouse's garden wall, which gives one an uncanny illusion of looking into a second garden. • Throughout, Sara kept meticulous records, in her fine, even handwriting, of all purchases and commissions—what she bought, who made it, the price, and the date. Today we know, for example, that the ivory work was executed by Hilgert Laurenszom, the copper and brass by J. ten Ham, the earthenware by Cornelius Sluis, and the ironwork by a nephew, Theodorus Ploos van Amstel. A few items Sara embroidered herself, including a fire screen in one of the music rooms and, for a living-in room, a pair of rose-colored *moiré* bed hangings. • Today one of Sara's dollhouses belongs to the Gemeente-Museum, in The Hague. The second one remained in the family until 1939; then, in 1955, it was acquired by the Frans Halsmuseum, in Haarlem, where just now four other antique dollhouses and one modern one are on display with it. Visitors to the Halsmuseum exhibition can study not only the painstaking craftsmanship of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artisans but also the way life was then lived in the Netherlands. Indeed, Sara's dollhouse contains just about everything an old Amsterdam homeowner could covet—except, perhaps, a dollhouse of its own.

Sara's dollhouse at the Frans Halsmuseum contains twelve rooms enclosed within a cabinet of oak. Entrance is via the second-floor central hall, lighted by a hanging lantern of gilded lead that cost Sara four florins.

BY SHIRLEY GLUBOK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN HOFER

*Shirley Glubok, an art historian, is the author of *Dolls' Houses: Life in Miniature* (Harper & Row).*





This is a lying-in room (Halsmuseum), where babies were born and spent their earliest weeks of life. Here the mother lies in a canopied bed under a flowered chintz cover. (All chintz had to be imported from India until the eighteenth century, when European industries began to imitate it at lower prices.) Her infant sleeps in a wicker cradle with a silk curtain. The basket in center foreground holds fresh folded diapers



"Castellani" (1660-1710) arrived in
affluent Dutch households, and the
one (Halsmuseum) has been a room
to show off their sophisticated taste
in art and furniture. It is not built
in cabinet style, with solid lines
that recede into the distance. The influence of
French style on Dutch interiors is evident
in the "marble" fireplace. The Turkish oil
was painted on the floor by the artist
Jurriaan Butté.



Dinner appears to be on its way: on
the dining-room table of the dollhouse
in the Halsmuseum (left) lies a linen
cloth set with fine silver flatware, sil-
ver plates, and "crystal" wineglasses.
A long, graceful serving fork and
spoon and tiny candlesticks are also
on the table. The glassware in this
house is all of the seventeenth century,
and much of it is Venetian in style.



To hold her second dollhouse (on exhibit in the Gemeente-Museum), Sara had Jan Meijer build a large cabinet that also contained drawers for her gloves, handkerchiefs, and lace collars. It cost her 250 florms (about \$1,200 today)

The walls of this music room, in the Gemeente-Museum house, are covered with beautiful landscapes of tiny people walking through thick woods. Near the center of the room stands a blue harpsichord, and in the right rear corner, a viola da gamba. Music rooms of the period were also sitting rooms, however, and here a lady entertains a gentleman visitor, whose hat and sword rest on the table at far right. Between them a pair of octagonal tables holds playing cards, dice, and a chess set; still another game, "tric trac," is staged inside the rectangular table in the foreground.



A dignified entrance hall in the Gemeente-Museum dollhouse has doorways and wall moldings executed in Louis XV style and is dominated by a large hanging lamp. The long-case clock was made to order of walnut. This was an indispensable item in a prosperous home in Holland, where the pendulum was invented. Originally this clock told time, by means of a fine gold pocket watch contributed by Sara's husband, who paid twenty-eight florins for it.





Seventeenth-century Holland was enamored of blue and white porcelain, imported from China by the Dutch East Indies Company. One of Sara's dollhouse families (Gemeente-Museum) used this special room to show off its own large and impressive collection.

In this lying-in room (Gemeente-Museum), the bed is sheltered within an elaborate alcove. The high-backed chair was designed for pregnant women—it tilts back for easy reclining—but here is occupied by a new mother, visiting with a friend while her infant sleeps in its covered basket (right foreground). Soon the baby will graduate to the third-floor nursery, where it can scoot around in a blue and yellow walker equipped with a ringing bell.





Christie's Fifth Annual Auction of
Important British and American Sporting Paintings
to be held Friday, June 7, 1985 at 10 am and 2 pm
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We are accepting consignments through April 1, 1985 for our upcoming sale.
Of particular interest are works by artists such as: Alken, Dalby,
Ferneley, Frost, Herring, Marshall, Munnings, Pollard, Pleissner, Rungius,
Stubbs, Tait, Troye, Ward, Wooton and others.
All inquiries should be directed to Peter Villa at 212/546-1173.

John Dalby: 'Middleton Hunt', detail of one of a set of four
Sold at Christie's in New York for \$180,000,
a world record for the artist.

CHRISTIE'S

VICTORIAN FURNITURE

Some is gimcrack, overblown, and pretentious, but much is comfortable, well made, and increasingly valued.

By Robin Duthy

There are those who consider most Victorian furniture a cultural aberration, a blemish they would prefer to see erased from the record. Harsh as it is, the judgment is not unwarranted when applied to many of the mass-produced cabinets, sideboards, beds, and chairs turned out in the latter half of the century. All through the Victorian era, though, a small band of architects, from Pugin to Mackintosh, were producing designs for furniture that is now in demand by museums and collectors all over the world.

Prices for even the commonest Victorian pieces have been rising, and our index stands 220 percent up over 1975 levels. Even now, prices are low for Victorian furniture vis-à-vis that of the Georgian era, and though that is where many collectors believe they deserve to stay, the flamboyance or, as some see it, the charming exuberance of Victorian styles seems to be coming back into vogue.

Victorian furniture reached its all-time low in public esteem during the 1930s. Not even the best pieces were taken seriously. It was then that the late poet laureate John Betjeman gave his friend Eve-

lyn Waugh the *Philosopher's Cabinet*, designed and painted by William Burges. The two men were not in the habit of giving each other expensive presents, and there is little doubt that Betjeman picked the cabinet up for a few pounds. A similar cabinet was sold in 1973 for £8,400, a staggering sum at the time, but the sale last year of the *Philosopher's Cabinet* itself for \$45,000—a rise of 430 percent over the decade—suggests that opinion is swinging back in favor of Victoriana.

Most Victorian furniture was derivative

in the worst possible way. Designers corrupted the styles they borrowed and pandered to their newly rich customers by loading every piece with crude ornament. It is hardly surprising that William Morris, the apostle of the Arts and Crafts Movement, is said to have thrown up at the Great Exhibition of 1851. He was not alone in recognizing that furniture design had reached a new low.

A reviewer of the exhibition noted: "The hunger after novelty is now insatiable: heaven and earth are racked for novel inventions and happy is the man who lights upon something, however *outré*, that shall strike the vulgar mind and obtain the run of the season. . . . We imitate every extant school. We can ex-

ecute Chinese and Athenian with the same facility. We can forge—perhaps that is the most appropriate term—an Egyptian obelisk, or a Corinthian capital, a so-called Gothic moulding or a Sèvres cup. . . . We are the most skillful mimics but what do we create?"

Middle-class Victorians confused ornament with beauty. The more an object was adorned, the more beautiful it became. Plain surfaces were anathema; even Elizabethan paneling was torn out or covered over with garish aniline-dyed wallpapers.



The Charlecote sideboard: Queen Victoria refused to accept this extravagant monster.

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The charming exuberance of Victorian styles is coming back into vogue.

In the eighteenth century, carved and inlaid furniture had been handcrafted at considerable expense, and only the well-heeled could afford it. The parvenus of the Industrial Revolution were eager to ape the aristocratic rich, so when, during the nineteenth century, molds and carving machines made it cheap and simple to travesty hand-carved furniture, manufacturers went to town.

The Charlecote sideboard gives an idea of the extravaganza with which furniture could be smothered. In addition to cupids tending vines and reaping corn, goats' heads, and a menagerie of dead game, the backboard is surmounted by a selection of gods associated with the idea of Plenty. This monster was offered to Queen Victoria in 1857 but refused because the donors had neglected to ask in advance if the queen would be willing to accept it. It was then bought by the Lucy family for £2,000 and installed in their home, Charlecote Park—now open to the public through the National Trust—which they were refurnishing in what their generation considered Elizabethan style.

This orgy of decoration on what might be seen as an altar to the gods of food and drink may mark another low in Victorian taste; but the climb back to a higher artistic plane was retarded by such arbiters of taste as John Ruskin, who declared the sideboard "worthy of Michelangelo." Sometimes two or more styles were combined on one piece of furniture, with unhappy results. In midcentury, a guide to furniture making listed original designs in the Grecian, Italian, Renaissance, Louis XV, Gothic, Tudor, and Elizabethan



White bedroom suite designed in the 1890s by the daring Charles Rennie Mackintosh.

styles. It was the Gothic that most fired the Victorian imagination. The novels of Sir Walter Scott had rekindled interest in medieval chivalry; romantic tales of dashing heroes made a pleasant contrast to life in an increasingly materialist society. Neo-Gothic buildings both public and domestic proliferated and were naturally furnished in matching style. But the most benevolent critics have found hardly a stick of furniture to admire from the first thirty years of Victoria's reign: even the craftsmanship fell far short of continental standards. This was painfully obvious at the 1851 exhibition, and foreign craftsmen were welcomed into the trade during the next two decades.

Part of the problem was the poor educational facilities open to the English workman. His French counterpart had access to free libraries, museums, and other institutions where he could educate his eye. An Englishman commenting on the furniture at the 1855 Paris Exhibition suggested, "If we would elevate the English workman, we must recognize some other stimulant to his energies than his beer."

During the 1860s, a distinction began to be made between standard lines turned out

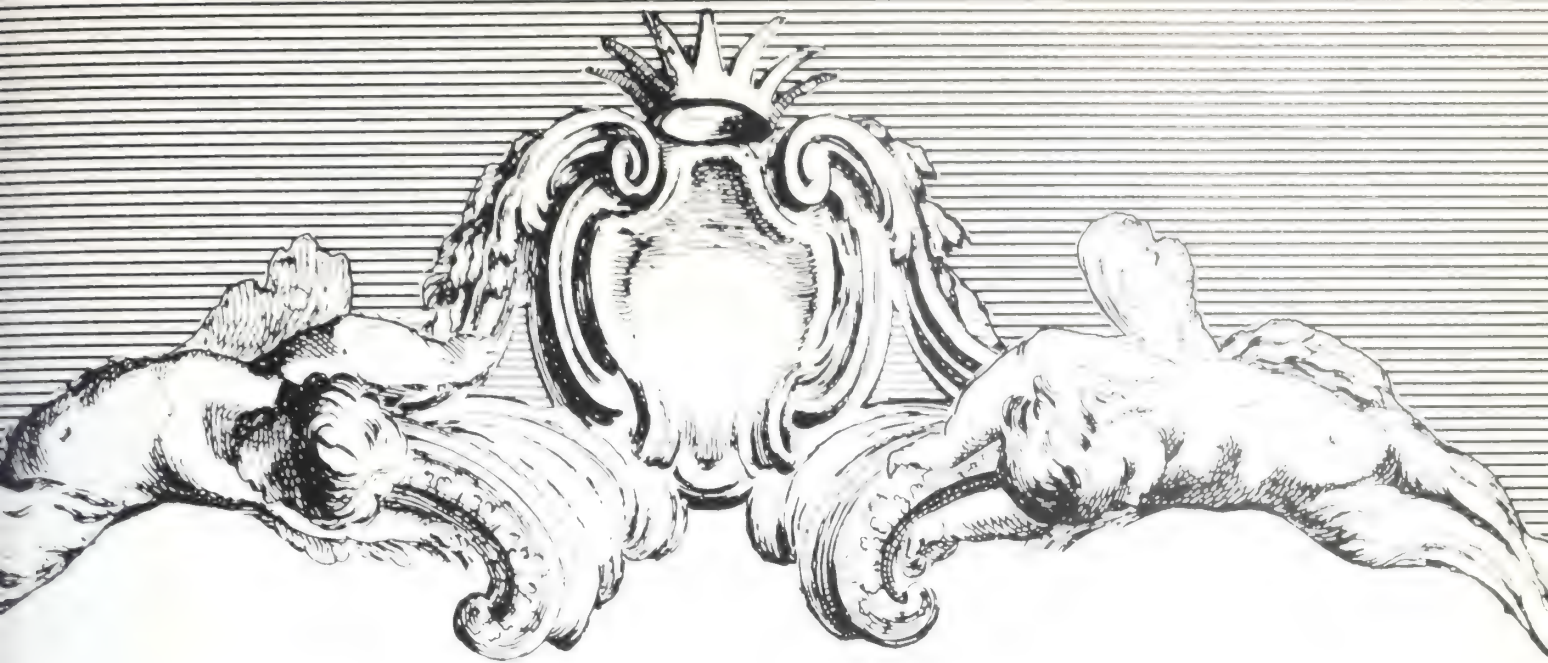
in the factories and the so-called "art furniture" produced by firms employing artists and architects such as Philip Webb, William Burgess, Christopher Dresser, Charles Eastlake, and Bruce Talbot. It was not unusual for architects to involve themselves with the furniture of the houses they designed, but it is certainly a misfortune that many who did so at the height of the Gothic revival were strongly influenced

by ecclesiastical designs.

The Gothic style had, of course, been used in the Middle Ages for secular as well as religious buildings, but for most Englishmen it smacked of the established church. It was inevitable that when Victorian architects, who were already caught up in the Gothic revival, began to design furniture for the home it would have the odor of sanctity about it.

Given the chance, they introduced stained glass into ordinary windows; their benches looked like monks' settles, their tables and cupboards as though they had strayed from the vestry; their chairs seemed to have been made for prelates rather than people; and even the humblest fire-dog resembled a monstrosity. To modern eyes, most of this furniture is associated with a pious and moralistic era. It may command high prices today, but it is bought for its solidity and good value in relation to modern furniture rather than for its beauty or elegance.

Throughout the period, almost any resurrection of an earlier style emerged the worse for its Victorian modification, but there were exceptions. The renewal of trade with Japan in the 1860s after its 250-



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It's not surprising that William Morris threw up at the Great Exhibition.

year seclusion brought Japanese prints, ceramics, and lacquer onto the market. The hacks of the furniture industry quickly tacked Japanese ornament on to standard items in order to offer what was in fact a gross travesty of Japanese design; only one or two designers, such as E. W. Godwin and Christopher Dresser, took the trouble to understand it.

The company formed by William Morris in 1861 turned out well-constructed furniture for the ordinary household. Many of Morris's designs were based on pleasing old English and French chairs of village manufacture. In the 1870s, his ebonized wooden armchairs retailed at the equivalent of four dollars, the three-seater settees at eight. Morris was more occupied with textiles, ceramics, printing, and his simplistic political philosophy than he was with furniture, but he felt passionately about craftsmanship, and this is reflected in the pieces manufactured by his company. Many of its finest designs, whether

based on an old Sussex armchair or a Japanese altar, came from the architect Philip Webb. These were extensively reproduced by the trade, but any proven Morris Company originals can be worth several thousand dollars.

One of the key designers of the late nineteenth century, whose work is now in great demand by private collectors and museums, is Charles Rennie Mackintosh. Because his style was ahead of its time, he had little success in his native Glasgow and even less in London. Among his few Scottish patrons were the Misses Cranston, who in the 1890s launched an optimistic campaign to stamp out Glasgow's appalling drunkenness by providing as an alternative to the pubs a chain of tearooms. Mackintosh designed the chairs for these tearooms, but his peculiar art nouveau style was little appreciated, and for the last fifteen years of his life he resumed painting.

A Mackintosh desk of revolutionary de-

sign was sold in 1979 for \$190,000. Now the leading dealer in this field, the Fine Art Society in London, has put on sale a rare suite of his white bedroom furniture, which is surely destined for a museum. Like that of many of the more interesting pieces of Victorian and Edwardian furniture, the craftsmanship is unfortunately not exceptional, but the suite is fresh and even daring in conception and will stand among the classics of furniture design. □

For those willing to pay for signed pieces of late-Victorian furniture, the top dealers in London are the Fine Art Society Ltd. (148 New Bond Street, W1), H. Blairman & Sons (119 Mount Street, W1), and Haslam & Whiteway Ltd. (105 Kensington Church Street, W8); in New York City, Didier Aaron, Inc. (32 East Sixty-seventh Street, 10022), David Hanks & Associates (Suite 625, 156 Fifth Avenue, 10010), and also Richard McGeehan (Box 181, Bedford Hills, NY 12507).

COMPARISON SHOPPING

To those whose taste leans toward the cool restraint of eighteenth-century classicism or the cold brilliance of modern chrome, Victorian furniture may be somewhat overpowering. Nevertheless, it is to be taken seriously on its own terms, with its cornucopia of imaginative design and rich ornamentation. For buyers who would like to inject a little history into their furnishing, good Victorian also offers several important advantages over modern reproductions: it is generally more solidly constructed, and the primary woods employed—black walnut, rosewood, bird's-eye maple—are far more attractive than the hard pine and "distressed fruitwood finishes" that flood retail showrooms. What's more, compared with modern "period" furniture, Victorian can frequently give you far better value for your money, as long as you do your homework and bring an educated eye to the auction houses, where the best prices are often found.

For example, an American rococo-revival three-piece parlor suite in carved rosewood, handsomely upholstered (sofa, armchair, and bergère), circa 1860, sold at Sotheby's last February for \$2,684. A four-piece suite in the Renaissance-revival style (sofa, armchair, a pair of demi-armchairs) in rosewood with finely carved masks and other details à la John Jelliff went for \$2,530. Compare these with a modern three-piece country-French-style living-room grouping (sofa, armchair, wing chair) retailed at Bloomingdale's in September for from about \$3,355 to \$5,590, depending on the fabric.

At Phillips in June an American ebonized fall-front desk in the Eastlake-influenced reform taste, attributed to Kimbel and Cabus, circa 1880, sold for \$650, and in the same sale a fine mahogany plantation desk made for the governor of South Carolina in 1860 sold for \$1,760. Over at Bloomingdale's a modern reproduction

Empire-style fall-front desk costs \$2,529.

For the dining room, a handsome set of six reform-style side chairs in black walnut upholstered in brown leather, circa 1870, went for \$825 at Sotheby's, while six modern ladder-back side chairs in pine with rush seats can set you back about \$2,600 at Bloomingdale's.

Victorian pieces have the patination of history, a past, and certainly a future, whereas modern reproductions can only become "used." Good shopping, however, requires a good eye and good sense. Leave the signed pieces by Belter and Roux to the museums. Go for well-designed, unsigned pieces; bid for things you really need and like (never buy something you'll have to get used to). Above all, don't be mercenary. If you bid with your heart instead of your pocket calculator, Victorian can provide that much greater a dividend in pleasure over the years.

—Barrymore Laurence Scherer

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WINE FOR CHRISTMAS

A choice of thirty-one of the best.

By Robert M. Parker, Jr.



For anyone who appreciates good wine, the gift of a bottle—or a case—is an incomparable treat. Here is a rundown of wines that represent the very best of their types on the market today. They are scored on a scale of 100, to indicate relative standing.

CHAMPAGNE

December is champagne's biggest month, and these three are outstanding:

Billecart-Salmon Blanc de Blancs 1979 (\$24.95) 90

This small house's 1979 blanc de blancs, made from 100 percent Chardonnay grapes, is a remarkably light, effervescent, frothy, gorgeously textured champagne, loaded with delicate flavors. Its crisp, long, dry finish is hard to match.

Lechere Blanc de Blancs Cuvée Orient Express Nonvintage (\$25.00) 88

This is the champagne served on the Orient Express. It was the winner of a round-robin series of blind tastings aimed at finding the best blanc de blancs. Though nonvintage, it is ethereal, delicate and light, with wonderful effervescence and clean, fresh, lively flavors.

Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Blanc de Blancs 1976 (\$40.95) 90

The prestige cuvée of the house of Taittinger, this is one of very few such champagnes to deliver quality justifying the

price. Extremely light and frothy but filled with flavor, this wine has pinhead-size bubbles (always a sign of top quality) and offers impressive grace and delicacy.

BORDEAUX

A fine red Bordeaux has no peer for complexity of character. Bordeaux has had three consecutive very good to excellent vintages—1981, 1982, and 1983. The 1981s are now here in fair abundance, and the best are stunning.

Château Margaux 1981 (\$35.95–\$39.95) 92

Château Margaux is consistently making the best wine of all the Médoc first growths. The 1981 is one of the top three wines of the vintage; many would say the best. The bouquet suggests ripe cassis fruit, spicy vanillin oakiness, and violets. The wine is very concentrated, quite tannic, and extremely long in the finish. It will need a decade of cellaring to reach its zenith.

Château Ducru-Beaucaillou 1981 (\$19.95) 88

An unqualified success for the vintage, the 1981 Ducru-Beaucaillou will require eight to ten years' cellaring because of its heavy layer of tannins. It has deep, dark ruby color, plenty of concentrated black-currant flavors, a deft touch of oak aging, and an expansive, lingering finish.

Château Gruaud-Larose 1981 (\$10.99–\$14.95) 88

Very likely the best buy of the vintage. It is extremely dark ruby in color with an intense bouquet of ripe, rich black currants, plums, spicy oak, and violets. Very concentrated and thick on the palate, with rich, lingering flavors, this full-bodied wine has enough tannin to age for ten years but tastes precociously supple and can be drunk even now.

SWEET WHITE BORDEAUX

The southern portion of the Bordeaux district, the Sauternes-Barsac area, also makes several sweet white wines. Since the grapes and climatic conditions for making them are different from those needed to produce great reds, mediocre red Bordeaux vintages can be splendid years for sweet whites, and 1980 was such a year.

Château d'Yquem 1980 (\$49.95) 92

Yquem is the world's most expensive sweet wine and also one of the best. It is difficult to produce because of the care taken to pick only grapes infected with the "noble rot" (botrytis), which makes Sauternes so remarkable. The 1980 is still very young but has great richness, layers of thick, honeyed fruit, and a bouquet of oak, coconut,

Robert M. Parker, Jr., edits and publishes *The Wine Advocate*, in Parkton, Maryland.

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pineapple, and melted butter, with beautifully textured, full-bodied flavors. It will last for at least fifty years.

Château Climens 1980 (\$10.95–\$16.95) 90

Climens is a much finer value than the 1980 Yquem and virtually as impressive. The opulent, viscous, intense wine has gorgeous flavors that are fresh and lively. Crisp acidity admirably counters its sweetness and richness. Ripe flavors of pineapples, apricots, and peaches interplay with spicy, vanillin, and caramel flavors. A superb wine that should drink well for ten to fifteen years.

Château de Fargues 1980 (\$19.95–\$24.95) 89

Fargues makes a wine, produced by the same people who make Yquem, tasting so remarkably like Yquem that insiders often call it Yquem Junior. The 1980 Fargues smells, tastes, and behaves very much like its famous cousin—rich, unctuous, exotic, and complex—yet costs considerably less. It can be drunk now or aged for twenty years at least.

RED BURGUNDY

Red Burgundy is France's best, worst, and most confusing wine. When made from low-yielding Pinot Noir vines by a meticulous and expert wine maker, it can be an intensely perfumed, majestic drink. All too often it is a high-alcohol, diluted wine with no character. Good or bad, it is too scarce in quantity to be inexpensive.

Robert Arnoux Clos Vougeot 1980 (\$28.95) 86; **Robert Arnoux Vosne Romanée Les Suchots 1980** (\$25.00) 87; **Robert Arnoux Romanée St. Vivant 1980** (\$48.00) 87

Arnoux's wines are nearly perfect expressions of brilliant wine making from the Côte de Nuits. The 1980 Clos Vougeot is dark ruby, with a complex bouquet of chocolate, earthy aromas, deep berry flavors, firm tannin, and a gorgeous texture. It can be drunk now but will be even better in three or four years. The Vosne Romanée Les Suchots has a bouquet redolent of coconuts, ripe plums, oaks, and violets. Very concentrated, with moderate tannin, this excellent wine should be fully mature in three or four years. The Romanée St. Vivant is close to maturity already, with velvety, savory flavors and a bouquet filled with the scent of new oak and raspberries.

Domaine de la Romanée Conti La Tâche 1980 (\$65.50) 91; **Domaine de la Romanée Conti Romanée Conti 1980** (\$100) 91; **Domaine de la Romanée Conti**

Grands Echézeaux 1980 (\$42.50) 88; **Domaine de la Romanée Conti Romanée St. Vivant 1980** (\$47.95) 88; **Domaine de la Romanée Conti Echézeaux 1980** (\$29.95) 86; **Domaine de la Romanée Conti Richebourg 1980** (\$65) 89

The high cost of wines from the Domaine de la Romanée Conti is a subject of controversy, but if you feel like spending \$35 and up for the most tabled name in red Burgundy, this property's 1980s offer both very high quality and prestige. The best value—for a Domaine wine—is the 1980 Grands Echézeaux, richer, fuller, and more concentrated than the very good 1980 Echézeaux, which is the lightest and most evolved of these wines. Both have a beautiful expansion of fruit on the palate,

The Château Gruaud-Larose 1981 may be the best buy of the vintage.

but the Grands Echézeaux has a very long finish and a smoky, plump ripeness and promises exceptional elegance if cellared for three to five years. The Romanée St. Vivant is the spiciest and most distinctive of the wines, with a gingery component often associated with Château Mouton-Rothschild. It is a big wine, with loads of fruit and tannin, and a very long finish, though slightly coarser and more tannic than the Grands Echézeaux. The Richebourg should be outstanding; though hard and closed in, it shows plenty of fruit and the darkest color. Give it at least five or six years in the cellar. The La Tâche is a great Burgundy, to be stashed away for four to five years, though already a complex perfume of violets and smoky Pinot fruit is emerging. It has exceptional flavor, concentration, richness, and length on the palate. The Romanée Conti is lighter-colored, with a wild herbal bouquet. On the palate it explodes with ripe, full-bodied fruit, plenty of alcohol, and a finish that lasts several minutes. It tastes much more forward than the Richebourg or the La Tâche.

RHÔNE

The top growers in the Rhône Valley produce wines every bit as great as the best of Bordeaux and Burgundy, and there are more and more strong believers in them—robust, fleshy wines that often take a decade to show their character.

Paul Jaboulet Aîné Hermitage La Chapelle 1982 (\$12.99–\$14.99) 89

Gerard Jaboulet thinks this wine is one of

the best he has ever made. Opaque ruby-purple, it has an intense aroma of black cherry, smoky hickory wood, freshly ground black pepper, and cassis. Voluptuous and full-bodied on the palate, with layers of silky, lush, viscous fruit, moderate tannin, and average acidity, this big, potentially great wine will mature in five to eight years. Great value.

Château Beaucastel Châteauneuf-du-Pape 1981 (\$9.99–\$11.99) 90

Anyone who has tasted a ten- or twenty-year-old Beaucastel knows this wine's incredible complexity and richness. Nineteen eighty-one was a very good vintage for the Châteauneuf region of northern Provence; for Beaucastel it was great. This very dark ruby-purple wine has an intense bouquet of blackberries, black pepper, and exotic spices. Still youthfully tannic and aggressively rough and astringent, it has layers and layers of fruit and will make for exceptional drinking in ten years.

CALIFORNIA CABERNET

The true glories of California's wine regions are the red wines made from the Cabernet Sauvignon grape and the whites from the Chardonnay grape. The following represent some of the best of both.

Beringer Reserve State Lane 1980 Napa Valley (\$16.99–\$18.99) 86; **Beringer Reserve Lemmon-Chabot 1980 Napa Valley** (\$16.99–\$18.99) 87

The State Lane is deep ruby-purple with an intense blackberry bouquet, good acidity, full body, and plenty of tannin and concentration. It could use five to six years of cellaring. The Lemmon-Chabot is an old-style California Cabernet, with an explosive bouquet suggesting chocolate, mint, cassis, and oak. It is very opaque, dense, and rich on the palate, with oodles of fruit and tannin but lower acidity. It merits two to three years in the cellar to age and develop.

Caymus Napa Valley 1980 (\$14.99) 87 Caymus Vineyards consistently produces Cabernets of excellent ripeness, complex black-currant, oaky flavors, and among the best aging potential of any Napa Valley Cabernet. The 1980 is quite young but offers ripe, intense, deeply concentrated cassis flavors, a spicy, oaky component, and plenty of richness, power, and tannin. It needs three or four years to develop.

Chappellet Napa Valley 1980 (\$17.99) 87

In style, this wine is identical to a classified-growth Pauillac or St. Julien and will benefit from eight to ten years of cellaring. Dark ruby, with a bouquet of black currant

"...adventurous, unponderous, technically brilliant, spectacular
one is challenged, stimulated, stirred, entertained." *Andrew Porter, The New Yorker*

"Just might turn out to be 'the world's most beautiful Ring'
Wagner would have loved it." *Otie Nicholson, Opera Guide*

"A Ring that is bright and engaging, that brims with provocative
detail and cumulative force." *Martin Bernheimer, Los Angeles Times*

Conductor **Edo de Waart**

"Carved a mighty arch of sound... from the first low E-flat
through the final triumphant chords." *John Ardoin, Dallas News*

Production
Nikolaus Lehnhoff

Sets and Costumes by
John Conklin

Lighting by
Thomas J. Munn

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THE RING

Eva Marton

"A gorgeous voice... the sort of warmth and power that made Nilsson famous."
Scott Beach, San Francisco Examiner

Gwyneth Jones

"Here, in *Die Walküre* she was truly splendid." *Otie Nicholson, Opera Guide*

Helga Dernesch

"A fiery, regal Fricka." *John Ardoin, Dallas News*

Hanna Schwarz

"Sang voluptuously as Fricka." *Harold Schonberg, New York Times*

Rene Kollo

"The finest Siegfried singing today." *Harold Schonberg, New York Times*

Peter Hofmann

"A handsome, impulsive, heroic and moving Siegmund,
with velvet in his voice." *Leighton Kerner, Village Voice*

William Lewis

"A brilliant Loge." *Alan Rich, California Magazine*

Helmut Pampuch

"A nasty, lively, highly theatrical Mime." *David Littlejohn, Times of London*

Walter Berry

"Stunningly effective in his first Alberich." *Bill Zakariasen, New York Post*

Thomas Stewart

"A master of the great role." *Andrew Porter, The New Yorker*

James Morris

joins the cast in the role of Wotan
along with Kathryn Bouleyn, Linda Esther Gray, Mariana Paunova, Michael Devlin and John Tomlinson

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VAN DER WHO?

Last June, Ruth Blumka, a highly respected New York dealer who owns a gallery devoted to medieval



three-dimensional art, was offered a painting described as an old master. Not her forte, and the piece seemed in bad condition, but Blumka bought it on the strength of the seller's references (and her own great eye) for a reported \$4,000.

The subject, as our picture shows, was no mystery, but Blumka decided to dig further. She took her purchase for an expertise to the Metropolitan Museum, where it was identified as a work attributed to Rogier van der Weyden that had been stolen from the New-York Historical Society in 1974. At that time it was valued at \$50,000; today it would sell for an estimated \$2.5 million.

Blumka promptly called the New-York Historical Society to report the discovery, but officials there seemed to have lost their memory of the theft, and they sent her to the FBI. There she got, she says, "a run-around"; no one wanted to know about "van der Who?" Finally, Mary Alice McKay, the society's registrar, picked up the painting herself—after Blumka called again, wondering if anyone would ever want the old master back.

Such a story should end happily, and this one almost does. McKay tells us the painting's condition is "perfect"—but it's

in storage. Blumka recouped her modest investment, from the seller. Still, we have to wonder about the reluctance that accompanied the recovery of a famous work. Ruth Blumka puts it best: "The least somebody could have said is 'Thank you.'"

COMPUTERS AT SEA

The news that *Queen Elizabeth 2* now has a computer learning center was too intriguing to let pass. So, we contacted a cybernetically minded young woman who served as an instructor last January when the center took its maiden voyage and will return for the ship's next three-month circumnavigation of the globe (leaving New York on January 13). The center, she says, "is like a candy store of computer programs and videos"—and, best of all, once you have booked passage, everything is free. Her report on the first cruise:

"With their sequins and blinding shirt fronts reflecting off the blinking screens, the half dozen formally dressed men and women who commandeered the center between dinner and the evening's entertainment were among the most extraordinary sights on board. Some who had come determined to learn to samba wound up more conversant with word processing, spread sheets, and electronic mail. Children, of course, were the bravest users. They follow instructions without asking why, and they don't panic.

"For many of their elders, there were some very practical incentives. Lazy correspondents quickly learned to personalize letters home. But my most conscientious student was a ladies'-fashions buyer I never saw until the day before we docked back home in New York. The lure of the ship's orchestras had been stronger than her financial reports. Seized by desperation, she yanked out a spread-sheet program, and with a minimum of hand-holding from me listed her articles, quantities, costs, and exchange rates and came out with pages and pages of impeccable income projections. She spent nineteen straight hours at the terminal. Does that sound like a lot? She said the job would have taken her weeks to finish otherwise—and she had never used a computer before."

ONLY A COVER GIRL

As faithful readers of these pages know, we have some interest in the fortunes of Paloma Picasso. So, when we saw her picture on the cover of the September issue of *Vanity Fair*, we bought the magazine right away. But apart from a cursory credit on the masthead page, we could find no mention of her at all. Why? The answer involves two stories, both untold. According to a highly placed source at VF, the originally planned cover showed Picasso spraying herself with her own name perfume. Had it run, this unpaid ad would surely have irked the cosmetics industry, so it was vetoed by Si Newhouse, owner of Condé Nast, the empire that publishes not only VF but many other glossy magazines. Accordingly, the cover shot was trimmed to conceal the offending mist.

There was also supposed to be a story to go along with the cover photo, of course, but it was killed. A staffer explains, "Like so many of the manuscripts we're getting these days, it stank." Tina Brown, the edi-



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Tel: 01-439 7144.

PRIVATE LINE

tor in chief, declined to return our call when we wanted to give her the last word on the Paloma flap. Maybe the cryptic cover caption said it all. It read, "Sophisticated Boom-Boom."

NINE NICE HOLES

We are indebted to the *Times* (London) for this flash: "The most remote golf course in the United Kingdom . . . in the Outer Skerries, off the Shetlands, complete with two houses and sheep as greenkeepers, is for sale at about £45,000.

"The nine-hole course, set on the 58-acre isle of Grunay, and the island home can be reached by outboard dinghy or kayak, both of which are included in the sale."

Offers, Private Line has learned, should be addressed to Bernerd Thorpe and Partners, Edinburgh. And anybody interested had better bring his own caddy.

THE MACHINE MEN RETURN

Remember the Machine Men? Well, nobody else does, either. They were little spacemen who folded into such heavy hardware as dump trucks, motorcycles, and spaceships; they stood about three inches tall; and in Japan they were selling like hotcakes. Two years ago, Tonka, the blue-chip Minnesota manufacturer of toy cars and trucks, hopefully launched these new "dolls for boys" in the American market, and they could hardly give them away. Now the very same items are back under a new name, and none of the better toy stores can keep them in stock.

Who breathed life into the old Machine Men? It took synergy. Tonka's marketing group began by rechristening the toys "GoBots," and then turned to the screenwriter Michael ("Falcon Crest," "The Fall Guy") Halperin for some history on their metallic cast of characters. He gave them a star-wars story line concerning the remote

planet GoBotron and the war between the good Leader-1, the evil Cy-Kill, and their sundry minions (GoBots to a man). The marketing group had Halperin's "bible" converted into a television series, and in October, the GoBots' adventures aired in five syndicated installments.

The infusion of sci-fi has paid off in hard fact. GoBot sales this year are nudging \$100 million. Boys love them. So do daddies. We've been sighting GoBots lately on executive desktops.

BOOK BAG

Amid the cartloads of hopeful new books published in time for the holidays, we've found a few we really like. Here they are:

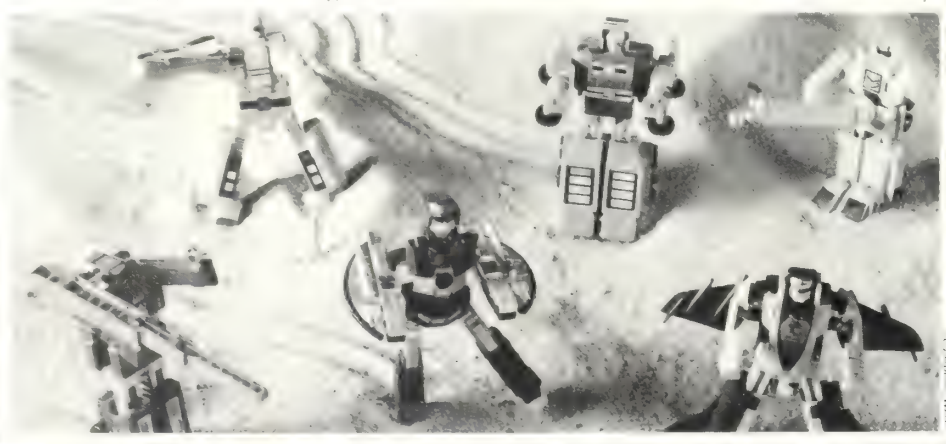
Jacopo Bellini: The Louvre Album of Drawings (George Braziller, \$80) gives us facsimiles of silver- and lead-point tracings on parchment from the felicitous hand of the hitherto underappreciated Renaissance master.

The Sketchbooks of Hiroshige (George Braziller, \$45) will please anyone with an eye for the serene and fluent landscapes and genre pictures of Japan in the nineteenth century. The brushwork—in many colors—is unfailingly beguiling.

Matisse, by Pierre Schneider (Rizzoli, \$95), the fruit of fourteen years' scholarship, is a visual feast packed with close to nine hundred illustrations, many showing works never before reproduced.

The Dog Observed: Photographs, 1844–1983 (Knopf, \$20) lives up to its title with over one hundred shots of the best friends of darkroom notables from Nadar and Eadweard Muybridge to Diane Arbus and Richard Avedon.

Horst: His Work and His World, by Valentine Lawford (Knopf, \$50), is just the right choice for a glamorous decadent. The plates—close to three hundred—follow fashion and style from Paris in the thirties and New York in the forties to every-





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If You Can't Keep a TRAVEL SECRET Please Read No Further

Sorry to introduce ourselves in this way, but it has become necessary. We publish *Passport*, the confidential and privately circulated monthly newsletter on world travel. It's read by discerning travelers all over the world. Our information comes from carefully selected spies.

Each month in this tersely-written 12 page letter, we share new travel discoveries with our members—charming inns, attractive restaurants, undiscovered resorts, places even the guidebooks haven't found yet. We also warn them about places that are becoming spoiled and touristic.

But neither we nor our members want this information to become widely circulated. That's how nice places become spoiled. And that's why we ask our members to use discretion when sharing information—even with good friends.

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PRIVATE LINE

THE NUTCRACKER RESTORED



where on earth in the decades of peripatetic beauty that continue to this day.

Inside the Personal Computer, by Sharon Gallagher (Abbeville, \$19.95), has amazing pop-up paper engineering by Ron van der Meer. We tested this "Illustrated Introduction in Three Dimensions" on a non-computer user, and she gamely investigated the keyboard, the screen, the printer, and the guts of the little cardboard desktop—all perfectly user-friendly.

Not new but always timely is *Filofax*, the British loose-leaf diary its users clannishly refer to as "The Book." The leather binders are handcrafted by the same artisans who accessorize your Rolls-Royce, and you can customize them with 125 inexpensive paper inserts (on Bible-quality stock), from calendars and expense ledgers to subway maps, graph paper, and music sheets. Owners swear "The Book" has changed their lives. The standard black binder (such exotic outers as ostrich hide and snakeskin are available on special order) runs about \$150, in fine stores like Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman.

Tchaikovsky's ballet *The Nutcracker*, first mounted by the Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg in 1892, came to the West exactly fifty years ago. That was a performance with a lot of authority: it was staged by none other than Nicholas Sergeyev, former stage manager at the Imperial Ballet's Maryinsky Theatre. Since then, producers have been adjusting and "improving" the scenario for a presumably adult public. George Balanchine's staging for the New York City Ballet, a classic in its own right, is one of the few to maintain the intended child's-eye perspective. Such dissimilar adapters as the Bolshoi's Yuri Grigorovich, the Pacific Northwest Ballet's Kent Stowell, and the ballet stars Rudolf Nureyev and Mikhail Baryshnikov have concocted versions that swerve wildly from the original conception.

This month, Peter Wright, the director of London's Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, is to stage a new *Nutcracker* for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden—or, rather, the old *Nutcracker*, thanks to the collaboration of the eminent musicologist Roland John Wiley, of the University of Michigan. Wiley's recently completed book *Tchaikovsky's Ballets*, due from Oxford University Press in January 1985, features detailed and revealing research that goes far beyond the performance materials Sergeyev smuggled out of Russia after the Revolution and delves deep into the prime sources in Soviet theater collections and museums. This lore, previously unknown to the West, gives unexpected and completely new insights into the Maryinsky's first stagings not only of *The Nutcracker* but also of *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake*. Wiley's findings are guiding Wright in all choreographic and theatrical particulars. A lot of "antique" varnishing and quaint overpainting will be stripped away



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Unfortunately, an error was made in the Hermes ad featuring their leather agenda. In the United States, the agenda is available in calf, crocodile, lizard and ostrich, but not seal.

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to show the true, bright colors of a masterpiece. (It should look a lot like our photo, from St. Petersburg, 1892.)

TV MASTERPIECE

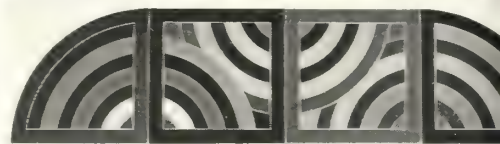
For the last three Sunday evenings of 1984, ignore the year-end social whirl—and while you're at it, block out the next eleven Sunday evenings, too. Starting December 16, "Masterpiece Theatre" begins its finest series in ages: the new, fourteen-part "The Jewel in the Crown." Adapted from the four novels by Paul Scott collectively known as *The Raj Quartet*, it documents the decline of British rule in India in the most dramatic way possible: by isolating a single incident, the rape of an English girl (played by Susan Wooldridge, shown below with Art Malik) in Mayapore in 1942, and using it, *Rashomon* style, as the lens through which to capture the political and social upheavals between 1942 and 1947, the year of Indian independence. The novels are Tolstoyan in scope, Balzacian in social insight, Jamesian in psychological intensity, and available in paperback from Avon Books. We urge you to read them with all possible haste, even before tuning in to "The Jewel in the Crown," for a reading adventure unrivaled in contemporary letters.

The television treatment has its own rewards. It is "Upstairs, Downstairs" carried to a grisly conclusion: the mortal struggle between rulers and ruled, caste and outcast. The action is slow at first, but understanding and profound. Historic newsreel footage lends resonance to the foreground drama, and the cast ranges from the efficient to the inspired. Alas, Tim Pigott-Smith, who plays Ronald Merrick, the most complex character in the book, is merely efficient. A sexually tortured grammar-school boy with a chip on his shoulder the size of Big Ben, yet deeply committed to the Indian subcontinent,

Merrick comes to symbolize the darker side of what Scott calls "the imperial embrace." In the course of the four novels, he acquires a measure of mysterious attraction the actor fails to convey. Even so, "The Jewel in the Crown" is sustained and masterly television drama of the highest order.

STELLA IN EXCELSIS

Among the best places to view contemporary art, it turns out, are the lobbies of big buildings—not that many people notice as they dash in to the office. All the same, there is some notable work out there to be seen. In fact, the lobby of one new proper-



ty in Manhattan's South Street Seaport has been custom-designed around three monumental canvases from Frank Stella's exuberant sixties period. Integrating *Sinjerly Variation I*, *Kufa Gate*, and *Damascus II* (above)—painstakingly executed fantasies of interwoven arcs and stripes—into spaces meant for heavy traffic wasn't easy. But Jay Walter, the project designer at the architects Swanke Hayden Connell, went about his task with relish. His solution: to build the canvases into the tombstone-gray granite walls, high above the entrance to six elevators at One Seaport Plaza. "We have achieved something more interesting than a museum and infinitely more interesting than your standard office building," he says.

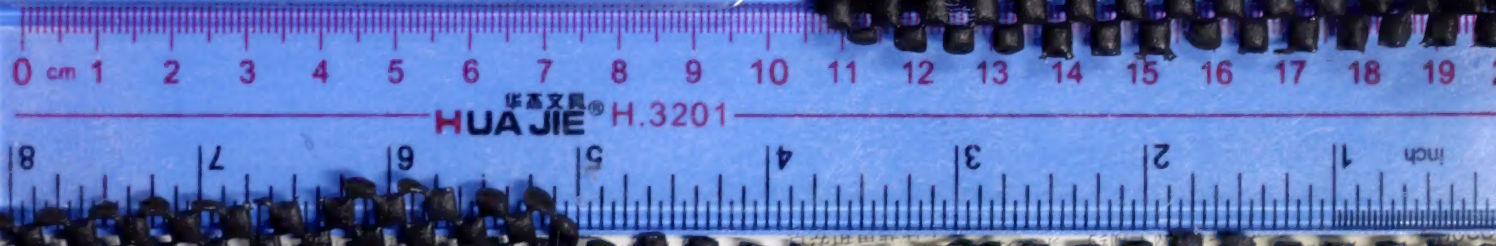
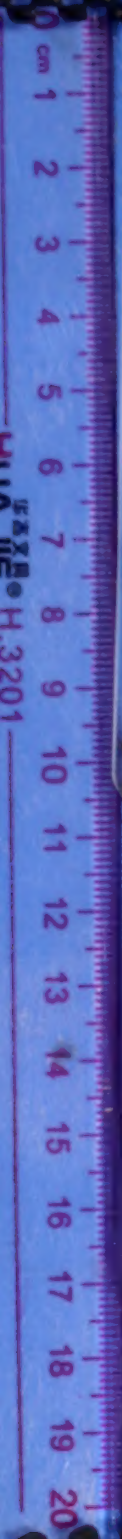
The public had a first chance to view the stellar installation in October. At that time the artist himself had no firm plans to drop in. "I guess I'll sneak in there someday and take a look," he ventured. Though he considers the lobby design "generally very straightforward and thoughtfully done," he is a mite concerned about the high placement of the paintings—just a mite. "They are meant to be seen at eye level, not to be launched into space. They may be hard to see. On the other hand, the Sistine Chapel isn't easy to see, either." □

Contributors: Flory Barnett, Peter Carlsen, Clement Crisp, Denise Gordon, Thomas Hoving, Frank Lipsius, Julie Lipsius, Caroline Seeborn, Judy Spours, Helga Tilton, Cynthia Werthamer

Edited by Matthew Gurewitsch







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